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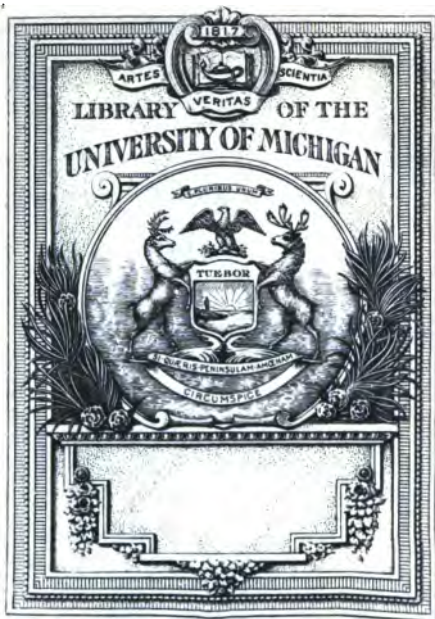
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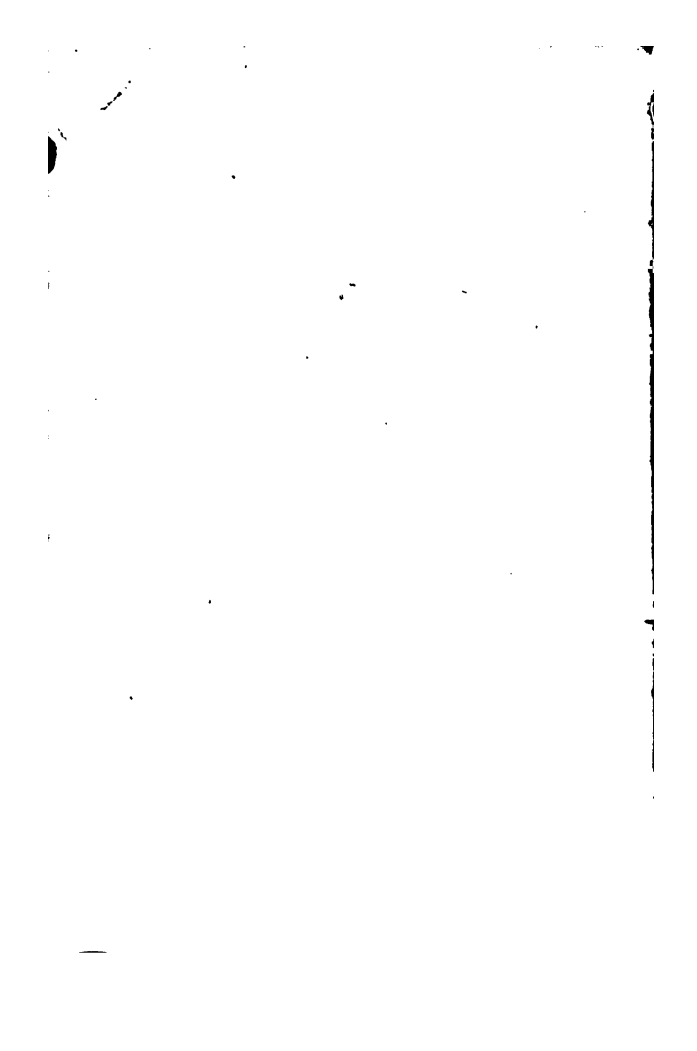
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BUONAPARTE,
passing the
GREAT SAINT BERNARD.



LONDON.

THE
NAPOLEON ANECDOTES:

ILLUSTRATING THE
MENTAL ENERGIES
OF THE LATE
EMPEROR OF FRANCE;
AND THE
CHARACTERS AND ACTIONS
OF HIS
CONTEMPORARY STATESMEN AND WARRIORS.

EDITED
BY W. H. IRELAND,

*Member of the Athenæum of Sciences and Arts of Paris; and Author
of "France for the last Seven Years."*

Othello.—Iago, who began it!
Montano.—If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier. *Shakspeare.*

VOL. I.

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1822.

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.

Wm B Taylor
1-20-42
6 v. in 3.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE following ANECDOTES were principally selected from the Portfolio of a Gentleman who resided in France for several years previous to the second return of Louis XVIII. to the land of his birth.

Having been noted down immediately as related, or as the occurrences took place, they may be relied on for originality, correctness, and impartiality; and as the first narrators were persons who, generally, held high and responsible situations, both civil and military, under the Emperor Napoleon, the reader will be able to form a more just estimate of the mind and policy of that great and extraordinary man, than he has hitherto been able to do from the many contradictory reports and falsehoods, which, during

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the continental sovereigns has frustrated this noble minded design.

Had NAPOLEON been the tutor of his son, his IMPERIAL MAJESTY would, doubtless, have pointed out, for his earliest imitation, those illustrious characters of antiquity, whose talents and virtues, and even whose grandest designs and most magnificent achievements, both civil and military, he, himself, had evidently surpassed. He would then have closed the page of history, and, directing the expanded understanding of his beloved pupil to the scenes of modern times, would have opened to him his own views and sentiments, and taught him how to profit by experience of the past. He would have instilled into his youthful mind the propriety of selecting worthy counsellors, and inculcated

the necessity of dedicating his future existence to the preservation of the independence of FRANCE, and to the promotion of the interests of her people.

Such would have been the views and plan of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON in the education of his darling son; but his hopes have been blasted by ingratitude, by treason, and by narrow minded policy.

To supply, in a small degree, the want of opportunity, on the part of the EMPEROR, of exhibiting to the mind of your HIGHNESS the principal features of his own life and policy, the following ANECDOTES were compiled. Having been selected with a strict regard to truth and impartiality, it is confidently hoped that a perusal of them will serve to dispel the

mists of superstition which are said to becloud the atmosphere in which you are, by destiny, compelled to move; that they will enable you to burst the fetters of *legitimate* policy; and that, by beholding, as in a mirror, the grand but interesting features of the magnanimous NAPOLEON, your HIGHNESS may start from the day-dream of juvenile apathy, and prove yourself to the world a worthy scion of the immortal stock from which you have sprung.

THE EDITOR.

LONDON,
October 18th, 1822.

CONTENTS.

VOL. I.

	Page
NAPOLÉON at the Royal Military School.....	1
Laconic Speech to his Soldiers.....	2
The Bridge of Arcola	3
The Pioneer	4
Napoleon's Age	5
The Ill fated Dragoon	6
Campo Formio	ib.
The Sleeping Sentinel	8
Attachment to Napoleon	9
Harangue on the Field of Battle	11
Bonaparte and the Mayor of Lyons	ib.
The Louvre	12
The Lucky Foresight	ib.
Amusements of Ferdinand at Fontainebleau	14
Order to Marshal Soult, at Austerlitz	ib.
Most Interesting Drawings	ib.
Interesting Conduct between the French and English Armies in Egypt	15
Bonaparte and Madame de Stael	16
Spirited Reply of Georges	ib.
Gratitude of Napoleon	17
Origin of Napoleon's Bees	18
The Duty of a Witness	ib.
The Female Shopkeeper	19
The Military Amateur	ib.

	Page
Conversation of Napoleon with one of his Officers in the Island of Elba.....	20
Origin of the Spanish Guerilla Troops.....	21
The Golden Saddle.....	23
Policy and Presence of Mind of Napoleon at the Battle of Lodi.....	ib.
Atrocious Conspiracy of Ferdinand VII. to dethrone his Father, Charles IV. of Spain.....	24
The Tri-coloured Cockade.....	27
French Finances previous to the Revolution....	28
Private Secretaries of Ministers.....	29
Bravery of the Hetman Platoff.	30
Napoleon and the Bourbons	31
Interview of Napoleon with Wieland... ..	32
Napoleon's Attempts to talk English	35
The Paris Newspapers	ib.
Napoleon's Rides at St. Helena	36
——— Return from Elba.....	38
La Tour d'Auvergne.....	41
Visit of Napoleon to the University of Pavia..	44
Magnanimity of the Emperor Napoleon.....	46
Destruction of British Manufactures by Napoleon	47
Parental Solitude for a Daughter's Honour...	ib.
Heroism of La Tour d'Auvergne.....	ib.
To recruit an Army	48
Vote of M. Bouché against the Consulate of Napoleon	ib.
Busts of Napoleon	50
Balloon used at the Battle of Fleurus.....	ib.
Singular Horse belonging to Napoleon	51
The French Gendarmerie	52
Singular Method of Conveying a Letter	53
Ferdinand Von Schill.....	ib.

CONTENTS.

ix

	Page
Imperial Gratitude.....	54
Magnanimous Conduct towards a Traitor.....	55
Napoleon's Attire.....	56
Smart Repartee.....	57
A Rowland for an Oliver.....	ib.
Justice accorded to the British Navy.....	ib.
Military Promotion.....	58
The Sentinel, or Strict Discipline.....	ib.
Napoleon's Leading Star.....	59
Napoleon and the Archduke Charles.....	60
Napoleon's Ideas of Modern Policy.....	62
Government of Louis le Desiré.....	ib.
Napoleon's Consciousness of the Treachery which caused his Downfall.....	ib.
Refusal of a Boon to Josephine.....	63
Arrival of Napoleon on Board the Northum- berland.....	64
The Sycophant Courtier.....	68
Military Tactics at Marengo, &c.....	ib.
Napoleon's Talents as an Engineer.....	76
French Police.....	ib.
French Caricature.....	77
Liberty of the Press.....	ib.
Divorce of the Empress Josephine.....	78
Napoleon's Horse.....	80
Devotion and Attachment of his Officers.....	81
Passage of the Alps.....	ib.
Interview between Napoleon and Benjamin Constant, in 1815.....	83
Napoleon's Serenity amidst Tumult and Danger.....	87
Protest of the Empress Marie Louise.....	88
Posthumous Fame.....	98
The Legion of Honour.....	ib.

	Page
Nothing too good for a French Warrior.....	99
Education in France under Napoleon.....	ib.
Napoleon in Elba.....	100
An old Comrade	101
Argument against Suicide.....	ib.
Dismantling of the Louvre.....	102
Removal of the Venetian Horses from Paris ...	108
The King and Queen of Westphalia.....	112
Sensations excited in Paris, by the Return of Napoleon from Elba.....	115
The French Commissariat	122
Clemency of Napoleon towards Prince de Hartzberg	124
Visit to the Asylum for the Daughters of Offi- cers killed in Battle	125
Plan of the Campaign of Austerlitz	127
Singular Exemption from the Conscription Laws	128
Mademoiselle Mars ,.....	129
Napoleon's English	ib.
The Emperor's Delicacy.....	130
A Breach of Orders	131
Roustan the Mameluke.....	ib.
Napoleon's Classical Taste	132
Napoleon's unrecorded Wound.....	133
Death of General Desaix	134
Concert at the Tuilleries	135
Singular Capture of a Fortress.....	136
Prophecy of Cardinal Fesch.....	137
Trial and Execution of Georges Cadoudal.....	138
Fouché's Cytherian Cohort.....	139
Fouché and the French Police.....	150
Imperial Reception of a Petitioner	152

THE
NAPOLEON ANECDOTES.

NAPOLEON AT THE ROYAL MILITARY SCHOOL.

DURING the period when this extraordinary character was a student at the Royal Military Seminary at Paris, as he was one day undergoing an examination by a general officer, who went for the purpose of inspecting that establishment; Napoleon replied to all the questions proposed with so much precision, accompanied by such a depth of penetration, that the general, the professors, and the students were completely astonished. At length, in order to bring his interrogatories to a close, the following question was proposed to the youth: "What line of conduct should you be led to adopt, in case you were besieged in a fortified place, and was destitute of provisions?"—"So long as there were any in the camp of the enemy, I should never be at great loss for a supply!" was the answer of the young student, without the smallest hesitation. These emphatic words seemed the prognostic of his future fortunes.

LACONIC SPEECH TO HIS SOLDIERS.

UPON Buonaparte's advance to the distinguished rank of general in chief of the army of Italy, he contemplated with pain the destitute situation of his soldiers, who were in want of every comfort that is essential to the encouragement of an army; and it was with great difficulty that he was enabled to restore order throughout the ranks; added to which, the bad positions, occupied by his forces, caused a frequent scarcity of provisions, so that the general plainly perceived that the only means left of victualling his discouraged battalions were, not only to risk a general engagement, but to secure the victory.

Under these circumstances, Napoleon began by inspiring his warriors with that confidence in their commander which an army should feel that is bent upon conquest. To effect this desirable object, Buonaparte employed all that energy of character and decision for which he was so justly famed, and marshalled his legions with such consummate generalship that, although the enemy numbered double his force, he obliged him to accept the battle.

Napoleon, fully aware that the whole result of the campaign depended upon the fate of this action, as by defeating the Austrians he should become master of the surrounding country, and that the enormous magazines of his opponents would thereby fall into the conqueror's hands, had recourse to the ensuing vigorous, but laconic address to his troops a few minutes prior to the general onset.

"Frenchmen, here is starvation;—there is the enemy, and beyond him—plenty!—March!" The

same night these defenders of the then French republic were in possession of every comfort, and thus was obliterated from their minds the recollection of all former privations.

THE BRIDGE OF ARCOLA.

THE commander in chief of an army should very rarely expose himself; nevertheless there are situations where his presence, alone, decides the fate of a battle, which will be fully illustrated by the following example.

The passage of the bridge of Arcola may be esteemed the height of boldness. Thousands of men and musquetry served to defend the approach to this particular spot, which was completely fenced by cannon in every direction: thrice had General Buonaparte commanded the charge in person, and thrice had his followers, disdaining to retreat, fallen sacrifices to their temerity; the death-dealing bullets continued their destructive career, levelling all those who dared to encounter their vengeful flight. Napoleon, at length growing indignant, gave utterance to an exclamation of fury, and instantly tearing one of the standards from the grasp of an ensign, sprang upon this bridge, the scene of carnage and slaughter; when, planting the flag in defiance of destiny itself, which seemed to oppose him, he thus addressed his soldiers—

“Frenchmen! Grenadiers! will you, then, abandon your colours?”

This appeal seemed to convey a reproach ill adapted to the spirit of such courageous men; wherefore, before the general was enabled to repeat them, all thought of danger had vanished,

death was faced in every direction, the bridge of Arcola was forced, and victory once more crowned the republican standard.

THE PIONEER.

A SHARP battle was fought in Italy, where Buonaparte was commander in chief of the French army, and although the action did not prove of a decisive nature, it was nevertheless instrumental in producing one of the most brilliant advantages experienced by the French arms.

In delivering his orders, the general, with that presence of mind which is uniformly the precursor of victory, presented himself in person at every point where danger appeared to threaten the most, and thus exposed himself like the common soldier.

Upon one of these occasions a pioneer, perceiving the imminent risk Napoleon ran, thus addressed him in the unsophisticated language of a camp—"Stand aside!"—General Buonaparte, fixing his eyes upon him, hesitated, when the veteran, rudely pushing him, addressed Napoleon in these words, which were expressive of the greatest compliment that could possibly be paid to his talents as a military commander—

"If thou art killed, who is to rescue us from this jeopardy?"

Buonaparte instantly appreciated the sterling value of this exclamation, and consequently remained silent; but after the termination of the conflict, which proved favourable to the republican flag, he ordered this independent pioneer to be brought into his presence, when, familiarly tapping him upon the shoulder, he thus bespoke him—

“Thy noble boldness claims my esteem; thy bravery demands a recompense; from this hour, instead of the hatchet, an epaulette shall grace thy shoulder.”

He was of course immediately raised to the rank of an officer.

NAPOLEON'S AGE.

ON the evening of the day previous to the taking of the city of Milan, General Buonaparte, being then commander in chief of the army of Italy, was engaged to dine at the mansion of a lady of consequence. This personage, considering the distinguished rank, and above all, the illustrious name of her guest, conducted the honours of her table with the greatest attention and politeness. Napoleon, however, being fully occupied with the momentous events that were to characterize the succeeding day, replied with coldness and brevity to the repeated marks of deference which the hostess pointedly expressed towards him; who, at length, in order to give animation to the company, requested to know Buonaparte's age, adding, by way of palliation of the apparent rudeness of the inquiry:

“That he appeared by far too young to have already gained so many laurels!”

“Truly, madam,” answered the general with a smile, “I am not indeed very old at the present moment; but in less than twenty-four hours I shall count much more, for to-day I have to number twenty-five years, whereas to-morrow I shall have attained *Mil-an.*” (*mille ans.*)

N.B. It may be requisite to acquaint such readers as are unacquainted with the French tongue, that the words *Mille Ans* express a thousand years.

THE ILL FATED DRAGOON.

BUONAPARTE, being on the point of commencing one of his great battles in Italy, was disposing his troops in the order of attack, when a light dragoon, issuing forth from the ranks, requested of the general a few minutes private conversation, with which Napoleon acquiesced, when the soldier thus addressed him.

“General, if you proceed to adopt such and such measures, the enemy must be defeated.”

“Wretched man!” exclaimed Buonaparte, “hold your tongue; you will not, sure, betray my secret!” at the same time placing his hand before the mouth of the dragoon.

The simple fact is, that the soldier in question was possessed of as great an inherent military capacity as Buonaparte himself, and appreciated every arrangement necessary to insure victory. The battle terminating in favour of Napoleon, he issued orders that the poor fellow should be conducted to his presence; but all search after him proved fruitless; he was no where to be found: a bullet had, no doubt, terminated his military career.

From this anecdote it is apparent, that the most transcendent merit will frequently bud in obscurity.

CAMPO FORMIO.

BUONAPARTE, having by the courage and energy of his genius, compelled the Emperor of Austria to ratify a peace, which he was no longer able to retard, was appointed by the Directory to appear as representative of the French government, at the celebrated treaty of Campo Formio, and also to negotiate in the name and on the behalf of the French

nation. Thus had the general in chief of the army of Italy, at the age of twenty-nine years, the distinguished honour of terminating the most celebrated campaigns, and of arresting the course of his victorious arms, as rapid in their progress as his battles had proved successful; by which was cemented, under the auspices of his laurels, a peace which reflected upon him accumulated glory, inasmuch as it was not accorded to the Emperor of Austria, until the victor was fully enabled to annihilate his throne, and subjugate the whole of the Germanic empire to his dominion.

Prior to the opening of these momentous conferences, a solemn *Te Deum* was ordered to be sung; at which the ambassadors of the respective belligerent nations were to officiate.

Monsieur the Count ———, being invested with full powers to negotiate on the part of the Emperor, attended at the church where this chant was to be celebrated prior to the arrival of Napoleon; when the inherent pride of the German so far predominated over his better sense as to urge him, in contempt of Buonaparte, to place himself on the sofa which had been purposely provided for the youthful pacificator, and to whose sole guidance the republic of France had confided its dearest and most sacred interests.

The French general at length entered the church, when, fired with indignation on witnessing this insolent conduct, he smartly seized the arm of the haughty ambassador, and, shaking it with violence, exclaimed in a menacing tone of voice—

“Are you ignorant, sir, of the power which I am here delegated to represent?—It is the French

nation that has conferred this honour upon me; nor would I recede one step, if even your master himself were here to dispute the point with me."

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.

THE army of Italy, under General Buonaparte, having been engaged against the Austrians during the whole of one day, at length terminated the battle, by gaining a complete victory at the very moment when the declining sun threw a parting gleam upon the western horizon. During the period of this conflict, and the two foregoing days, the troops had not tasted repose, and the complete flight of the enemy, at this particular juncture, was therefore the more fortunate, as the French were thus enabled to enjoy that repose during the night, of which they most gladly took the advantage.

Notwithstanding this harassed state of the army, it was necessary to establish outposts; when a grenadier, stationed upon this service, which precluded the idea of rest, being quite exhausted with fatigue, fell fast asleep at his post.

Napoleon, who offered up his own repose as a sacrifice to the more imperious calls of promptitude and glory, proceeded, alone, to visit the outskirts of the camp, and in this survey arrived at the spot where lay extended the sleeping sentinel, who could hardly be deemed guilty of a breach of duty, but the unwilling victim of extreme fatigue, that totally overpowered him.

Buonaparte, unmindful of his dignity, and actuated only by noble motives, took up the soldier's musket, which laid beside him; when, placing it upon his own shoulder, he continued to mount

guard for nearly an hour, in order to insure the safety of the camp. The grenadier at length awoke and sought for his piece in vain, but, by the light of the moon, perceived the general, who had thus paid respect to his repose.

"O! I am undone!" vociferated the soldier, recognising Napoleon, whose lineaments are graven upon the heart of every warrior.

"No, my friend," replied the general with extreme affability, at the same time surrendering up his musket, "the battle was obstinate and long enough contested to excuse your having thus yielded to the impulse of fatigue; one moment of inattention, however, might endanger the safety of the camp; I was awake, and have only to advise, that you would be more upon your guard for the future!"

ATTACHMENT TO NAPOLEON.

WHEN the French emperor ascertained, beyond a doubt, that any individual was particularly devoted to his person, he always made it a rule, in appreciating his merit, to attach him more firmly to his interest.

Buonaparte, after transporting the glory of his arms to the plains of Egypt, and having there punished those subaltern tyrants who had dared to insult the Gallic flag, conceived it requisite that he should return to France for the good of that republic which was dear to him, in order to effect a change in the then form of government, which, according to its existing state, was altogether incompatible with the interests of the French nation.

In consequence of this decision, Napoleon, having

already rendered his fame conspicuous, gave orders that a frigate should be got in readiness for the purpose of conveying him to Europe, and embarked accordingly, leaving the command of the army to General Kleber, who, unfortunately, paid dear for the honour thus conferred upon him.

On arriving on board, Buonaparte found a great many Frenchmen in the vessel, who had availed themselves of this opportunity, in order to quit the country, which had proved to them so fraught with ingratitude, and under the command of the general, the frigate was soon in readiness to set sail. The breeze soon filling the canvas, the safety of the vessel was committed to the pilot, when suddenly a sloop hove alongside at the imminent risk of being run down, wherein Napoleon recognised a leading officer in the French army, who, during a recent action, had had one of his arms broken, which he still continued to wear in a sling. After having rendered the necessary assistance in conveying him on board, Buonaparte thus addressed him—

“ You come, my friend, in defiance of death itself by thus exposing your person, wounded as you are, to this long and hazardous voyage.”

“ General,” replied the officer with enthusiasm, “ the loss of life is to me of no consequence, so I can but perish with you.”

Buonaparte, astonished at this noble devotedness to his own person, experienced for a time that pleasing satisfaction which accompanies the certainty of being beloved, and, from that period, he became particularly attached to the officer in question, who never after failed to experience his most marked attention.

HARANGUE ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

THE following speech, delivered by the French Emperor to his army when commanding his legions in Italy, may well rank upon a par with many addresses made by Julius Cæsar to his soldiers under various circumstances.

“Soldiers! whatsoever may be the strength of the enemy, attack him without hesitation, and you are certain of commanding the victory: death never strikes the brave, but when his appointed hour is at hand. How many times have you not already dared his efforts, and forced him back into the ranks of your enemies.”

BUONAPARTE AND THE MAYOR OF LYONS.

NAPOLEON, having disembarked at Frejus after his return from Egypt, proceeded to Lyons, in which city he lodged at the superb mansion of the Clestins. As soon as the arrival of this extraordinary character was made known, acclamations of joy were heard in every direction, public festivities took place, and at night there was a general illumination throughout the city. On the following day the constituted authorities, understanding that this celebrated general had arisen very early in the morning, presented themselves before him, when the mayor, who was at their head, having prepared his speech for the occasion, was on the point of commencing a pompous harangue with peculiar emphasis; Buonaparte, however, without allowing him scarcely time to open his mouth, addressed the assembly in the following words—

“Gentlemen! I was given to understand that

France groaned under an arbitrary government, and I therefore did not hesitate to abandon my army in Egypt, consisting of forty-six thousand men, that I might come and strike a blow here. I am now going hence; but in a few days, if you think fit to wait upon me, I shall then be at leisure to hear you."

THE LOUVRE.

SOME time after the government of France was changed from a directory to a consulate, Buonaparte made a proposition to his colleagues, to quit the Luxembourg, which they then occupied, and make the palace of the Louvre their future residence. The Abbé Sieyes, happening to be present on this occasion, exclaimed—

"What! shall consuls become the inmates of the habitation of a tyrant?"

"Sir," answered Buonaparte, drily, and in a tone of voice that spoke the sentiments then rising in his soul, "if I had been Louis the Sixteenth, I should still have remained so; and if it had ever been my lot to say mass, I should still continue to do the same."

There is little doubt but the arch-priest Sieyes felt the full force of this well merited sarcasm.

THE LUCKY FORESIGHT.

FROM the extensive preparations made by the Flotilla at Boulogne, every thing seemed to announce a speedy invasion of Great Britain. The praams, cutters, gun boats, and even the smallest craft, were filled with troops, who all felt desirous of taking advantage of the opportunity of joining the standards of those legions that would be immor-

talized, should the conquest of Albion be achieved. Already destruction seemed to wield the falchion over the plains of England, whose formidable fleets and well known maritime genius so ably counter-balanced the glory of the French arms. Napoleon, who was at that period first consul, had already disposed every thing in order for this great event, when other circumstances intervened to impede the project, the result of which, whether successful or not, would have influenced, in a great measure, the destinies of Europe. At this epoch a British squadron was cruising in the Channel, and particularly blockaded the ports of Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk. One day, on the near approach of this fleet to the French coast, the flotilla made sail, not to give regular battle to the English, but to annoy us, if possible, at a distance. At this period the British frigate IMMORTALITY, advancing from the line of battle, almost singly engaged the gun boats, cutters, &c. when Buonaparte, being at the time in his own boat, was thus perilously placed between the fire of the English vessels and that of the French praams, &c. Upon a thousand occasions similar to the present, notwithstanding the play of an enemy's artillery, Napoleon had never issued orders to his soldiers to halt; but in this instance, as if actuated by a secret foreknowledge, he had only time to exclaim—"Raise your oars!" and in the course of half a second a bullet fell so close to the boat, as to wet every individual stationed within it.—Was it that Napoleon proved superior to the shafts of fate, or that his appointed hour was not yet arrived? In short, was not this circumstance in itself sufficient to have stamped him the creature of destiny?

AMUSEMENTS OF FERDINAND AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

WHEN the king of Spain was prisoner at Fontainebleau, one of Napoleon's ministers went into the Emperor's private cabinet, to ask what necessities he was to provide for his Catholic majesty. Napoleon was reclining on a couch at the time, and in the act of reading—"Let us see," said the Emperor, getting up, and stretching out his arm in order to take a book from the bookcase; but, before he had done so, he turned round to the minister, and said quickly: "Get him a pack of fox-hounds, let him hunt and amuse himself."

ORDER TO MARSHAL SOULT, AT AUSTERLITZ.

THERE is something which Plutarch might have quoted as worthy of a Spartan, in the answer of Napoleon to Marshal Soult, at the battle of Austerlitz.

"The marshal is embarrassed, sire," said the aide-de-camp, "at the superior force of the Russians which is moving to attack him, and foresees that he may be obliged to shift his ground."—"Tell Soult, *I* foresee no such thing," replied Napoleon; "he must die where he is!"

MOST INTERESTING DRAWINGS.

ON the sailing of the French expedition for Egypt, from Malta, under the orders of Buonaparte, the fleet was intentionally dispersed in order to arrive without being noticed; they had no sooner, however, left Malta, than they learned that Nelson had penetrated their design, and was in pursuit of them. Expecting every hour to be come up with, and

being too weak to risk a combat, it was the resolution of Buonaparte and the rest of the illustrious persons on board the *Orient* to blow her up, rather than be taken prisoners; but, that the memory of those who perished might be preserved, and their features known by posterity, Buonaparte caused the portraits of eighteen to be taken on two sheets of paper, which were to be rolled up, put in bottles, and committed to the waves: the names of the persons are,—

First Drawing.

Desaix, (dead.)	Buonaparte, (dead.)
Berthier, (dead.)	Caffarelli, (dead.)
Kleber, (dead.)	Brueys, (dead.)
Dalomieu, (dead.)	Monge, (dead.)
Berthollet, (dead.)	

Second Drawing.

Rampon, (living.)	Murat, (dead.)
Junot, (dead.)	Lasnes, (dead.)
Regnier, (dead.)	Belliard, (living.)
Desgenettes, (living.)	Snulkanski, (dead.)
Larrey, (living.)	

Thus, of the eighteen, fourteen are now no more. The portraits are executed in medallions in India ink, and now adorn the study of Baron Larrey, at Paris.

INTERESTING CONDUCT BETWEEN THE FRENCH
AND ENGLISH ARMIES IN EGYPT.

It was very customary, during the siege of Alexandria, for the advanced sentinels of the contending parties to approach each other amicably, after a signal given and returned, and to exchange their

rations, the British giving pork, and sometimes brandy, and the French bread! These men were not enemies to each other in their hearts.

BUONAPARTE AND MADAME DE STAEL.

WHEN Buonaparte, in the year 1800, made his grand march from Dijon, across the Alps, into Italy, with his characteristic respect for men of genius, he accepted an invitation to breakfast with the Necker family. He was, therefore, introduced to the daughter, Madame de Stael, whose enthusiasm led her to crave a private audience with the consul, which he readily granted. She then delivered a political lecture on her views relative to the future dispositions of France; advised him, in regard to his administration; and, finally, urged him to take Washington for his model. Buonaparte listened to her patiently, and, when she had finished, paid her some compliments on her superior talents, said it was fortunate that her children had such a mother, and, inquiring pointedly whether she educated her own children, he at the same instant pulled out his watch, stated that a division of the army were waiting to be reviewed, and abruptly departed.

This sarcastic lesson Madame de Stael never forgave, and from that hour she pursued him with her pen till the end of her life with increasing hostility.

SPIRITED REPLY OF GEORGES.

UPON being asked by the judge, on his trial for attempting to assassinate the first consul, how he could answer to himself for having shot an officer in the execution of his duty, and when all resistance was useless? "I thought," replied Georges, "that I might

possibly effect my escape, and felt it perfectly justifiable to repel violence by force. But the man, as you say, was doing his duty, and I am sorry enough for him to wish that you had been in his place."

GRATITUDE OF NAPOLEON.

A LADY of Geneva, being upon a visit to her friends at Lyons a little before the French revolution, was told of a young Corsican who was confined by sickness in an upper room of the hotel, where she lodged. All that the people of the house knew concerning him was, that he was an officer of artillery, that his name was Buonaparte, and that his purse was very slenderly furnished. The benevolent feelings of this amiable woman soon carried her to the bedside of the invalid, where, by her unremitting attention, she had the satisfaction of seeing him so far restored as to be able to set out for his regiment. Buonaparte took his leave, with many expressions of gratitude for her maternal care, and his sincere wishes that fortune might one day enable him to make a suitable return for her kindness. On his coronation, this good lady wrote to the Emperor, and took occasion to mingle with her felicitations some account of her own situation, which the casualties of the times had rendered less prosperous than formerly; nor was she long without an answer. She received a very handsome letter from Napoleon, containing bank notes to the amount of ten thousand francs (about four hundred pounds sterling), and very friendly assurances of immediate attention to any application which she might hereafter think proper to make to him.

ORIGIN OF NAPOLEON'S BEES.

It was a custom in France, during its early and barbarous ages, that whenever a monarch died, his horse and page were killed and buried with their master, that they might be in ready attendance upon him in the next world. In the year 1653, the tomb of Childeric, the father of Clovis, was discovered, and within it were found the skeleton of a man, that of a horse, and part of the skeleton of a youth, concluded to be the remains of Childeric and his companions. On further search in the tomb were found a purse, containing above a hundred pieces of gold and two hundred pieces of silver, bearing the heads of different emperors of France; a crystal ball or orb, a pike, a battleaxe, the handle, mounting, and blade of a sword; gold tablets and style; the bit, and part of the harness of a horse; fragments of a dress or robe; *and more than three hundred little bees of the purest gold, their wings being inlaid with a red stone like cornelian.* The appropriation of this emblem was hence suggested to Napoleon. A gold signet ring was taken from the finger of the largerskeleton; upon it appeared an engraved head, having long hair flowing over the shoulders, and around it the words, "*Childerici Regis*;" several buckles, massy gold bracelets, and a golden head of an ox, supposed to be an image of the idolatrous worship of the deceased.

THE DUTY OF A WITNESS.

THE Emperor Napoleon one day said to a witness: "Relate your story simply,—and never forget, that overcharged accusations will ever assume, in the eyes of the court, the appearance of calumny."

THE FEMALE SHOPKEEPER.

THE Emperor Napoleon was fond of walking about Paris *incognito*, frequently attended by an aid-de-camp only. One morning he went into a small shop to ask the price of a little antique figure of porcelain; the woman of the shop was not up at the time (past eight o'clock), and Napoleon waited half an hour until she arose; he then asked the price, but the Emperor said it was too much. "Indeed," says the woman, "that may be, —but what with taxes and distresses of the war, we must get as much as we can, for the Emperor, by and by, will leave us nothing." Napoleon quitted the shop, and the following morning sent his aid-de-camp to call the woman with her little figure. The poor woman, terrified, made her appearance before the Emperor, who stepped up to her and said, "I shall give you your price for this; but I would recommend you to get up earlier, and not to mind politics."

THE MILITARY AMATEUR.

M. FAYOLLE, one of the persons implicated in the disturbances which took place at Paris, in June, 1820, was a zealous Buonapartist, and is particularly well known from the circumstance that he always followed the grand army in its campaigns as an *amateur*, without belonging to the army, or being present at a single battle, as he always remained some miles in the rear. He was particularly intimate with General Mouton Duvernet and the officers of his staff. This general, with his aid-de-camp, once played him the following trick, in the

campaign near Dresden. He made some of his soldiers, disguised as enemies, attack him unawares and plunder him of all his baggage. When Fayolle returned to Dresden, he related his misfortune, the battle in which he had been, and in short all his misadventures, pretty much in the style of Falstaff. To conclude the joke, he was conducted back to his lodging, where he found all his baggage and the pretended robbers, who laughed heartily at his expense ; as did also the Emperor, when the joke was related to him.

CONVERSATION OF NAPOLEON WITH ONE OF HIS
OFFICERS IN THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

" I CONSIDER it certain," said he, " that the kings who fought against me are no longer guided by the same unity, the same views, the same interests. Alexander must esteem me: he must be able to estimate the difference between Louis XVIII. and myself. I would give him Poland and a great deal more if he wished it; he knows I have been always more inclined to tolerate his ambition than to restrain it. Prussia, and the petty kings of the Rhenish Confederation, will follow the lot cast by Russia. If I had Austria on my side, she would secure me all second rate powers. As to the Austrians, I do not know what they would do: they never treated me candidly. I suppose I could keep Austria in order by threatening to deprive her of Italy. Italy is very grateful, and much attached to me: if I were to ask that country for a hundred thousand men, and five millions of money, I should have both the men and the money. If they were to force me to make war, I could easily revolutionize the Italians:

I would grant them whatever they wish—independence or Eugene. Murat is ours: he has little brains: nothing but hand and heart: but his wife will guide him. As to England, we should have shaken hands from Dover to Calais if Mr. Fox had lived; but as long as that country continues governed by the principles and partisans of Mr. Pitt, we must be as hostile as fire and water. From England I expect no quarter,—no truce. England knows that, the instant I placed my foot in France, her influence would be driven back across the seas. As long as I live, I will wage war of extermination against her maritime despotism.”

ORIGIN OF THE SPANISH GUERRILLA TROOPS.

THIS undisciplined body of troops annoyed the French army, who invaded Spain in 1811 and 1812, very much, by intercepting the provisions and stores which were sent from France over the Pyrenees. Mina, a chief, had under his command three thousand of these men, who, divided into small parties, from their knowledge of the country, dispersed and assembled in a few hours time. Mina was a member of the Spanish university: a nephew of his commenced this destructive method of weakening the enemy with his companions, most of them young men of education. The nephew was killed in a skirmish, and the uncle took the lead; and of so much importance was he considered by the enemy that a plan was formed by four French generals to entrap him and his followers, particularly as a large quantity of stores were expected from Bayonne, which they apprehended would fall into the clutches of this daring leader and his hardy companions. By four different routes they imagined that he might be

surrounded, and by closing, be taken with his party. The wily Mina, however, was not only aware of this plot laid for him, but was also on the watch to attack the convoy, amounting to two thousand men. By the mode of dispersing his troops in small parties, he soon got clear of the French forces, and by reassembling at an appointed place on the Pyrenees, he was enabled to attack the convoy, of which he killed nine hundred, took six hundred prisoners and all the stores: king Joseph's secretary, disguised as a peasant, was killed. Thus the skill, courage, and dexterity of Mina, with a band of undisciplined men, defeated a body of two thousand French soldiery, and took an immense quantity of stores. Many like feats have been performed by the other Guerilla chiefs; and, as a convincing proof of their activity, the French could not send a bag of letters without a guard of two hundred and fifty horse and foot: nor could this Guerilla force be readily destroyed; for, acquainted with the different passes in the mountains and the by roads through the country, they could assemble at any given point, or disperse without the possibility of defeat. As this description of force was self-appointed, and acknowledging no control, although at all times found prepared to conform to the chieftain's orders, no exact account could be taken of their numbers; they were, however, very generally estimated at fifteen thousand men: they lived by rapine, of course were no expense to the state: they were dressed as each man could afford, and armed as they could obtain weapons: some mounted, some on foot;—but all equally ferocious and hardy. From this stock were afterwards obtained many able officers and excellent soldiers for the Spanish army.

THE GOLDEN SADDLE.

ON a complaint being made to Napoleon, respecting the inferior quality of some saddles and harness, the Emperor said to Bessières: "If the commissary thought these articles bad, he had a right to reject them."—"That is not the question," said Bessières, "it is mere malignity on the commissary's part;—the articles are good, and the contractors only desire to prove it; they are honest people of my country, and I interest myself for them;—if their demand was not just, I should be the first to object to it." This defence of the contractors was uttered by Bessières with some warmth. The emperor replied, smiling, "Do not repeat the same to others, or it will be said, that your *protégés*, as an inducement to you to make their saddles pass, have presented you with a *golden* one."

POLICY AND PRESENCE OF MIND OF NAPOLEON
AT THE BATTLE OF LODI.

IN arranging the line of battle, it was the privilege of the Parisian guards to attend the general in chief, who wore their uniform. They attended Buonaparte as his personal guards at the battle of Lodi. In the tremendous attack upon the bridge, he called to them to advance: they hesitated; upon which he instantly threw off his uniform, and demanded the regimental dress of another corps who were advancing. The Parisian guards felt ashamed and indignant:—they rushed forward and carried the bridge.

**ATROCIOUS CONSPIRACY OF FERDINAND VII. TO
DETHRONE HIS FATHER CHARLES IV. OF SPAIN.**

THE abdication of Charles IV. took place on the 19th of March, 1808, when that sovereign was under constraint, and in circumstances which led him to entertain fears for his life. On the 21st of March he issued the following protest:—

“ I protest and declare that my decree of the 19th of March, by which I abdicated the crown in favour of my son, was an act extorted from me against my will, to prevent greater evils, and to avoid the effusion of the blood of my beloved vassals. In consequence, it ought to be regarded as null and of no value.—I, the King.

Aranjuez, March 21st, 1808.

Ferdinand, also, by an instrument dated at Bayonne, 6th May, 1808, renounced the crown in favour of his father; and this act was formally published to the Spanish nation on the 10th of May.

In a letter from General Monthion to the Grand Duke of Berg, dated 23d March, 1808, an account is given of a conversation he had with Charles IV. in which he stated,—

“ That this revolution had been very premeditated; that much money had been distributed to bring it about, and that the principal personages were his son and M. Caballero, minister of justice; that his majesty had been violently forced to abdicate the crown to save the life of the queen and his own; as he knew well, if he had not taken this step, they would both be assassinated that night.”

In a letter from Charles IV. to Napoleon, dated 23d March, 1808, he declares,—

“That he had been forced to renounce the crown; that he only renounced it in favour of his son, through the force of circumstances, when the clash of arms and the clamour of an insurrectionary guard taught him sufficiently the necessity of choosing between life and death.”

In a letter from Charles IV. to Ferdinand, dated the 2d of May, 1808, he tells him,—

“I believed myself obliged to remember my rights as a father and king: I caused you to be arrested, and I found among your papers the proof of your crime; but, at the termination of my career, reduced to the grief of seeing my son perish on a scaffold, I allowed myself to give way to my sensibility on seeing the tears of your mother, and I pardoned you, notwithstanding my subjects were agitated by the treacherous machinations of the faction of which you have declared yourself the head. From that moment I lost the tranquillity of my life, and I was compelled to unite the pains caused me by the sufferings of my subjects to the afflictions which I owed to the dissensions of my own family. Against my ministers calumnies were uttered to the emperor of the French, who, believing that the Spaniards were separating from his alliance, and seeing the minds of men agitated (even in the bosom of my own family), covered, under various pretexts, my dominions with his troops. What, under these circumstances, was your conduct? You introduced disorder into my palace, and instigated the corps of body-guard against my person. Your father was your prisoner. You have dishonoured my gray hairs, and you have stripped them of a crown worn

with glory by my ancestors, and which I had preserved without a stain. You have usurped my throne, and placed yourself at the disposition of the mob of Madrid and the foreign troops which entered at that moment. But in stripping me of the crown, you have destroyed your own, depriving it of whatever it possessed calculated to render it august and sacred in the eyes of the world."

The origin of all the calamities which happened to Spain is universally attributed to Ferdinand, who first solicited the interference of Napoleon. Ferdinand, on the 11th of October, 1807, addressed a letter to Napoleon, in which he tells him,—

"I implore, with the greatest confidence, the paternal protection of your majesty, in order that you may not only deign to *concede to me the honour of giving me for spouse a princess of your family*, but also that you may overcome all the difficulties, and dissipate all the obstacles which may be opposed to this sole object of my desires. This effort of goodness, on the part of your imperial majesty, is so much the more necessary for me, as I am unable to do any thing of myself, for such would be interpreted an insult to parental authority; being, as I am, reduced to the sole option of resisting (which I will do with invincible constancy) my marriage with any other person whatever, without the consent and positive approbation of your majesty, on whom I place my sole hope of the choice of a spouse for me."

When these intrigues of Ferdinand were discovered, he addressed the following letters to his father and mother.—

"My father,——I have been guilty against your majesty; I have failed in what I owed to my father

and king ; but I am grieved at my conduct, and I promise your majesty the most humble obedience. I ought to have done nothing without the permission of your majesty, but I was surprised. I have revealed the guilty to your majesty, and I entreat you to pardon me, and to permit your royal feet to be kissed by your grateful son. “ FERDINAND.

“ *San Lorenzo, Nov. 5, 1807.*”

“ My mother,——I am very repentant of the great fault which I have committed against my sovereigns and parents—I supplicate your majesty, with the utmost humility, to pardon me ; and also for the obstinacy with which I denied the truth last evening. I supplicate your majesty, with the utmost truth of heart, that you would deign to interpose your powerful mediation with my father, in order that he may permit his royal feet to be kissed by your grateful son. “ FERDINAND.

“ *San Lorenzo, Nov. 5, 1807.*”

To restore this legitimate, two hundred and fifty millions were added to the debt of Great Britain, and two hundred thousand British lives were sacrificed in the peninsular war!

THE TRI-COLOURÉD COCKADE.

AT the commencement of the French revolution, the national cockade was green, as an emblem of hope ; but the Duke of Orleans joining the people, out of compliment to them the cockade was changed to the colours of his liveries ; and on the arrival of the Marquis de la Fayette from America, the national guard changed its uniform to that of the American army, which it has ever since preserved.

FRENCH FINANCES PREVIOUS TO THE REVOLUTION.

THE history of the French finances is curious. The grand resource of all the monarchs, from Hugh Capet down to Louis XVI. was the création and sale of offices; and Mr. Pitt was never so ingenious in discovering new objects of taxation as the French government were in inventing new offices for the purpose of raising temporary supplies. These offices were hereditary, and they were often sold at two years purchase. Sully, being unable to eradicate the evil, confirmed their perpetuity, and levied a tax on them annually of one sixtieth part of the price of the office. This tax was not compulsory, but if not paid, the places escheated to the crown. To give an idea of the ridiculous nature of many of the offices thus purchased and patented, we give an edict of Louis XIV. which runs thus:—“ Louis, by the grace of God, &c. we have created, &c. by our letters patent, the offices of hay salesman, inspectors of breaking up old ships and boats, wine-tasters, mud-rakers, examiners of the tongues of swine to ascertain whether they did not die of disease, of calves, butter inspectors, cheese tasters, &c.” Many of these places entitled the parties to precedence, and conferred the rank of nobility, which entitled them to an exemption from taxes. Colbert suppressed many, yet left forty-six thousand seven hundred and eighty, and Necker, in 1781, enumerated three thousand seven hundred and eighty offices which conferred nobility. The revolution was certainly wanting to root out this enormous evil.

PRIVATE SECRETARIES OF MINISTERS.

DURING the reign of Napoleon, the private secretaries of all his ministers dined together on the first of every month, at the Restaurateur Beauvilliers. At these dinners the secretaries made known to each other the places that were vacant, the competitors who solicited them, and the new establishments that were to take place; and they made the necessary arrangements for securing the vacant posts for their favourites. It is recorded, that a gentleman of ancient family, who had presented a petition bearing the signature of a princess, and who was greatly astonished at receiving no answer, determined to have the mystery cleared up at the next secretaries' dinner. The company were attended, during their private banquet, by one of Beauvillier's most dexterous waiters. The gentleman who had solicited the vacant place, having bribed the waiter by a double Louis-d'or, put on his jacket and apron, and in this disguise attended on the dispensers of ministerial favours. The conversation happened to turn on their private affairs, and one of the company said, "I lately played an excellent trick upon a gentleman of ancient family, who was soliciting a vacant place; his request was backed by the signature of a princess, a recommendation which, of course, he deemed infallible; but I slipped the petition into the drawer of my desk, and obtained the place for myself. How disappointed the poor fellow will be! Waiter, fill me a glass of champagne and I'll drink the fool's health!" The man of ancient family, highly mortified, obeyed the command; but when the dinner was ended, he changed his

dress, called on the minister, and renewed his demand. The minister assured him that he had heard nothing of the affair; but the applicant asserted that he knew where the petition was, and described the drawer in the secretary's desk. The petition was accordingly found, and the solicitor obtained the place to the great astonishment of the secretary.

BRAVERY OF THE HETMAN PLATOFF.

AFTER the battle of Eylau, when Napoleon brought forward an immense mass of cavalry to overwhelm the Russian rear-guards, commanded by Prince Bragration and by Platoff the Hetman of the Cossacks, the latter, before they passed the bridges of the river which flowed behind them, and to which they had to descend, saw the impending danger, and began to press back in confusion. Platoff endeavoured to check, but found the disorder increasing: he immediately sprang from his horse, exclaiming to the Cossacks,—“Let those who are base enough—abandon their hetman.” The lines thus rebuked, paused: Platoff gradually moved on; with a waving hand he kept back those who trespassed too far; sent his orders with calmness; reached the town in excellent order; halted at the bridge until every man had passed; destroyed it, and, still on foot, proceeded onwards to the other side of the town, struggling ankle-deep through the heavy sand; nor could the most tremendous cannonade and the incessant fire of the French battalions, crowning the opposite heights, and who commenced their volleys as they formed successively, accelerate his pace, or induce him to mount his horse, until the object was

attained, and superior duty called him to the direction of other operations. His mien, his venerable and soldierlike appearance, his solemn dignity of manner, combined with the awful incidents of the scene to render this one of the most imposing and interesting sights that ever was witnessed.

NAPOLEON AND THE BOURBONS.

THE following lines were handed about Paris by the friends of the ex-emperor, soon after the second return of the Bourbons: being read downwards, they praise the present royal family; but the intended reading is across the column.

Vive à jamais	L'Empereur des Français
La famille royale—	Est indigne de vivre,
Oublions désormais	La race des Capets—
La race impériale—	A jamais doit survivre;
Soyons donc le soutien	Du fier Napoleon,
Du grand duc des Bourbons	Que l'âme soit maudite;
C'est à lui que revient	Le mépris des Français
L'honneur de commander	C'est ce que mérite Na-
	poleon.

The above lines are rendered into English, as follows:

Long live	The Emperor of France
The royal family—	Is unworthy to live,
Henceforth let us forget	The race of the Capets—
The imperial race—	Shall last for ever;
Let us then be the support	Of the daring Napoleon,
Of the great head of the	
Bourbons	Let his soul be d——d
To him appertains	The contempt of French-
	men
The honour of governing	Is what Napoleon merits.

INTERVIEW OF NAPOLEON WITH WIELAND.

IN the autumn of 1808, some of the princes assembled at the congress of Erfurt came for a few days to visit the court of Weimar, and among them was Napoleon. He was accompanied by a troop of French players, who borrowed the theatre, and, on the 6th of October, exhibited in it Voltaire's tragedy of the Death of Cæsar. Wieland went to see this tragedy, in which Talma was to perform, and sat as usual in a private side-box of the second tier, reserved for the ducal family, to which he had been attached as preceptor. Napoleon observed him there, and inquired who was that venerable old man with the black velvet *calotte*; this was the usual costume of Wieland, who, not liking to wear a wig, and being exposed by the baldness of his crown to colds of the head, had adopted a circular cap resembling that of the Catholic priests. After having been informed by the prince primate that this was Wieland, Napoleon signified a wish to see him after the play; and Wieland, accordingly, was ushered into the ball room, which was to be the next place of rendezvous. In one of Wieland's letters the following interesting account is given of the interview.—

“ I had not been many minutes there before Napoleon came across the room towards us; the duchess then presented me to him regularly, and he addressed me affably with some words of compliment, looking me steadily in the eye. Few mortals have appeared to me so rapidly to see through a man at a glance: he instantly perceived that, notwithstanding my celebrity, I was a plain, unassuming, old man; and, as he seemed desirous of making a

good impression upon me, he at once assumed the form best adapted to attain his end. I never saw a man, in appearance, calmer, plainer, milder, or more unassuming; no trace about him of the consciousness that he was a great monarch; he talked to me like an old acquaintance with his equal, and, what was very rare with him, chatted with me, exclusively, an entire hour and a half, to the great surprise of all present. At length about midnight, I began to feel inconvenience from standing so long, and took the liberty of requesting his majesty's permission to withdraw. '*Allez donc,*' said he, in a very friendly tone, '*Bon soir.*'"

"The more remarkable traits of our interview were these:—The previous play having drawn our conversation upon Julius Cæsar, Napoleon observed, 'that he was one of the greatest characters in universal history; and indeed,' added he, 'would have been, without exception, the greatest, but for one blunder.' I was about to inquire to what anecdote he alluded, when he seemed to read the question in my eye, and continued: 'Cæsar knew the men who wanted to get rid of him, and he ought to have got rid of them first.' If Napoleon could have read all that passed in my inner mind, he would have perceived it saying—such a blunder will never be laid to your charge.

"From Cæsar, our conversation turned to the Romans; he praised warmly their military and political system. The Greeks, on the contrary, seemed to stand low in his opinion. 'The eternal scuffle between their little republics, (said he) was not formed to evolve any thing great: but the Romans were always intent on grand purposes, and thus created the migh-

ty Colossus which bestrode the world.' I pleaded for the art and literature of the Greeks; he treated both with contempt, and said, 'they only served to dispute about.' He preferred Ossian to Homer. In poetry, he professed to value only the sublime, and energetic, and pathetic writers, especially the tragic poets; but of Ariosto, he spoke in some such terms as Cardinal Hippolito of Este, did; not aware, however, I think, that in this he was giving me a box on the ear. For any thing humorous he seemed to have no liking; and, notwithstanding the flattering friendliness of his apparent manner, he repeatedly struck me, as if he had been cast from bronze.

"At length, however, he had put me so much at my ease, that I asked him how it came about that the public worship, which he had reformed in France, had not been rendered more philosophic, and more on a par with the spirit of the times. 'My dear Wieland, (replied he) worship is not made for philosophers; they neither believe in me nor in my priesthood; as for those who do believe, you cannot give them, or leave them, wonders enough: if I had to make a religion for philosophers, it should be just the reverse.' In this tone the conversation went on for some time, and Napoleon professed so much scepticism as to question whether Jesus Christ had ever existed. This (adds Wieland) is very quotidian scepticism; and in his freethinking I saw nothing to admire but the openness with which he exposed it."

Napoleon, shortly afterwards, sent to Wieland a brevet of admission into his legion of honour.

NAPOLEON'S ATTEMPTS TO TALK ENGLISH.

A LATE writer thus speaks of the conduct of this illustrious exile soon after his arrival in St. Helena. "The carriage drove off at a pretty round pace, and the pleasantry of Napoleon seemed to keep pace with it. He began to talk English; and having thrown his arm half round Madame Bertrand's neck, he exclaimed, addressing himself to me, 'this is my mistress!—Oh, not mistress; yes, yes, this is my mistress!' while the lady was endeavouring to extricate herself, and the count, her husband, bursting with laughter. Napoleon then asked if he had made a mistake, and being informed of the English interpretation of the word, he cried out, 'Oh, no, no, —I say, my friend, my love: no, not love; my friend, my friend!' The fact was, that Madame Bertrand had been indisposed for several days, and he wished to rally her spirits, as well as to give an unreserved ease to the conversation. In short, to use a well known English phrase, he was the life of the party."

THE PARIS NEWSPAPERS.

"WHEN I landed at Cannes," said the late emperor Napoleon, in a conversation at St. Helena, "the editors of the Paris newspapers inserted articles in their respective journals, headed as follows:—*Rebellion of Buonaparte!* five days afterwards, *General Buonaparte has entered Grenoble!* eleven days after, *Napoleon has made his entry into Lyons!* twenty days after, *the Emperor is arrived at the Tuilleries!* After this, look for public opinion in the newspapers."

NAPOLEON'S RIDES AT ST. HELENA.

THE late distinguished and illustrious exile at St. Helena was, for some time after his arrival on that inhospitable island, much accustomed to ride or walk out with one of his officers, and often amused himself by visiting the cottages which lay in his routes. He thus passed away many a half hour among the *arcadians of St. Helena*. When he took his exercise on horseback, he generally bent his way through a deep ravine, luxuriantly covered with vegetation and used for pasture. The road was narrow, the place lonely, and he, in a sentimental or poetical moment, named it *the Valley of Silence*. On ascending this contracted pass, the eye is greeted, and, on the first occasion, might probably be surprised, by the residence of a farmer. Here the confined tourist, on his first excursion, determined to snatch a probable amusement, by paying a visit: fortunately for him, the family were taken by surprise; for the apprehension of such a guest would have emptied the house of its inhabitants. Master Legg, the tenant of the mansion, a plain honest countryman, met him at the door, when the extraordinary visitor, on the invitation which he received, dismounted from his horse, and accompanied by the Count de Las Cases entered the house, familiarly took his seat, and, as usual, began his interrogatories.

Napoleon. Have you a wife?

Farmer. Yes, and please you, sir emperor.

Nap. Have you any children?

Far. Six.

Nap. How much land have you got?

Far. A hundred acres.

Nap. All capable of being cultivated?

Far. No, not one half.

Nap. What profit does it bring you?

Far. Not a great deal; but it is much improved since you, Mr. Emperor, came amongst us.

Nap. Ay, how do you make that out?

Far. Why, you must know, sir emperor, we do not grow corn in this here island; and our green vegetables require a ready market. We have generally had to wait for the arrival of a fleet, and then, rat 'em, they would sometimes all spoil; but now, sir general, we have a prime sale for every article.

Nap. Where is your wife?

Far. Dang it, and please you, I believe she is scared; for I see my children have all run out.

Nap. Send for them, and let me be introduced. Pray, have you any good water?

Far. Yes, sir, and wine too, such as is to be had from the Cape.

The good woman's alarm had by this time subsided, and she was persuaded by her husband to make her appearance, and entered with every mark of respect, and some astonishment. Napoleon, Las Cases, the farmer, and his wife, forming a *partie quarrée*, sat down to four glasses of cape wine, and when they were emptied the visit concluded.

The good man and his family had been placed so much at their ease by the courteous demeanour of their unexpected guests, that the subsequent visits laid them under no restraint whatever; and even the little children used frequently to express their wishes, by inquiring of their mother, "When will BONEY come and see us again?"

NAPOLEON'S RETURN FROM ELBA.

DURING the temporary absence from Elba of Colonel Campbell, the British commissioner, who had gone to Florence, Buonaparte sailed from *Porto Ferrajo*, on the 26th of February, 1815, on board a brig, which was followed by four smaller vessels, carrying about eleven hundred men, consisting of a small body of Frenchmen, united with a motley assemblage of Poles, Corsicans, Neapolitans, and Elbese. On the 1st of March the men were landed near Cannes, in the Gulf of Juan, and the same evening, the mayor received orders to provide three thousand rations. Antibes was also summoned in the name of the Emperor; but those who presented themselves to the commandant on this occasion, were disarmed and arrested. On the 2d, Napoleon put his little army in order of march, passing the town of Grasse, without attempting to enter it, and in the course of the three following days, he proceeded across the mountains to Grenoble, a garrison town and military depot, which was under the command of General Marchand. Aware of the partiality of the military towards him, Napoleon, on approaching the town, threw open his bosom and exclaimed, "Soldiers, you have been told I am afraid of death—here is my bosom, fire into it, if you think proper." This appeal was immediately answered by shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and the troops who were ordered to arrest him, arranged themselves under his banners.

Napoleon, having obtained considerable supplies at Grenoble, proceeded under an escort of six hundred

cavalry to Lyons, a city containing a population of about one hundred and ten thousand souls: here the inhabitants appeared disposed to support the cause of the reigning sovereign, and they received *Monsieur*, the king's brother, the Duke of Orleans, Marshal Macdonald, and General St. Cyr, on their arrival from Paris, very favourably. The officers of the garrison, however, avowed their determination of joining Napoleon, and the troops uttered loud and repeated shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" *Monsieur*, therefore, quitted Lyons on the 8th, followed by Marshal Macdonald and the prefect of the department; whilst the Duke of Orleans hastened to inform the king of the general defection of the military.

In the mean time, Marshal Ney had given the strongest assurances to Louis the XVIII., not only that the rebel army should be attacked, but that their leader should be brought in *an iron cage* to Paris. No sooner, however, had he joined his troops, than he addressed a proclamation to them, describing the Bourbons as unworthy of the throne, and urging them to join the invader. He then communicated to the court a declaration signed by the whole army under his command, in which they stated that they would not fight for Louis XVIII., but that they would all shed the last drop of their blood for *Napoleon the Great!*

On the 19th, Buonaparte reached and occupied Fontainebleau, without the least opposition, having with him about fifteen thousand veteran troops; whilst other divisions were following him, and advancing to support his right and left flanks on parallel-lines of march. The number of national guards, volunteers, and other troops, collected at

Melun, to stop his farther progress, was about one hundred thousand men, and on those the hopes of the Bourbon family rested, as they seemed truly devoted to the cause of Louis XVIII., and anxious to meet and repel the enemy.

At an early hour in the morning of the 20th, preparations were made for an engagement, which was expected to decide the fate of France. The royal army was drawn up in three lines, the intervals and the flanks being armed with batteries, while the centre occupied the road leading to Paris. The ground from Fontainebleau to Melun is a continual declivity; so that on emerging from the forest, the spectator has a clear view of the country before him, whilst those below can easily discern whatever appears on the eminence. An awful silence, broken only occasionally by peals of martial music, or by the voices of the commanders, pervaded the king's army. All was anxious expectation; the chiefs feeling that one moment might subvert the throne, and the troops perhaps secretly awed at the idea of meeting in arms the man to whom they had been in the habit of yielding the most servile obedience. On the side of Fontainebleau, no sound as of an army advancing to battle was heard: at length a light trampling of horses became audible, and an open carriage, escorted by a few hussars and dragoons, appeared on the skirts of the forest, and drove down the hills with the rapidity of lightning, till it reached the advanced posts. Cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" immediately burst from the astonished soldiery, and exclamations of "*Napoleon! Napoleon the Great!*" spread from rank to rank; for the Emperor, uncovered, with Bertrand on his right

hand, and Drouet on his left, appeared in the carriage, and continued his course, waving his hand and opening his arms to the troops, whom he hailed as "his friends, his companions in arms, whose honour, whose glory, and whose country he came to restore." All discipline was now disobeyed and insulted; the commanders took to flight, and the acclamations of the soldiers rent the air. At this juncture the emperor's guard descended the hill,—the imperial march was played,—the eagles were once more exhibited,—and those who were to have met in deadly hostility embraced as brothers, and joined in universal shouts. Thus was Paris thrown open once more to the Emperor Napoleon, who arrived at the Tuilleries about eight o'clock in the evening; the poor unfortunate king having previously set out for Lisle, whence he was afterwards obliged to remove to Ghent.

LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

FREDERICK the Great once said, "If the god Mars were to select his body guard from the inhabitants of this world, he would choose the French grenadiers."

Theophilus Malo Carres de la Tour d'Auvergne, made the campaign of Savoy, in 1792, at the head of the grenadiers of the regiment of Angoumois. In the army of the western Pyrenees he commanded all the companies of the grenadiers who formed the advanced guard of the army; and this column, surnamed "*The Infernal*," generally gained the victory before the body of the army came up. In 1793, he commanded a reconnoitring party; on a sudden they found themselves before ten thousand

Spaniards; fearless, they instantly began a destructive fire, but ammunition failing, he ordered them to cease firing and halt. Some instantly cried out, "He is an old royalist and will betray us."—"Soldiers," he instantly exclaimed, "you know me, I am your comrade and your friend; despise these foolish cries, I will bring you off." He waited till the enemy came within pistol shot, as they fancied he had surrendered; he then ordered his men to fire and instantly charge; the Spaniards were dispersed, and several prisoners taken. After the affair, they begged him to punish the seditious; "I neither know them nor wish to know them," he exclaimed, "this lesson will be a warning to them; they will be more docile and have more confidence another time."

The government being informed of this, and several other heroic acts, gave him the rank of colonel of another regiment. On receiving it, he assembled the grenadiers:—"My comrades (said he), I want your advice and counsel:" they smiled.—"It is very true (said he), I have often given you good advice, and I now ask it of you. The government have sent me the brevet of colonel, shall I accept it, my lads, what think you?" Melancholy sat on every countenance; at length, one said, "Certainly, captain, for even a higher rank is due to your merit; but pardon our tears, we shall lose our father!"—"Then, my boys, you are satisfied with me?"—"Satisfied is too weak a word," was the reply. "And I too, my brave lads, I love you like my own children; I wanted to have your opinion, I know it, I will send back my commission."—"But, captain,——". "Not a word, I will do it;

you must all dine with me to day." After the frugal repast, "Now (said he), let us swear never to quit each other." He hobnobbed with every one, and the oath was repeated amidst the most tumultuous joy.

He was modest as he was brave. Napoleon, when first consul, specially created for him the title of "First Grenadier of the French Army." He alone was afflicted at the event; the word "considering," in the brevet, shocked him. "I am only proud," said he, of serving my country; I care not a straw for praise or honours; and thus to be praised to my face, I don't like; this 'considering' will be the torment of my life."

On the cessation of hostilities he retired to Passy; but the son of one of his friends being drawn as a conscript (the son of M. Lebrigant), he insisted on supplying his place, and as a private grenadier carried his musket and knapsack, carefully concealing who he was. On the 21st of June, 1800, at the head of the forty-sixth demi-brigade of grenadiers, he charged the enemy on the hill of Oberhausen; and, rushing before the rest to cut down a Hulan, who bore the colours, another stabbed him through the heart. For three days the drums were covered with crape, and on the 1st Vendemaire his sword of honour was suspended in the church of the Invalids at Paris. The forty-sixth demi-brigade carry his heart in a little leaden box, suspended to the colours of the regiment; and, on every muster, his name is recalled in these terms—*La Tour d'Auvergne mort au champ d'honneur.*"

VISIT OF NAPOLEON TO THE UNIVERSITY OF PAVIA.

THE first visit of Napoleon, at Pavia, was to the university. The rector at the head of its members received and harangued him at the gates; terminating his oration with the following words: "*Da Carlo il grande ebbe questo celebre Archiginnasio li suoi primi principi; da Napoleone il Grande Abbia la perfetta sua gloria co eterna stabilita!*—" 'Charles the Great-(Charlemagne) laid the first foundations of this university; may Napoleon the Great give it the completion of its glory, and an eternal stability!'"

But though Napoleon was as fond of ordering addresses *to be got up*, as if he were a legitimate, he rarely had the patience to hear them out without some evident symptom of *ennui*, which the *bienséance* of true royalty never exhibits; and he is said to have scarcely permitted the eloquent *Rettore* to conclude his oratorical eulogium when rushing by the learned corps, he left the *farcical representation* of "*Emperor and King*" at the gates of the college, and, with his natural vivacity, petulance, and curiosity, ran from class-room to class-room, while his splendid military suite "*toiled after him in vain.*" Even the attendant professors found his celerity of movement and inquiry too much; and could scarcely find time, or *breath*, to follow and answer him, "*Che scuola e questa?*" he asked of the first *school* he entered. It was the class of metaphysics, of his detested *ideology!*—He sneered and took snuff; then turning to one of the boys, he asked "*Qual e la dif-*

ferenza fra LA SOMIGLIA e la morte?" meaning thereby, "*What is the difference between SLEEP and death?*" This naturalization of the French word "*Sommeil*" was too much for the boy; and he turned for assistance to his learned master, who was as much at a loss as his pupil to comprehend the mystery of these royal metaphysics. The case, however, was urgent; for a professor to confess ignorance would never do; but not to understand the emperor was worse still; so down he plunged into a moral disquisition on death, till Napoleon, perceiving that he was not understood, and that the metaphysician was talking *nonsense* on a nonsensical subject, turned from him petulantly, uttering the word "*Betise!*" too well pronounced to be misunderstood by any present.—He then hurried to another class-room, with his usual question of "*Che Scuola!*" &c. &c. It was the class of his favourite *mathematics*, and his eyes sparkled at the intelligence! he looked round him for a moment with great satisfaction, then snatching a book from one of the young student's hands, he gave him a problem to work. When the boy had finished the task assigned him by the imperial mathematician his majesty looked it over, and said "*non è così,*" "you are wrong." The boy boldly persisted that it was "*così,*" and that he was right. Napoleon snatched the book and pencil out of his hand; and the master, coming in to the emperor's assistance, endeavoured to convince him that his pupil was not mistaken; to the infinite (*and not concealed*) satisfaction of the rest of the class. The emperor then took the slate; and, while Marshal Jourdan, and others stood yawning behind him, he began to work

the problem himself; till, self convinced of his error, he returned the slate, with a "*Si si e bene*;" but with the sulky air of a schoolboy who had lost his place at the head of his class. He then proceeded to another school:—it was the school of *Volta, the Newton of electricity*! Napoleon ran to him with open arms, and begged his class might be drawn out.

MAGNANIMITY OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

ON the arrival of the emperor from Elba, M. Fournier, prefect of the department of the Isere, issued at Grenoble several proclamations, to excite the inhabitants to repel "the adventurer, the rebel, who had disembarked anew on the coast of Frejus." The advance of the emperor compelled Fournier to fly, and he took refuge at Lyons. On Napoleon being informed of the fact at Lyons, he sent for M. Fournier, and addressed him as follows:—"M. Fournier—the first time 'the adventurer' landed on these shores it was to dethrone anarchy, and this time he has landed only to dethrone despotism. He beholds with pleasure the learned and enlightened M. Fournier, who accompanied General Buonaparte to Egypt; and he feels that he cannot better avenge himself for the proclamations of the prefect of the Isere, or better testify his affection for the Lyonnese, than in calling to perform the functions of the prefect of the Rhone, the worthy and virtuous magistrate whom he had never ceased to remember with esteem."

DESTRUCTION OF BRITISH MANUFACTURES BY
NAPOLEON.

ON the 6th of November, 1809, Napoleon ordered thirty-nine waggons, laden with colonial goods, linens, and cambrics, supposed to be British, but more probably Silesian manufacture, and various other articles, to be brought a short distance from a town in Germany, where, being formed into a pile, a *bonfire* was made, and the whole was consumed. The fire, it is said, lasted two whole days!

PARENTAL SOLICITUDE FOR A DAUGHTER'S HO-
NOUR.

THE following anecdote is related in Napoleon's fourteenth bulletin of the French army in Spain:—
“An old general retired from the service, and eighty years of age, was in his house at Madrid, near the street of Alcala—a French officer entered, and took up his quarters there, with his party. This respectable old man appeared before him, holding a young girl by the hand, and said, ‘I am an old soldier—I know the rights and the licentiousness of war—there is my daughter—I give her nine hundred thousand livres for her portion—save her honour, and become her husband.’ The young officer took the old man, his family, and his house, under his protection.”

HEROISM OF LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

THIS hero, called, by way of proud distinction, “The first grenadier of France,” was covered with wounds, but never would go to an hospital, “which,”

he said, "should only receive those who had lost a limb." His company frequently lost half, and sometimes three-fourths of its number in one engagement, but the next day it was sure to be completed to its full complement; for such was the reputation that it had acquired, that for every vacancy after an engagement, at least ten soldiers volunteered to fill it, and several who were refused admittance shot themselves from disappointment. In consequence the company was allowed to be one hundred and eighty strong; and, during the time that La Tour D'Auvergne commanded it, it lost two thousand four hundred and eighty killed in battle.

TO RECRUIT AN ARMY.

AFTER the Russian campaign, Napoleon made a law that the national guard should march to the frontiers to defend them from invasion. This being deemed necessary, the measure was willingly submitted to. Under this impression, one hundred thousand national guards were marched from different points to the Rhine; they there found the regular army. In two days an order arrived for the whole mass to march forward; and the national guard had the alternative of marching to battle, or being cut to pieces, in case of refusal, by the regulars:—upwards of seventy thousand of them perished in the campaign.

VOTE OF M. BOUCHE AGAINST THE CONSULATE OF NAPOLEON.

WHEN Buonaparte was proposed to be made first consul for life, votes were taken on that point. The printed form ran thus: "Napoleon Buonaparte—

shall he be consul for life?" This was transmitted to M. Otto, when he resided in London, as French commissary for the exchange of prisoners of war, to be signed by himself and the other official characters. M. Bouche, who was then secretary to M. Otto, alone signed his name against the proposition, and added the following as his reason: "There is no necessity for making Buonaparte first consul for life, to insure his continuance as first consul for ever. The question, moreover, is impolitic. By negating it we immortalize,—by deciding in the affirmative we destroy him. Liberty forbids—the repose of the world is against it—the glory and happiness of France, and even of Buonaparte himself, are averse to it. No! he must not be so. (Signed) BOUCHE. *Secretary of the French commission for the exchange of prisoners in England.*

M. Otto turned pale on reading the vote, and letting the printed form fall on the table, observed to Bouche that he was a lost man, and asked how he could give such a vote.—Bouche answered, "I think I have sufficiently explained why I have voted in this, as you think, extraordinary way; but if you desire a more decisive reason, it is this:—if we (France) concede this, Buonaparte will never *ask* any thing further; he will *take* all." To which M. Otto hastily replied, walking away,—“If I had thought as you do, I would have voted as you have done.” Bouche at that time foresaw that Napoleon would make himself emperor, and quoted the words applied to Cæsar—*Dignus imperii (vel imperio) si non imperasset (vel imperavisset).*

BUSTS OF NAPOLEON.

AFTER Louis XVIII. had ascended the throne of his ancestors, one of his first objects was to cause to be effaced from all the public buildings the busts, statues, and initials of his illustrious predecessor; and, accordingly, the workmen commenced with the palace of the Louvre. Whether the workmen employed imagined that his reign would not be of long duration, or they only thought of making the alterations with the least trouble, we do not pretend to say; but, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, it was discovered that all the N's were inverted into two L's embracing each other, by a little plaster of Paris; and the bust of Napoleon, by the addition of a wig of the same material, became very happily transformed into the bust of Louis XVIII.

BALLOON USED AT THE BATTLE OF FLEURUS.

COUTEL, captain of the aeronautic corps, in France, ascended with the *entreprenant* balloon on the 26th of June, 1794, and conducted the wonderful and important service of reconnoitring the hostile armies at the battle of Fleurus, accompanied by one adjutant and a general. He ascended twice on that day, to observe, from an elevation of four hundred and forty yards, the positions and manœuvres of the enemy. On each occasion, he remained four hours in the air, and, by means of preconcerted signals with flags, carried on a correspondence with General Jourdan, the commander of the French army, which, in consequence, was victorious.

His intended ascent had been made known to the enemy, who, at the moment when the balloon began to take its flight, opened the fire of a battery against the aeronauts. The first volley was directed too low: one ball, nevertheless, passed between the balloon and the car, and so near to the former, that Coutel imagined it had struck it. When the subsequent discharges were made, the balloon had already reached such a degree of altitude as to be beyond the reach of cannon shot, and the aeronauts saw the balls flying beneath the car. Having arrived at their intended height, the observers, remote from danger, and undisturbed, viewed all the evolutions of the enemy, and, from the peaceful regions of the air, commanded a distinct and comprehensive prospect of two formidable armies engaged in the work of death.

SINGULAR HORSE BELONGING TO NAPOLEON.

AN old driver of diligences, named GERKE, who occupies a farm called Bonaforte, a short distance from Muuden, in Hanover, is in possession of a remarkable horse, which has greatly attracted public attention. In 1812, when the French army returned from Russia, a favourite young mare, which Napoleon constantly rode, a present to him from the King of Persia, was brought to Bonaforte. The officers of the stables, in the rapidity of the march, left the mare behind with Gerke. She remained eight years with him, and is now considered the most beautiful Arabian ever seen. The mane descends to the ground, and she is particularly distinguished for strength and agility. Gerke has been

offered thirty-four thousand crowns for her, but will not part with her for less than thirty-eight thousand.

THE FRENCH GENDARMERIE.

THE gendarmerie were a select body of cavalry that took precedence of every regiment of horse in the French service, and ranked immediately after the king's household. The reputation of the gendarmerie was so great, and its services so well estimated by Francis I., that when the Emperor Charles V. in the year 1552 sent a formal embassy to the court of Versailles to request a loan of money, and the assistance of the gendarmerie to enable him to repulse the Turks; Francis I. returned the following answer: "With respect to the first object of your mission (addressing himself to the ambassador), I am not a banker; and with regard to the other, as my gendarmerie is the arm which supports my sceptre, I never expose it to danger, without sharing myself its fatigue and its glory."

The uniform of the gendarmerie, as well as of the light cavalry, under the old French government, was scarlet, with facings of the same colour. The coat was formerly more or less laced with silver, according to the king's pleasure. A short period before the revolution, it was only laced on the cuff. The waistcoat was of buff leather, and the bandolier of the same, silver laced; the hat was edged with broad silver lace. The horse cloths and holster caps were red, and the arms of the captain embroidered on the corners of the saddle cloths, and on the front of the holsters.

SINGULAR METHOD OF CONVEYING A LETTER.

DURING the bombardment of Flushing by the British army, and when the communication with the island of Cadsand was cut off, means were found to convey a letter to the French garrison in the latter place.—It was enclosed in a shell, which, without being filled with inflammable materials, was discharged from a mortar planted on one of the sea batteries. The shell was taken up in Cadsand and emptied of its contents, which were forwarded to Paris.

FERDINAND VON SCHILL.

MAJOR SCHILL, the celebrated Prussian cavalry officer, in 1807, took from Napoleon seven beautiful Arabian horses, presented to him by the Grand Seigneur. Enraged at this loss, the Emperor set a price of one hundred Napoleons on Schill's head, Schill gave himself little concern about the menaces of the French emperor, on whose head he in his turn set a price, and to show him how low he valued him, he offered but a very small sum. Napoleon, who was very fond of his horses, sent to demand them of Schill, promising to pay him four thousand crowns in gold, or whatever they might be worth. He sent a letter to him on the subject, addressed "*au capitaine des brigands, Schill.*"

Schill's answer to his letter was as follows:—

"**DEAR BROTHER,**

"I am the more pleased at having taken seven of your horses, as I see, by your letter, that you put so

great a value upon them, but I cannot accept the four thousand crowns in gold, as I am not at all in want of money, and, should I have occasion for any, I shall always find sufficient in the military chests of the French army, which I am sure of taking. If, however, instead of this, you will replace the four horses which you stole from the Brandenburgh gate at Berlin, you shall have those I have taken, without farther payment."

This letter to the Emperor, he addressed as follows: *au colonel de tous les brigands, mon honorable frere, Napoleon.*

IMPERIAL GRATITUDE.

A LEADING trait of the character of Napoleon was, the never forgetting a service which had been conferred upon him. During his cadetship at the Ecole Militaire at Paris, and while he was a subaltern, his boot and shoe maker was one *Maitre Jacques*, a very homely workman residing at the corner of *la Rue du Cadran, Rue Montmartre*, and although upon his accession to dignity and fortune, he was frequently urged to employ a more fashionable shoemaker, he never could be persuaded to abandon this artisan except upon those occasions, when his grand costume rendered it necessary that he should be shod in a peculiar manner.

Another instance of this kind may be adduced in the person of *Monsieur Biennais*, who, when a resident in the *Rue Saint Honore*, furnished Buonaparte with a dressing case of twelve hundred francs value, or fifty pounds English, for which he gave him credit prior to his quitting Paris, in order to take the

command of the army of Italy. Upon his return, after the victorious career of that memorable campaign, he not only liberally rewarded M. Biennais, but from that moment employed him as his silversmith; and subsequently recommended him to his marshals and his court in general, in consequence of which he has realized an immense fortune. The residence of M. Biennais, who is now the king's jeweller, is known to every Englishman who has visited the French capital, being at the corner of the *Rue Argenteuil* and that of *L'Echelle*, near the Louvre and the Palais Royal.

A third individual, no less in favour with Napoleon, was his *Chapellier*, whose small cocked hats, so frequently spoken of, continued favourites with Napoleon during the whole of his extraordinary career.

MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT TOWARDS A TRAITOR.

COUNT POLIGNAC had been raised to great honour by Napoleon: by an unaccountable motive, however, he betrayed the trust which his patron reposed in him. The circumstances attending this affair regarded the delivering up of an important fortress to the enemy; of which fortress, Polignac had, by the emperor, been appointed to the command. As soon as Napoleon discovered the plot, he ordered Polignac to be put under arrest. He was to have been tried on the succeeding day, and, in all probability, would have suffered soon after, as his guilt was most undoubted, when the Countess Polignac solicited an audience of the emperor. - "I am sorry, madam, for your sake," said he, "that your husband

has been implicated in an affair which is marked throughout with such deep ingratitude."—"He may not be so guilty as your majesty supposes," said the countess.—"Do you know your husband's signature?" said Napoleon, as he took a letter from his pocket, and presented it to her. The Countess Polignac beheld the signature, and fainted.—"Destroy this letter," said Napoleon to the countess, after she had recovered, "it is the only legal evidence against your husband." She immediately committed it to the flames, expressed her gratitude to Napoleon, and withdrew.

NAPOLEON'S ATTIRE.

LIKE many other great characters, Napoleon was regardless of his person, and slovenly in his dress. Even on field days, and on other extraordinary occasions, he appeared in his usual attire, which was as simple as that of a common lieutenant's. His appearance, of course, formed a strange contrast with that of the other general officers, whose uniforms, on such occasions, were generally loaded with embroidery. During his memorable retreat from Russia, by some accident, the tails of his coat were almost burnt off. Napoleon, however, did not lay aside this article of dress, which even a London broker would have pronounced useless. He was seen by some persons, of undoubted credibility, wearing that singular habit, as he inspected some public works, on the day after his return to the French capital from Moscow.—He took a great quantity of snuff, and sometimes did not even use a box.

SMART REPARTEE.

AT the period when Napoleon was a colonel of artillery, an engagement having taken place, and being at an advanced guard, he happened to be seated between two Prussian officers of distinction; who addressed themselves to him several times, intimating a wish to be favoured with some specimen of that talent and genius for which he was already noticed. Colonel Buonaparte listened to them for several minutes with complacency, till wearied by their importunity, he made the following tart reply, "I am by no means a man of talent or genius, gentlemen, neither do I consider myself altogether a fool; yet I feel well convinced that I am *between two*!"

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

WHILE Napoleon was yet a subaltern in the army, a Russian officer with much self sufficiency remarked—"That his country fought for glory, and the French for gain."—"You are perfectly in the right," answered Napoleon; "for every one fights for that which he does not possess."

JUSTICE ACCORDED TO THE BRITISH NAVY.

THE emperor, being one day surrounded by his brilliant court, received news of the success of an affair of considerable importance, which had been fought in Portugal between the French forces and those of his Britannic majesty: "I am never uneasy upon that point," said Napoleon, "we must conquer them by land, until we are enabled to cope with them at sea."

MILITARY PROMOTION.

WHEN Buonaparte discovered any military character who was deserving of an augmentation of rank, he was in the habit of addressing him on parade by a title superior to that which he then enjoyed, from which period he assumed the rank designated, as in the following instance.

Shortly after the birth of the king of Rome, the emperor being on parade, where he was accustomed to manage his charger with a very masterly hand; it so happened that the fiery animal, turning the extremity of one of the ranks at full speed, became so unmanageable, that the rider, unable to master him, was desirous of dismounting. At this juncture a lieutenant, walking boldly up to the steed, seized the bridle with a nervous grasp, and forced the highly spirited animal to stand still; when Napoleon alighting, thus addressed the lieutenant: "I thank you, it is well done, *captain!*" The subaltern, looking the emperor full in the face, very pointedly asked, "In what regiment, sire?" when Napoleon, after a moment's pause, made answer—"In my own."

THE SENTINEL, OR STRICT DISCIPLINE.

NAPOLEON, being with the army, was frequently in the habit of proceeding alone through the camp at night, in order to ascertain that the sentinels did not sleep at their posts; upon one occasion a soldier, stationed at the junction of two roads, had received orders not to permit any one to traverse either of these routes; when, being unconscious of the in-

truder's rank, he presented his bayonet, nor would he suffer Napoleon to pass; who then told the sentinel, that he was going the round of a general officer. "*Morbleu*," replied the veteran; "if you should be *Le Petit* Caporal* himself you should not pass:" and the emperor was in consequence under the necessity of retracing his steps. On the following day, Napoleon, after making the necessary inquiries respecting the character and services of the soldier, which proved advantageous, he summoned him to his presence, and after extolling his conduct as a rigid disciplinarian, immediately raised him to the rank of an officer.

NAPOLEON'S LEADING STAR.

THE emperor when at Bayonne had charged the captain of a corvette with very important despatches, ordering him at the same time to set sail immediately. The following day, however, Napoleon found that the captain still continued in the Roads, when, feeling much irritated at this disobedience, he sent for him on the instant, and in very severe terms demanded the cause of this delay: "Sire," replied the officer, greatly affected at such a reception, "the English blockade the port, and I am fearful of putting to sea, not on account of the ship, myself, nor the crew, but for the safety of the documents with which you have deigned to entrust me." Napoleon, softened by this explanation, re-

* The nickname of "*Le Petit Caporal*" was given to Napoleon soon after he had joined the army of Italy, and is supposed to have originated among the soldiers on account of his short stature.

plied—"Be not afraid, *mon capitaine*, proceed—my star shall guide you." The prognostic was verified, for the officer in question escaped the vigilance of the English cruisers.

NAPOLEON AND THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES.

CARDINAL FESCH, the uncle of Napoleon, being one day at dinner with his abbés, his secretary, and other friends, related the following anecdote respecting his nephew; the circumstance in question having transpired during the sanguinary affair of Ratisbon, the news of which this ecclesiastic had received a few days before. During this conflict the French were commanded by Napoleon in person, and the Austrians by the Archduke Charles, each of whom greatly exerted himself in displaying his utmost generalship and bravery; the chief end, however, of the cardinal's narrative was to prove to his auditors how materially Providence appeared to watch over the destiny of his imperial relative. During this long contested battle which continued several days, Napoleon having enjoyed no rest, or scarcely alighted from one horse, but to remount another, became at length exhausted. After ordering the necessary positions, he retired to a short distance in order to enjoy a few minutes repose, when, making his horse lay down, he stretched himself upon the turf, and reclined upon the belly of the animal. While in this position one of his aid-de-camps arrived, to make known a position taken by the enemy, and, while in the act of explaining his errand, pointed with the right hand, when on the instant a shot severed the limb from his body, the ball passing

close to the emperor's head. Napoleon manifested his sincere regret, and proceeded to assist his unfortunate aid-de-camp, without displaying the least personal fear, or quitting his dangerous position; when having witnessed the safe conveyance of the officer for the purpose of surgical aid, he still continued to repose for some time, and, feeling refreshed again, mounted his horse to reassume the command of his forces. Upon the termination of the battle in favour of the emperor, Prince Charles despatched one of his aid-de-camps, to compliment him on his military skill; adding, that he had kept him in view during the whole of the conflict. "You will thank Prince Charles from me," replied Napoleon, "and tell him that *I was perfectly aware of his seeing me, that I consider him a very good general, but that his conduct has not been that of a gallant soldier towards me.*" It is requisite to add, that the emperor had previously ascertained for a fact, that Prince Charles had expressly directed a battery to be pointed, during the combat, at the person of Napoleon.

The above anecdote was narrated to the writer, by the secretary of Cardinal Fesch, with whom he was intimate, and as the *very words* of Napoleon, delivered to Prince Charles's emissary, may not prove uninteresting, they are hereto subjoined, for the gratification of those readers who are conversant with the French language.

"Remerciez bien de ma part le Prince Charles, et dites lui que je m'étais bien aperçu qu'il me voyait; je le juge un très bon Général, mais que sa conduite n'a pas été tout à fait celle d'un brave à mon égard!"

NAPOLEON'S IDEAS OF MODERN POLICY.

THE following opinion, entertained by the emperor respecting modern policy, was currently handed about in the political circles at Paris, the sentence having been delivered by Napoleon in a conversation with Prince Talleyrand—"The art of policy consists in serving God in such a manner, as not to trench upon the interests of the devil."

On another occasion the emperor, speaking of Prince Metternich who had been panegyricized as a consummate diplomatist, made this remark—"He is no true politician, because he possesses the art of lying to perfection;" and as a further proof that Napoleon conceived truth to be the basis of legitimate policy, he is known to have said in more than one instance, that "falsehood is but the mask of policy, we cannot see the sun behind a cloud."

GOVERNMENT OF LOUIS LE DESIRE.

THE conduct of the Bourbons has completely verified the prognostic of Napoleon, who, after his first abdication, when speaking of what would be the conduct of that family, expressed himself in these terms: "Their reign will be that of the police; they can only maintain themselves by chicanery."

NAPOLEON'S CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE TREACHERY WHICH CAUSED HIS DOWNFALL.

HAD Napoleon adopted a vindictive and sanguinary line of conduct similar to that pursued by Louis and his Ultras, it is very doubtful whether all the

efforts of the allies could have effected his second downfall. His granting a safe escort to the Duke D'Angouleme is a convincing proof upon this head: would a Bourbon have acted thus in regard to any of Napoleon's brothers? Louis set a price upon the emperor, dead or alive; a line of conduct he disdained to imitate; and when returned from Elba, it is a positive fact, that he was aware of Fouché, the minister of police, having forwarded dispatches to Louis XVIII., notwithstanding which, he suffered him to retain his post, a lenity altogether impolitic, as the *Place de Greve* would have been a fit scene for the exit of such an archtraitor.

Napoleon was perfectly aware of the treachery wherewith he was environed, as the following statement will testify.

Madame Bertrand, mother of the general, did not visit Paris after the emperor's arrival from Elba, until a few days previous to his departure for the army, preparatory to the conflict at Waterloo. After the usual salutations, Madame Bertrand remarked to Napoleon, that he did not wear that appearance of cheerfulness which had usually been wont to mark his conduct, on the eve of his former brilliant exploits; in reply to which, the Emperor, fixing a penetrating glance upon the lady, energetically exclaimed—"Madam, we should have done much better, had we continued where we were!" *Madame, nous aurions mieux fait de rester ou nous étions.*

REFUSAL OF A BOON TO JOSEPHINE.

A PERSON one day solicited the Empress Josephine to intercede with her royal consort in favour of a young man, who was condemned as an accomplice

in a certain great crime. "It is the first favour of the kind that I have ever asked of you," said the empress, "and I hope you will grant it."—"I cannot, madam," said Napoleon.—"Can you refuse it to me?"—"Yes, madam," he continued, "and when it is known that I have refused it to *you*, no one else will dare to ask it."

ARRIVAL OF NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE BRITISH SHIP OF WAR, NORTHUMBERLAND.

From eleven to twelve we were prepared to receive Napoleon on board—and lord Keith, as it may be presumed, from a noble delicacy to his situation and feelings, declined receiving the usual compliments attendant on his rank, that they might, according to their settled form, devolve on the emperor, whose sounding titles had passed away with the power that bestowed them. The rank of general was considered as adequate to all his claims on a government who did not publicly acknowledge him under any other. A captain's guard of marines was arranged on the poop, to wait his arrival, with orders to present arms, and the drum to beat the roll thrice: the usual salute to a general officer in the British service.

The barge of the *Tonnant* reached the *Northumberland* in a few minutes after it left the *Bellerophon*. Our quarter-deck was covered with officers, and there were also some individuals of rank, who had come round from motives of curiosity, to view the passing scene. Besides the object of general attraction and attention, the barge contained lord Keith and sir George Cockburn, *marshal Bertrand*, who had shared in all his imperial master's

fortunes, and the generals *Montholon* and *Gorgoud*, who had been, and still continued to retain the titles of his aides-de-camp. As the boat approached, the figure of Napoleon was readily distinguished, from his apparent resemblance to the various prints of him which are displayed in the windows of the shops. The marines occupied the front of the poop, and the officers kept the quarter-deck. An universal silence prevailed when the barge reached the side, and there was a grave, but anxious aspect in all the spectators, which, in the opinion of others, as well as myself, was no small addition to the solemnity of the ceremonial. Count Bertrand ascended first, and having bowed, retired a few steps, to give place to him whom he still considered as his master, and in whose presence he appeared to feel that all his most respectful homage was still due. The whole ship's company seemed at this moment to be in breathless expectation. Lord Keith was the last who quitted the barge, and I cannot give you a more complete idea of the wrapped attention of all on board to the figure of Napoleon, than that his lordship, high as he is in naval character, admiral also of the channel fleet, to which we belonged, arrayed in the full uniform of his rank, and emblazoned with the decorations of his orders, did not seem to be noticed, nor scarcely even to be seen, among the group which was subject to him.

With a slow step Buonaparte mounted the gangway, and, on feeling himself firm on the quarter-deck, he raised his hat, when the guard presented arms and the drum rolled. The officers of the *Northumberland*, who were uncovered, stood considerably in advance. Those he approached and saluted,

with an air of the most affable politeness. He then addressed himself to sir George Cockburn, and hastily asked for the *capitaine de vaisseau*, who was immediately introduced; but finding that he did not speak French, he successively spoke to several others, till an officer of artillery replied to him in that language. In a few minutes, he intimated a desire, though more by gesture than by words, to enter the cabin, where he continued for about an hour.

His dress was that of a general of French infantry, when it formed a part of his army. The coat was green, faced with white; the rest was white, with white silk stockings, and a handsome shoe, with gold oval buckles. He was decorated with a red ribbon and a star, with three medals suspended from a button-hole. One of them represented the iron crown, and the others, different gradations of the legion of honour. His face was pale, and his beard of an unshaven appearance. Indeed, his general aspect justified the conjecture that he had not passed the preceding night in sound repose. His forehead is thinly covered with dark hair, as well as the top of his head, which is large, and has a singular flatness: what hair he has behind is bushy, and I could not discern the slightest mixture of white in it. His eyes, which are gray, are in continual motion, and hurry rapidly to the various objects around him. His teeth are regular and good; his neck is short, but his shoulders of the finest proportion. The rest of his figure, though a little blended with the Dutch fulness, is of a very handsome form.

On the first day of his arrival on board, our distin-

guished passenger displayed rather an eager appetite: I observed that he made a very hearty dinner, which he moistened with claret. He passed the evening on the quarter-deck, where he was amused by the band of the fifty-third regiment; when he personally required them to give the airs of "God save the king," and "Rule Britannia." At intervals he chatted in a way of easy pleasantry with the officers who were qualified to hold a conversation with him in the French language. I remarked that, on these occasions, he always maintains what seems to be an invariable attitude, which has somewhat of importance in it, and probably such as he had been accustomed to display at the Tuileries, when giving audience to his marshals or officers of state. He never moves his hands from their habitual places in his dress, but to apply them to his snuff-box; and it struck me as a particular circumstance, to which I paid an observing attention, though it might have been connected with his former dignity—that he never offered a pinch to any one with whom he was conversing.

On the subsequent day he breakfasted at eleven. His meal consists of meat and claret, which is closed with coffee. At dinner, I observed that he selected a mutton cutlet, which he contrived to dispose of without the aid of either knife or fork.

He passed much of the third day on deck, and appeared to have paid particular attention to his toilette. He receives no other mark of respect from the officers of the ship than would be shown to a private gentleman; nor does he seem to court or expect more than he receives.—He is probably contented with the homage of his own attendants, who

always appear before him uncovered, so that if a line were drawn round him, it might be supposed that you saw an equal space in the palace of St. Cloud.

He played at cards in the evening: the game was whist, and he was a loser.—*Warden's Letters.*

THE SYCOPHANT COURTIER.

ONE day, Napoleon, seeing near his person one of those beings who know not a posture sufficiently humble, by which they suppose they can obtain some favours, said to those who surrounded him;—"I know not how it happens, that, in order to understand this man, who is eight inches taller than myself, I am obliged to stoop every time that I speak to him."

MILITARY TACTICS AT MARENGO, &c.

THE following discourse was delivered at the first class of the Institute, by Napoleon himself, in August, 1800, when he presided over it, was FIRST CONSUL, and had recently returned from MARENGO:

"The army of reserve, assembled at Dijon, gave me the advantage of passing rapidly either into Germany or Italy, as the case might require. The season somewhat favoured me—the monks of St. Bernard assured me that the snow had dissolved this year twenty days sooner than usual: they received our army, which was a little fatigued by the passage of the Alps, extremely well; I had preinformed them of our arrival;—I had sent them money, and they furnished us with provisions and very good

wine. The monks of St. Bernard are an order infinitely respectable; it is one of those institutions which governments ought never to destroy—but should protect and encourage by all the means in their power.

“ I arrived in Italy: I found myself behind the enemy, and master of all his magazines and equipages; I had obtained great advantages, but, once arrived at Stradella, I had a right to consider the campaign as finished. If Genoa had held out, I remained firm in my entrenched camp at Stradella—the strongest military position in Italy. I had five bridges over the Po; which rendered my communications easy with the divisions, Chabran, Lapeyre, Turreau, and Moncey: in case of necessity, I could either summon them to my aid, if attacked, or aid them in case they were. M. de Melas, in short, was forced, in order to be able to open his communications, to come and offer me battle, on a ground which I myself had chosen; extremely intersected, covered with wood, very favourable to my infantry—the reverse for his cavalry; and where I had the disposal of all my troops.

“ The capture of Genoa changed the face of every thing; henceforward the enemy possessed a sure retreat, and very strong positions: he could either retire into Genoa, and defend himself therein—deriving his provisions from the sea; or line the heights of Bobbio with artillery, and retire, in spite of my efforts to oppose him, into Placentia, regain Mantua and Peschiara, put himself into communication with Austria, and reduce me to an ordinary war. All my plan of the campaign would have been frustrated; a great chance presented itself to me—I risked it—I set out from Milan, and tra-

versed thirty-two leagues in seven hours: I commanded the battle of Montebello—we gained it; and this victory caused the enemy's retreat from Genoa. But this same victory weakened my army—I was obliged to leave two divisions on the other side of the Po, to close the entrance of the states of Milan; they were not, to say the truth, distant from me above three leagues—but they would require three days to traverse them; they must have passed by Placentia, or by Stradella. I had also against me another disadvantage—the country, from Montebello to Alexandria, is nothing but an immense plain, most advantageous for the Austrian cavalry; I nevertheless resolved to offer a pitched battle, because I was in an extraordinary situation, and because I risked little to gain much. Beaten—I should retire into my intrenched camp of Stradella; I should pass the Po by my five bridges, protected by my batteries; without the possibility of the enemy's army being able to hinder it: I should unite my second division with the corps of Moncey, Leechy, and Turreau. I suffered one corps of Melas to pass the Po (and he desired no better); then, superior in numbers, I could attack him with all my forces, if I beat him. Conqueror—I obtained the same results; his army, pent up between us and the river, would have been forced to have laid down their arms, or to have surrendered all their forts. Had I been beaten, which I believe impossible, I brought myself to a regular war; and I had Switzerland for my support.

“Determined to give battle, I ordered an account of the effective strength of my army to be rendered to me: I had in all twenty-six thousand men; M. de Melas had forty thousand, eighteen thousand

of which were cavalry. At two o'clock in the morning they came to inform me that the enemy had fallen on our advanced guard, and that our troops gave way: the French like not to be the attacked. Our troops fell back somewhat in disorder; some betook themselves to flight: the enemy took some prisoners—we had retreated a league and a half. The generals of the advanced guard, Lasnes, Murat, and Berthier, sent me courier after courier; they told me that their troops were in flight, that they could not stop them—they asked for support, and requested me to march with my reserve. I replied to all—"Hold out as long as possible—if you cannot, fall back." I perceived that the enemy had not yet employed his reserve, and, in these kind of affairs, the great object is to make the enemy employ all his forces, in managing your own; and to make him attack at right and at left, as long as you cannot be deceived, the difficulty being to make him employ his reserve. He had thirty-four thousand men against, at most, twenty thousand, who were in flight—he had but to pursue his advantage: I repaired to the first line in an elegant uniform—I attacked them myself with a demi brigade—I broke their order of battle—I pierced their line. M. de Melas, who saw me at the head of the army, and his lines broken, imagined that I had arrived with the reserve to reinforce the combat—he advanced on this point with his own, six thousand Hungarian grenadiers, the flower of his infantry; this corps filled up the vacancy, and attacked us in our turn. Seeing this, I gave way; and, in a retreat of half a league, exposed to their cannon, I rallied all the army, and reformed it in

order of battle: arrived near my reserve, which was composed of six thousand men, had fifteen pieces of artillery, and Dessaix for general, and *which was my sheet-anchor*—I opened, by an extremely rapid movement, the whole army. I formed the two wings of Dessaix, and I showed them six thousand fresh troops. A tremendous discharge of artillery, and a desperate charge at the point of the bayonet, broke their line, and cut their two wings: I then ordered Kellermann to attack them with eight hundred horse, and, as cavalry march quicker than infantry, they cut off from the rest of their army the six thousand Hungarian grenadiers, in sight of the Austrian cavalry; but this was half a league off; they required a quarter of an hour to arrive—and *I have always observed that it is these quarters of an hour which decide the fate of battles*. Kellermann's troops threw the grenadiers towards our infantry—they were instantly made prisoners. The Austrian cavalry then arrived; but our infantry was in line—its cannon in the front—a fine discharge, and a barrier of bayonets, prevented their attack; they retired somewhat in disorder: I pressed them with three regiments which had just joined me; they deployed; and, in seeking to pass the bridge of Borunda, which is very narrow, a great many were drowned in the river. They were pursued till night.

“I learned, after the battle, from several general officers (prisoners), that, in the midst of their success, they were not without inquietude; they had a secret presentiment of their defeat. During the fight they questioned our prisoners, asking them, “Where is General Buonaparte?”—“He is in the rear,” they replied; and those who had already

fought against me in Italy, who knew my custom to reserve myself for the end, exclaimed, "*Our day's work is not yet done.*"

"They confessed also that when I showed myself at the first line, they were completely deceived, and that they believed all my reserve were engaged. In battles there is always a moment, *when all the brave men have done their best*, when they seek nothing better than to run away; but these are misgivings of the heart, they want a pretext—the talent is to give them one.

"At Arcola I gained the battle with twenty-five horsemen. I perceived the critical moment of lassitude in each army; I saw that the Austrians, in spite of their being old soldiers, would have been well content to find themselves in their camp; and that my Frenchmen, all brave as they were, had wished to be in their tents: all my forces had been engaged—more than once I had been forced to re-establish the battle. There remained to me but five-and-twenty guides; I sent them on the flanks of the enemy with three trumpets, sounding a charge very loud. "*Here is the French cavalry,*" was the cry; and they were in flight. It is true that one must seize the moment—a moment sooner or later it had been useless: had I sent twelve thousand horse, the infantry would have executed a quarter of a *conversion*; covered by its pieces, it would have made a good discharge, and the cavalry would not even have attacked."

Afterwards, turning to some members of the Institute—"You see, two armies are two bodies which encounter each other; there is a moment of panic which must be seized. All this is nothing but me-

chanism and moral principle; see what it is to be a member of the Institute: in fact, all this is nothing but habitude—when we have seen many affairs, we distinguish the moment to a nicety; it is as common as a sum in arithmetic.

“ The first time I penetrated into Italy, I found there a good government—a little despotic it is true, but mildly administered. This time it was widely different—a reaction had commenced with fury; they had imprisoned, condemned, and fined all those who had taken any part in the government. I had placed in different offices of the Cisalpine republic, the partisans of Austria—because it is my system to neutralize the great masses, in order that the country where I carry the war may not be an enclosed list, but a theatre. Well!—All these people had been regarded with an evil eye, on account of the hatred which they bore to revolutionists.

“ Moreover, the English, Russians, and Turks, had, in Italy, by despising the religion of the country, in the degree that they scrupulously observed their own, entirely indisposed the inhabitants, who regard the exterior of religion much more than we do in France. Still more, the Austrian notes were sixty per cent. beneath par, which they forced the Italians to take as ready money; this completed the alienation of their good will. They were enchanted to perceive that we paid for every thing in hard cash—‘ Here are the French Louis again;’ ‘ *Ecco i Luigi di Francia tornati!*’ It would seem that kings are at this moment at their *seventeen hundred and ninety-three*; they issue their assignats, they make requisitions, and they fatten their priests.

“ It was a Turkish corps which guarded our Lady of Loretto, and who were cantoned in the church; thus I had not much difficulty in ranging the Italians on my side. I said to them, ‘ The Austrians pretend to be the defenders of your religion, and they bring you a set of Protestant English, who burn the pope once a year in St. Peter’s Square*; a number of Russians, who have been heretic and schismatic since the fifth century; and, to crown all, a parcel of Mahometan Turks, a race of infidels. Whilst I—I am a Catholic; I have fought against the Turks—I am almost a crusader.’ ”

“ I established several priests in the government of the Cisalpine republic; the Italian priests are tolerant, but they form not a separate and powerful body, like the clergy in France; besides, accustomed to be conquered twice an age, they lift up the hand as often as desired †; they take any oath you wish: and such was all I wanted.

“ In Italy I employed some priests: in Egypt it was my care to fill the administration with them; we knew not the language, but we had want of intermediators between us and the people; their character and their wealth gave them a certain influence: besides, they are great cowards, know not the use of arms, nor how to mount a horse.”

They spoke to him of Dessaix:—“ He was the

* It is singular that the idea is prevalent in France, that the pope is regularly and officially burned in effigy in London once a year. The translator has frequently been asked the question, why it was so? His assertion that it was not so was always received with doubt.

† Swearing fealty in France and Italy is thus performed:—The oath is read to them, and every one, lifting his right hand above his head, pronounces solemnly the words, *I swear*.

best general of the French armies," said Napoleon—"he possessed every requisite: in Upper Egypt they gave him no other name than 'the good sultan—the just sultan.'"

NAPOLEON'S TALENTS AS AN ENGINEER.

ONE day, notwithstanding the brisk fire of an English frigate, Buonaparte ventured to inspect the port of Boulogne. On its being remarked to him that the guns of the port did not carry to the vessel, he instantly attributed it to a deficiency in the charge. After making a few calculations, he ordered the gunners to augment the quantity of powder when they loaded the guns: they obeyed,—but the first hesitated to fire his piece, as he feared it would burst. "Give me the match," said Buonaparte. He fired; the shot carried away the bowsprit of the bombarding vessel.

FRENCH POLICE.

PREVIOUS to the consulship of General Buonaparte, the minister of justice was at the head of the French police, but he at once suppressed and subdivided this department, by a division of powers. Fouché, with four counsellors, superintended the four different quarters, while the *Maires* and subordinates were anxious on their parts to defeat, denounce, and seize on all suspected persons.

The whole of France was subdivided, like Paris, with a subordinate chief in each section, and a lieutenant of police, like a spider, placing himself in the centre, with lines of communication on every side, felt every impression, and generally inveigled

the victim in the midst of the web, which he spread for his destruction.

The general police, in the year ending Jan. 1st, 1804, cost the sum of one hundred and ninety-four thousand, eight hundred and eighty-seven francs, or about eight thousand pounds sterling, according to the budget; but this was surely too small for so many superior, and so many subordinate officers.

FRENCH CARICATURE.

THERE was a caricature current among the friends of Napoleon in 1816, in which the *cruelty* of the emperor, and the *clemency* of Louis, for so they call it, were strikingly contrasted. There are two divisions in this picture; Louis occupies one of them. Before him are seen three females, intended for the wives of Labedoyère, Ney, and Lavalette, in a suppliant posture, and in the act of entreating pardon for their condemned husbands. Louis is represented as hearing their complaints with indifference, and as departing without granting them the object of their prayers. Under this scene is inscribed—"THE CLEMENCY OF THE KING." In the other division, Napoleon is seen at that interesting moment, when the wife of M. Polignac has received the pardon of her husband for one of the most flagrant breaches of trust that had ever been committed. This bears for its inscription—"THE TYRANNY OF THE EMPEROR."

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

NAPOLEON, almost at the moment of his return from Elba, passed a decree to abolish all restrictions, on the liberty of the press, which had formerly existed.

Several of his ministers remonstrated with him on the inexpediency of this measure, and on the dangerous consequences which must necessarily follow : " That may no doubt interest you," replied Napoleon, " but for me I have nothing to fear ; I defy any one to write or print greater falsehoods against me than I have read during the last year."

DIVORCE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

THE following speeches of the Emperor Napoleon, and of his Empress, Josephine, were delivered to the French senate, on the dissolution of their marriage, in 1809.

" The politics of my monarchy," said Napoleon, " the interest and the wants of my people, which have constantly guided all my actions, require, that after me I should leave to children, inheritors of my love for my people, that throne on which Providence has placed me. Notwithstanding, for several years past I have lost the hope of having children by my marriage with my well beloved consort, the Empress Josephine. This it is which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to attend to nothing but the good of the state, and to wish the dissolution of my marriage. Having arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge the hope of living long enough to educate, in my own views and sentiments, the children which it may please Providence to give me ; God knows how much such a resolution has cost my heart ; but there is no sacrifice which may be necessary for the welfare of France that I will not cheerfully make. I should add, that far from ever having had reason to complain, on the contrary, I have had only to be

satisfied with the attachment and the affection of my well beloved consort. She has adorned fifteen years of my life, the remembrance of which will ever remain engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my own hand. I wish that she should preserve the rank and title of empress, but, above all, that she should never doubt my sentiments, and that she should ever regard me as her best and dearest friend."

His majesty the emperor and king having ended, her majesty the empress and queen spoke as follows:—"By the permission of our dear and august consort, I ought to declare, that not preserving any hope of having children, which may fulfil the wants of his policy and the interests of France, I am pleased to give him the greatest proof of attachment and devotion which has ever been given on earth. I possess all from his bounty; it was his hand which crowned me; and from the height of this throne I have received nothing but proofs of affection and love from the French people.

"I think I prove myself grateful in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which heretofore was an obstacle to the welfare of France; which deprived it of the happiness of being one day governed by the descendants of a great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to re-establish the altar, the throne, and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage will in no degree change the sentiments of my heart. The emperor will ever have in me his best friend. I know how much this act, demanded by policy and by interests so great, has

chilled his heart ; but both of us exult in the sacrifice which we make for the good of the country."

The decree passed by the senate on this occasion, after stating that the marriage was dissolved, mentioned that the Empress Josephine should retain the rank of Empress Queen, crowned, with a dowry of two millions of francs, eighty thousand pounds sterling, assigned on the revenue of the state.

The marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise, of Austria, took place on the 31st of March, 1810. Among other benefactions, on this occasion, his imperial majesty gave six hundred francs, thirty-four pounds sterling, to each of six thousand young girls who should espouse, on the day of the solemnization of his own nuptials, an equal number of soldiers, whose bravery and good conduct entitled them to that favour.

NAPOLEON'S HORSE.

NAPOLEON was fond of conversing with Mr. O'Meara, his surgeon, on physical and metaphysical subjects. He was of opinion that there was a link between animals and the Deity, and that man is merely a more perfect animal than the rest.

"A horse," said he, "has memory, knowledge, and love. He knows his master from the servants, though the latter are more constantly with him. I had a horse myself, who knew me from any other person ; and manifested, by capering and proudly marching with his head erect, when I was on his back, his knowledge that he bore a person superior to the others by whom he was surrounded. Neither would he allow any other person to mount him, ex-

cept one groom, who constantly took care of him, and when rode by him, his motions were far different, and such as seemed to say, that he was conscious he bore an inferior. When I lost my way I was accustomed to throw the reins down his neck, and he always discovered it in places where I, with all my observation and boasted superior knowledge, could not."

DEVOTION AND ATTACHMENT OF HIS OFFICERS.

WHEN Napoleon had retired to Elba, a great number of French, Italian, and Polish officers, hastened from every quarter to that island, to offer their services to the hero, who, in the days of his success, had led them to victory.—"My friends," said Napoleon on this occasion, "I have neither places nor pensions to give you—I have not even the means of paying you for your services." These brave men, however, remained with him, serving as grenadiers in the veteran guard; and they formed the battalion which escorted him to Paris, and which the people denominated "*sacred*."

PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

Two roads descend into the valley of the Rhone near Martigny. The one is from Chamouny, over the Col de Balme, and the other over the great St. Bernard. This last was the one made use of by General Buonaparte for the passage of his army, in 1801; an undertaking, in which a bold originality of enterprise was aided by the powers of an intelligent and vigorous execution; six hundred, eight hundred,

and one thousand francs had been previously offered for the transportation across the mountain of pieces of artillery, according to their calibre, and the whole peasantry of the neighbourhood were set in motion; trees hollowed into troughs received the guns, the peasants harnessed themselves, the soldiers volunteered their services, and the astonishing spectacle was afforded, of an army marching by large detachments, with all the cumbrous apparatus of war, along the winding narrow path of a mountain, and where it rises to the height of seven thousand nine hundred feet above its base.

In the narrow plain, at that height, is a hospice; it has existed for many centuries, and the good fathers, who reside in this, the loftiest of all human habitations, have been ever distinguished for their active zeal in behalf of the unfortunate, and for their kindness and hospitality to persons of all nations and of all religions. The fall of an avalanche, which has obstructed the road, or a snow storm of uncommon violence, is a call upon their humanity. They sally forth from their convent, and, aided by the sagacity of their dogs, very frequently discover a way-worn traveller, either buried beneath a heap of drifted snow, or seated in all the bitterness of despair on the brink of some frightful precipice.

The good sense of the first consul had pointed out to him the propriety of protecting these respectable men, at the same time that he rendered them useful to his army; they were furnished with money, that they might provide every thing in time, which the soldiers could properly have occasion for, and a frugal, but plentiful, repast, was always ready for each detachment, as it arrived. It must have been

an interesting sight to have beheld some thousands of men, seated in circles upon this plain, amid scenes of eternal winter, and waited upon by the fathers of the convent. The whole of the passage was effected in three days, and without the loss of a man. The citadel, which commanded the descent into the plain, was too scantily supplied with ammunition, to oppose any serious obstacle.

At the upper end of a room in the Hotel des Invalides, at Paris, was, for many years, a picture of Napoleon by his favourite painter, David, in which there was great merit. He is represented as on horseback, at the moment of passing the St. Bernard. It is from this fine painting, since removed, and perhaps destroyed, that the frontispiece to the present volume, has been copied.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN NAPOLEON AND BENJAMIN
CONSTANT, IN 1815.

“Of what he said,” says M. Constant, “I shall only give what I consider indispensable; but in what I do give, it will be his real words that I shall report. He did not attempt to deceive me; neither as to his views, nor in regard to the state of things. He did not at all present himself as corrected by the lessons of adversity. He showed no wish to take to himself the merit of returning to liberty through inclination. He coldly examined, with reference to his own interest, and with an impartiality too akin to indifference, what was practicable, and what ought to be preferred. ‘The nation,’ said he to me, ‘has reposed twelve years from all political agitation: during one year it has rested also from war: this

double quiet has given it a need for fresh activity. It accordingly demands a tribune, and popular assemblies. It has not always wished for these. Did it not throw itself at my feet when I first came to the government? You ought to recollect this, for you are one who then attempted opposition. Where was your support, where your strength? No where. I took less authority than I was invited to take:—but to-day all is changed in this respect. A feeble government, at variance with the national interests, has given to these interests the habit of holding themselves on the defensive, and has permitted the questioning and teasing of authority. The taste for constitutions, debates, and harangues appears to be revived:—and yet, don't deceive yourself,—it is only the minority that has this taste. The people,—or if you like it better, the multitude,—has no wish but for me. You were not there to see the crowd pressing around my steps, precipitating itself from the tops of mountains,—calling to me, seeking me, saluting me! In my journey from Cannes to Paris, here, I had no need to conquer—I reigned.—I am not the emperor of the soldiers only, as has been said of me,—but of the peasants, the plebeians of France. You accordingly see, in spite of all the past, that the people return to me. There is a sympathy between us. It is not the same thing with the privileged orders. The nobles have served me, it is true; they poured by crowds into my antichambers. There was not a place at my disposal, which they did not accept, solicit, demand! I have had the Montmorencis, the Noailles, the Rohans, the Beauvais, the Mortemarts;—but there never was a fellow feeling between us: the steed pranced gallantly,

he was well broken in, but I felt him tremble under me! With the people it was another thing:—the popular fibre corresponded with mine, for I came myself from the popular ranks, and my voice acted on the popular feeling. Look at these conscripts, these sons of peasants! I never flattered them; I have been accustomed to treat them even harshly;—but they did not surround me the less;—they did not the less cry *Vive l'Empereur!* The reason is, that we are of the same nature. They regard me as their support and salvation against the nobles. I have only to make a sign,—or rather to turn away my head,—and the nobility are massacred in all the provinces: and this is what they have brought themselves to, by their pretty management during the last ten months. But, however, I do not wish to be the mere king of a *Jacquerie*. If there are means of governing constitutionally, with all my heart—let them be tried, and welcome. I certainly did covet the empire of the world, and to secure it, unlimited power was necessary. It is very possible that to govern France alone, a constitution may be better. My wish was to hold the sceptre of the world! Who would not have wished it in my place! The world invited me to take charge of it. Sovereigns and subjects rushed, faster than my desires, to obey me! I have but rarely met with resistance in France; yet I will say, that I have experienced more serious opposition from a few disarmed and obscure Frenchmen, than from all these kings, now so proud that they have no longer a *man of the people* as their equal!—Let us see, then, what it may be possible to do. Bring me your ideas. Public discussion, you say,—free elections,

—responsible ministers,—the liberty of the press:— Well, I have no objection to any of these things. A free press, above all, seems to be absolutely necessary: to think of stifling it now would be absurd. I am quite convinced on that point. In fact, I am the man of the people, and if the people really wish liberty, I owe it to them. I have recognised their sovereignty,—and it is my duty to listen to their will,—I may say even caprices. I have never found a pleasure in oppressing. I entertained great designs,—and fortune has settled them to my disappointment:—I am no longer a conqueror: and can never be one again: I see clearly what can be, and what cannot. One mission only now remains to me; that of raising France from its present position, and giving it a suitable government. It is a mistake to think that I hate liberty: I have, to be sure, removed it when I found it in my way; but I comprehend it perfectly, for I was brought up in that school, as you know. Besides, I have no alternative: the work of fifteen years is destroyed, and it can't be begun over again. For this purpose twenty years, and two millions of men, would be wanted. But my wish is peace, which at present cannot be obtained but by victories. It is not to you that I would give false hopes:—I let people say that there are negotiations on foot, but the plain truth is that there are none. I foresee a difficult struggle, and a long war. To sustain it the nation must support me; and, in return, I suppose it will exact liberty. Very well—it shall be given. Circumstances are all new: I wish nothing better than to be put right if I have been wrong. In fact, I feel myself getting older, we are not the same persons at forty-

five as at thirty. The quiet of a constitutional monarch might suit me very well now; and it would be still better for my son."

M. Constant tells us in a note, that Napoleon, at this interview, entrusted him with six pages of manuscript, which he had himself either written or dictated, and which, at all events, he had most carefully corrected with his own hand. This was a reply to an assertion made by Lord Castlereagh in parliament, that the success of the expedition from Elba, was entirely owing to the French military. Napoleon wished to prove to Europe, that the soldiers were by no means his sole, or even principal supporters.

"The style of this piece," M. Constant says, "was distinguished by warmth, by expressions irregular yet strong, by much rapidity of thought, and some touches of true eloquence."

NAPOLÉON'S SERENITY AMIDST TUMULT AND DANGER.

FIRMNESS in the midst of adversity, or extreme indifference, seems to have been a remarkable trait in the character of Napoleon. On the evening before he left Paris for the last time, he was obliged, in consequence of the ferment in the minds of the Parisians, who were hailing him with shouts of encouragement, and invoking him not to leave them, but to lead them to death or victory, against the enemy who were approaching the capital,—to quit the palace of the Tuilleries, and to adjourn to the hotel of the Champs Elysees, afterwards occupied by the *Duc de Berri*. Here he had his last interview with

most of his general officers, with his brothers, with the minister of Police, and with the governor of Paris. On this occasion, the most of the members of the council were seen displaying all the extreme disquiet and impatience peculiar to the French character. Some were observed in the garden, walking with extraordinary emotion—some were stabbing the trees, and other inanimate objects, through fury and frenzy, and others were laying violent hands on the mirrors, tables, and other articles of furniture. Napoleon, in the midst of all this, was observed to maintain his wonted serenity; he left, at intervals, the scene of uproar which surrounded him, and presented himself to the people, whose tumult his calmness served greatly to allay.

PROTEST OF THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE.

THE following eloquent protest of the Empress Marie Louise, was addressed to the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, against the occupation of the French throne by the Bourbon dynasty.

“ Marie Louise, Empress, Archduchess of Austria, Duchess of Parma, in our name, during the minority of our beloved son and sovereign, and in the name of our son Charles Francis Napoleon, as legitimate possessor of the imperial throne of France.

“ The distance at which we are kept from our hereditary states, and the absence of the members of our government preventing us from claiming the admission of a minister to represent us at the Congress now assembled at Vienna, and the desire of giving full authenticity to our reclamation in behalf of our beloved sovereign and son, have induced us in imitation of our immortal ancestor, of glorious memory,

Maria Theresa, to take the resolution of laying before the abovementioned Congress, a declaration of the rights of our beloved son to the crown of France, and a developement of the principles on which they are founded, to the end that it be known to Europe, and the French nation, that it has never been our intention willingly to renounce the imperial throne of France, on which it pleased Divine Providence to place us.

“ We will not here recall to mind the disasters which deprived the house of Bourbon of the French throne. We will rather throw a veil over the errors of princes, and the faults of nations. We will not defend the work of factious and revolutionary proceedings; but we will declare, that there exists a public law of immutable nature, which binds nations to princes, a law of policy, containing the principles upon which sovereigns ought to conciliate their rights and interests, with certain rights and liberties, which are the property of their subjects.

“ A series of fatal events put an end to royalty in France. All Europe took up arms to sustain or restore a throne which its possessor was unable to maintain: a throne which had sunk into nought through the flight of the princes and nobility, who were its natural supporters, and perhaps, through the violent exercise of a popular will, unrestrained in its manifestation.

“ The unfortunate Louis XVI. and his son perished successively; their legitimate heirs forfeited their claims to the crown, by their free egress from the kingdom, and their retreat into an enemy's country. The nation, no longer bound to its legitimate princes, was restored to its natural right of

election. The other nations of Europe considered these disasters as the work of political fanaticism, and a spirit of rebellion: they, in consequence, took up arms, and penetrated into the heart of France. Their success, however, was but of short duration; France soon expelled them from her invaded territory, and maintained her independence. The powers of Europe must then have observed, that, whatever had originally led to this result, the government of France was changed *de facto* and *de jure*; and that it belonged to the French people to institute such form of government for themselves as was best suited to the circumstances of the times.

“ In this state of things every tie was dissolved between France and the Bourbons; between the Bourbons and the other sovereigns of Europe. The family compact, the treaty of personal guarantee, was cancelled by the influence of circumstances: in a political sense, the Bourbons were no more.

“ The independence of France, under the new government of her choice, was then acknowledged by the very powers who at present compose this Congress. On the 5th April, 1795, the treaty of Bâle was signed between France and Prussia: on the 22d of July, same year, another treaty was signed at Bâle, between republican France and Spain. The latter power on the 7th June, the following year, concluded a treaty of alliance with the executive directory. The courts of Sardinia and Naples signed, in the course of the same year—the first on the 15th of May, the other on the 10th of October—a treaty with that same republican government. The pope, the minor states of Germany and Italy, also solemnly acknowledged the new government of

France. Austria signed the treaty of Campo Formio with the directory, and that of Luneville with the first consul. England, by the treaty of Amiens, 1st of October, 1801, Spain by that of 27th of March, 1808; Russia by that of 8th of October, 1807;—acknowledged successively the consular government, which proclaimed a general peace on the 18th Brumaire, 10th year of the republic.

“ The act which raised the altars again, and gave peace to the Gallican church, which brought back morality, checked false doctrines, and substituted the true belief in their lieu—the concordat, in a word, of which the beneficial effects will long be felt by religion; put the seal, as it were, to those transactions of state policy, by which a government, different from that of the ancient monarchy, was solemnly recognised by all Europe. Who, at that time, suspected the princes of the house of Bourbon of entertaining ideas of sovereignty over France? That which has perished, can it rise again? If these princes had no legal rights then, what rights can they have now? The French people unquestionably enjoyed the plenitude of their rights under the consular government; at that period, then, to give greater stability to institutions which had put an end to the evils of the revolution, and to give to Europe a pledge of that stability, the French people bestowed on the first consul, Buonaparte, the consular power for life. The new organization of the state, in harmony with the genius of the first magistrate, was consolidating itself daily, and it would have accomplished the most sanguine wishes of the French people, were not the life of man limited to a small number of years. To impress these new in-

stitutions with a fresh character of permanency, to make them correspond with the governments of the other states of Europe, the nation substituted for the consular power, the imperial power, which it rendered hereditary in the family of Napoleon Buonaparte. The citizens of the towns, the *Communes*, and the smallest hamlets, covered with their names the registers, wherein the question of the erection of the empire, and of the election of Napoleon Buonaparte was submitted to them. He was elected and proclaimed with acclamations; he received the oath of allegiance from his subjects; the temples resounded with thanksgivings from the people to the Divinity; the clergy, in the holy office of the mass, prayed for his person and for his family, and soon the venerable chief of Christendom came in person to consecrate in the Metropolitan Church, a power which the Emperor Napoleon had, till then, only held from the hands of the people.

“What was then wanting to the legitimacy of his crown? Had he not received it from God and his country? In other terms, from *divine right* and from *national right*.

“Europe adopted these principles, and Napoleon assumed the rank assigned to him among sovereigns, by the extent and power of his empire. Austria acknowledged the Emperor Napoleon on the 26th of December, 1805, by the treaty of Presburg; the sovereigns of Bavaria and Wurtemberg were his allies, the same treaty raised them to the royal dignity. On the 11th of December, 1807, the elector of Saxony received, by virtue of the treaty of Posen, concluded with Napoleon, the title of King. Did Europe dispute the legitimacy of these

titles, emanating from the imperial power and from France?

“ Prussia acknowledged the French empire and the Emperor Napoleon, by the treaty of Tilsit, July 9, 1807. The Emperor of Russia preserved his army, amounting to about two hundred thousand men, by virtue of this same treaty, which acknowledged, not only the French empire and the Emperor Napoleon, but also the existence, as kings, of the princes of the imperial family. Finally the treaties of the 14th of October, 1809, and 6th of January, 1810, between Sweden and France, completed the acts of external policy, which consolidate the dynasty thus seated on the throne of France. All continental Europe, indeed, was the ally of the Emperor Napoleon.

“ The family alliances of the Emperor Napoleon with the most august sovereign houses, tended to consolidate the social compact as established in France. His strongly cemented institutions ensured the stability of the monarchical form of government he had restored; they opposed an invincible barrier to the invasion of the democratic system. The revolution of France has taught nations to look closely into what passes in the cabinets of princes.

“ It was under the guarantee of the constitution of the French empire—under that of the treaties and of the alliances of foreign sovereigns, that I became the consort of Napoleon. It is under those same guarantees that Prince Charles Francis Napoleon, born of our union, grounds his claim to the French throne, which claim the princes assembled at this congress have so often acknowledged to be legitimate. A fatal war broke out. The Emperor Na-

oleon was overcome. You, sovereigns assembled in congress, arrived in his capital at a moment when, favoured by disorder, a conspiracy manifested itself in favour of the princes of the house of Bourbon. You might have dictated to Napoleon in his capital such terms as were calculated to restore a due balance between powers, you would thus have consolidated institutions, whence arose the common strength and the common safety.

“ This treaty would have been faithfully observed; we have a full confidence thereof.

“ Influenced by the generous hope of putting a speedier end to the evils of war, and of sparing the effusion of blood, the Emperor Napoleon put aside his own rights—but you treated with those princes to whom the conspiracy had given the crown; what lustre could such princes shed upon royalty?—The Emperor Napoleon at the head of an army, not numerous, but brave and faithful, might have defended his crown; but, to save his subjects a civil war, he had already resolved to abdicate *in favour of his son*. Such was his determination manifested to the allied powers by the Dukes of Tarentum, Vicenza, and the Prince de la Moskowa, which determination those powers viewed at first in its right light; that is, as calculated to secure the tranquillity of Europe. Events, which it belongs not to us to characterize, caused those just resolutions to be revoked.—The Emperor was obliged to sign an unconditional abdication on the 11th April, 1814; on that same day he subscribed the treaty of *personal safety*, which, maintaining his title of Emperor, assigned to him the Island of Elba as his place of abode, and confirmed to him the sovereignty over its territory.

"The fifth article of the same treaty assigned to me the sovereignty of the estates of Parma, transmissible to my son and his descendants.

"I will not discuss the merits of these treaties in respect of the Emperor Napoleon. They are more or less binding on him, in proportion as he exercised his will more or less freely in signing them. We will simply say, that he had not the power of disposing, after his life, of the crown which his son received as his birthright from the French nation and its constitutional laws.

"If the sovereigns of France, no more than the other principal sovereigns of Europe, have never been able to break through the established rule of succession in their own families, so as to transmit their crown to their second or third son, to the prejudice of their first born, how comes it that the Emperor Napoleon, should he be able to deprive the Prince Charles Francis Napoleon of his right of inheritance, in order to transfer it into foreign hands? Can a conspiracy have destroyed by its irregular acts the force and virtue of the laws of the French empire?—Can it have destroyed the royalty which the prince, my son, holds of divine as well as national right? The princes whom this conspiracy has put upon the throne of my son, fully admitted these principles themselves, when they refused to acknowledge the acts of the government styled provisional. Ten years of free government, acknowledged by all the powers in Europe, at a time when the name of Buonaparte was not yet inscribed in the annals of war—fifteen years' existence of an empire, the social conventions of which establish the rights of

the Emperor Napoleon, and those of his dynasty, rendered indisputable the legitimacy of his crown.

“When, during my residence at Blois, I exercised the authority of Regent, I appealed to the devotion of Frenchmen, I received the strongest testimonies of their love and zeal for the cause of their legitimate prince. The presence of your armies, and the tendency of your policy, forbade me to respond to the wishes of that faithful nation.

“The fate of nations being submitted to your award, your object will no doubt be to conciliate their rights and wishes with the rights and interests of sovereigns. Circumstances have deprived my son of his sovereignty over the French nation, and both himself and his people are equally injured in their rights by this fatal result of the late course of events. In this state of things, we, in our quality of empress and of mother, and before any authentic resolution be taken by the congress, protest, by the present deed, against all acts of the existing government of France, which has been established to the prejudice of the legitimate heir to the throne. We protest, likewise, in our own name, as well as in that of the Prince Charles Francis Napoleon, presumptive heir to the possessor by right of the French crown, against all resolutions of the high powers assembled at Congress, whether taken collectively or individually, and tending to impair the rights of the prince, my son, to the said French crown.

“The throne of the Prince Charles Francis Napoleon is that raised by the French nation, such as it existed at the time when its choice and election called the Emperor Napoleon to the head of its

government. But if, in the arduous struggle in which it has been engaged, the French empire has been constrained by the force of arms to sign the treaty of Paris, we think it just, inasmuch as respects the territories not forming part of present France, that the conditions thereof be faithfully and for ever observed. To this end we here declare, that the present protest solely applies to the illegal occupation of that territory of France constituting the present monarchy.

“ Having thus developed her claims, the Empress Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, Duchess of Parma, &c. representing the Prince Charles Francis Napoleon her son, a minor, requests the justice and magnanimity of the allied powers, that the subject of her claims be submitted to the deliberation of Congress; and that an acknowledgment of the present protest be delivered unto her, in order that she may produce it whenever it may please Divine Providence to afford her time and place for that purpose.

“ In faith of which, and to give all due authenticity to the present protest, she has affixed to it her seal, and written it in her own hand, at the palace of Schoenbrunn, February 19, 1815.

(L. S.) MARIE LOUISE, Imperatrice.”

The high powers assembled at the above mentioned Congress, after having deliberated, in their sitting of the 24th of February, on the above reclamation of her Imperial Majesty Maria Louisa, conformably to the opinion of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, of his Imperial and Royal Majesty the Emperor of Austria, the father of

her Imperial and royal Majesty the Empress Maria Louisa; and from the respect due to the personal character of her Majesty the Empress, resolved that the act emanated from her on the 19th of February, commencing by the words "Marie Louise," and ending by those, "written by her hand, &c." shall be inscribed in the Protocole of the Acts of the Congress. The French ministers, having protested against this decision, abstained from signing it.

POSTHUMOUS FAME.

IN the year 1802, the general council of the department of the Seine, solicited Buonaparte to sanction the erection of a triumphal arch to his memory, in the Place du Chatelet. He replied, "I view with complaisance the sentiments which possess the magistrates of the city of Paris towards me; the idea of dedicating monuments to men, who render themselves useful to a people, is honourable to the nation which entertains it. I accept the offer of a monument which you wish to raise to me, but leave its construction to future ages; let them ratify the good opinion which you have of me."

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

NAPOLEON, like Burke, had an eye to "the cheap defence of nations;" after beating down all the republican forms and usages, he infused heroic sentiments into the minds of his soldiers and the youth of France, by means of the milliner and the toy shop—half a yard of scarlet ribbon, and a little badge of gold. These were sent, not to warriors alone, but

to men of letters and men of science, and he himself holding a solemn court at the Tuilleries, in the year 1804, from a golden vase first bestowed these insignia, in the form of crosses, on the commanders of the legion.

The Legion of Honour possessed a palace and considerable revenues. The sons were educated at the expense of the nation, and the daughters were bred up without cost to their parents.

NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR A FRENCH WARRIOR.

WHEN Buonaparte was at Montebello, as general-in-chief of the French army in Italy, a hussar brought him a letter, just as he was mounting his horse to join a hunting party. He opened the packet, and wrote an answer almost instantly. Buonaparte delivered him the answer, and ordered him to carry it with all possible speed. "I would do so," replied the soldier, "but my horse is nigh dead, with the haste which I have used in bringing you this letter." "If that is an obstacle, take mine;" said the general. The soldier at first would not accept of it. "Go, my comrade;" rejoined Napoleon, "it may be better—it may have richer trappings than yours; but nothing is too magnificent for a French warrior!"

EDUCATION IN FRANCE UNDER NAPOLEON.

THE ancient mode of education was deemed obsolete, but the college of *Louis le Grand* subsisted with regular degrees under the name of "The Lyceum."

In the primary, which answered to our parochial schools, "*The Lycees Prytaneum*," or central schools, were colleges in which Latin or Greek were taught, together with mathematics, mechanics, astronomy, geography, and chemistry. In the Prytaneum of Paris, about three hundred pupils were educated at the expense of government, and the remainder was paid for at the trifling expense of about one thousand francs, or forty pounds sterling, a year. Education under the Imperial government assumed a martial air, and every pupil was fitted to become a soldier after the manner of antiquity. Genius was encouraged by means of appropriate preferment, and still more by solemnly proclaiming the names of those who excelled, in the same manner with those of the victors at the Olympic Games.

Under Napoleon all feudal distinctions vanished—equality was preserved by equality of service—wealth obtained nothing—military merit every thing. All the *Lycees* might be considered as military bodies;—their studies, their repasts, and even their exercises, were regulated, not as before by the bell, but by a drum. The royal military college at Sandhurst, and that of Chelsea, are exactly modelled after the French military schools.

NAPOLEON IN ELBA.

NOTWITHSTANDING their natural indolence, the inhabitants of the Island of Elba became, in a short time, greatly attached to one who had preferred to retire to their country in preference to any other. They ran from all parts of the island to the shows and fetes which he gave, and they considered them-

selves flattered when he deigned to assist at their simple amusements. One day, when, according to the custom of the country, they had a horse race, they invited Napoleon to preside: he complied with their request; and, during the race, he animated the competitors with his plaudits, and crowned the victor with his own hand.

AN OLD COMRADE.

ON the 15th of March 1815, as Napoleon reviewed at Vermanton the fourteenth regiment, which had served in Spain, he perceived in their ranks an eagle bearer decorated with three orders. "And how long have you served, my comrade?" said the Emperor, as he slightly pinched his ear. "Twenty-three years, sire."—"We were together at Rivoli;"—"where we took seven pieces of cannon," continued the emperor.—"Yes, sire;" replied the soldier.—"Come then, thou art a brave man, I shall have need of thee." He was instantly promoted.

ARGUMENT AGAINST SUICIDE.

WHEN Napoleon was departing for the Island of Elba, he met in the south of France with one of his ancient companions in arms, who blamed him much for not having killed himself at the moment of his abdication. Napoleon replied: "Your remark on my conduct is not consonant with common sense: have you never heard of a Roman, named Marius?" The other said he had. "Observe," continued Napoleon, "had Marius killed himself at Minturna, he would not have been seven times consul."

DISMANTLING OF THE LOUVRE.

IN Scott's Paris Revisited (A. D. 1815), we have the following interesting particulars of the removal of the celebrated pictures and statues from this famous emporium of the fine arts.

"Every day new arrivals of strangers poured into Paris, all anxious to gain a view of the Louvre before its collection was broken up; it was the first point to which all the British directed their steps every morning, in eager curiosity to know whether the business of removal had commenced. The towns and principalities, that had been plundered, were making sedulous exertions to influence the councils of the allies to determine on a general restoration; and several of the great powers leaned decidedly towards such a decision.

"Before actual force was employed, representations were repeated to the French government, but the ministers of the king of France would neither promise due satisfaction, nor uphold a strenuous opposition. They showed a sulky disregard of every application. A deputation from the Netherlands formally claimed the Dutch and Flemish pictures taken during the revolutionary wars from those countries; and this demand was conveyed through the Duke of Wellington, as commander-in-chief of the Dutch and Belgian armies. About the same time, also, Austria determined that her Italian and German towns, which had been despoiled, should have their property replaced, and Canova, the anxious representative of Rome, after many fruitless appeals to Talleyrand, received assurances that he,

too, should be furnished with an armed force sufficient to protect him in taking back to that venerable city, what lost its highest value in its removal from thence.

“ Contradicting reports continued to prevail among the crowds of strangers and natives as to the intentions of the allies, but on Saturday, the 23d of September, all doubt was removed. On going up to the door of the Louvre, I found a guard of one hundred and fifty British riflemen drawn up outside. I asked one of the soldiers what they were there for ? “ Why, they tell me, sir, that they mean to take away the pictures,” was his reply. I walked in amongst the statues below, and on going to the great staircase, I saw the English guard hastily trampling up its magnificent ascent: a crowd of astounded French followed in their rear, and, from above, many of the visitors to the gallery of pictures were attempting to force their way past the ascending soldiers, catching an alarm from their sudden entrance. The alarm, however, was unfounded ; but the spectacle that presented itself was very impressive. A British officer dropped his men in files along this magnificent gallery, until they extended, two and two, at small distances, from its entrance to its extremity. All the spectators were breathless, in eagerness to know what was to be done, but the soldiers stopped as machines, having no care beyond obedience to their orders.

“ The work of removal now commenced in good earnest: porters with barrows, and ladders, and tackles of ropes made their appearance. The collection of the Louvre might from that moment be considered as broken up for ever. The sublimity

of its orderly aspect vanished : it took now the melancholy, confused, dissolute air of a large auction room after a day's sale. Before this, the visitors had walked down its profound length with a sense of respect on their minds, influencing them to preserve silence and decorum, as they contemplated the majestic pictures: but decency and quiet were dispelled when the signal was given for the breaking up of the establishment. It seemed as if a nation had become ruined through improvidence, and was selling off.

“The guarding of the Louvre was committed by turns to the British and Austrians, while this process lasted. The Prussians said that they had done their own business for themselves, and would not now incur odium for others. The workmen being incommoded by the crowds that now rushed to the Louvre, as the news spread of the destruction of its great collection, a military order came that no visitors should be admitted without permission from the foreign commandant of Paris. This direction was pretty strictly adhered to by the sentinels as far as the exclusion of the French, but the words *Je suis Anglais*, were always sufficient to gain leave to pass from the Austrians: our own countrymen were rather more strict, but, in general, foreigners could, with but little difficulty, procure admission. The Parisians stood in crowds around the door, looking wistfully within it, as it occasionally opened to admit Germans, English, Russians, &c. into a palace of their capital from which they were excluded. I was frequently asked by French gentlemen, standing with ladies on their arms, and kept back from the door by the guards, to take them into their own

Louvre, under my protection as an unknown foreigner! It was impossible not to feel for them in these remarkable circumstances of mortification and humiliation; and the agitation of the French public was now evidently excessive. Every Frenchman looked a walking volcano, ready to spit forth fire. Groups of the common people collected in the space before the Louvre, and a spokesman was generally seen, exercising the most violent gesticulations, sufficiently indicative of rage, and listened to by the others, with lively signs of sympathy with his passion. As the packages came out, they crowded round them, giving vent to torrents of *pestes, diables, sacres*, and other worse interjections.

"Wherever an Englishman went, in Paris, at this time—whether into a shop or a company, he was assailed with the exclamation—'*Ah! vos compatriotes!*'—and the ladies had always some wonderful story to tell him, of an embarrassment or a mortification that had happened to *his* duke; of the evil designs of the prince regent, or the dreadful revenge that was preparing against the injuries of France. The great gallery of the Louvre presented every fresh day a more and more forlorn aspect; but to the reflecting mind, it combined a number of interesting points of view. The gallery now seemed to be the abode of all the foreigners in the French capital:—we collected there, as a matter of course, every morning—but it was easy to distinguish the last comers from the rest. They entered the Louvre with steps of eager haste, and looks of anxious inquiry: they seemed to have scarcely stopped by the way—and to have made directly for the pictures on the instant of their reaching Paris. The first view

of the stripped walls made their countenances sink under the disappointment, as to the great object of their journey. Crowds collected round the *Transfiguration*—that picture which, according to the French account, *destiny* had always intended for the French nation: it was every one's wish to see it taken down, for the fame, which this great work of Raphael had acquired, and its notoriety in the general knowledge, caused its departure to be regarded as the consummation of the destruction of the picture gallery of the Louvre. It was taken away among the last.

“ Students of all nations fixed themselves round the principal pictures, anxious to complete their copies before the workmen came to remove the originals. Many young French girls were seen among these, perched up on small scaffolds, and calmly pursuing their labours in the midst of the throng and bustle. When the French gallery was thoroughly cleared of the property of other nations, I reckoned the number of pictures which then remained to it—and found that the total left to the French nation, of the fifteen hundred paintings which constituted their magnificent collection—was *two hundred and seventy-four*! The Italian division comprehended about eighty-five specimens; these were now dwindled to *twelve*: in this small number, however, there are some very exquisite pictures by Raphael, and other great masters. Their Titians are much reduced—but they keep the *Entombment*, as belonging to the king of France's old collection, which is one of the finest by that artist. A melancholy air of utter ruin mantled over the walls of this superb gallery: the floor was covered with

empty frames; a Frenchman, in the midst of his sorrow, had his joke, in saying—‘ Well, we should not have left to *them* even these!’ In walking down this exhausted place, I observed a person, wearing the insignia of the legion of honour, suddenly stop short, and heard him exclaim—‘ *Ah, my God—and the Paul Potter, too !*’ This referred to the famous painting of a bull by that master, which is the largest of his pictures, and is very highly valued. It belonged to the Netherlands, and has been returned to them. It was said that the emperor Alexander offered fifteen thousand pounds for it.

“The removal of the statues were later in commencing, and took up more time; they were still packing these up when I quitted Paris. I saw the Venus, the Apollo, and the Laocoon removed: these may be deemed the presiding deities of the collection. The solemn antique look of these halls fled for ever, when the workmen came in with their straw, and plaster of Paris to pack up. The French could not, for some time, allow themselves to believe that their enemies would dare to deprive them of these sacred works: it appeared to them impossible that they should be separated from France—from *la France*—the country of the Louvre and the Institute; it seemed a contingency beyond the limits of human reverses. But it happened, nevertheless: they were all removed. One afternoon, before quitting the place, I accidentally stopped longer than usual, to gaze on the Venus, and I never saw so clearly her superiority over the Apollo, the impositions of whose style, even more than the great beauties with which they are mingled, have gained

for it an inordinate and indiscriminating admiration. On this day, very few, if any of the statues had been taken away—and many said that France would retain them, although she was losing the pictures. On the following morning I returned, and the pedestal on which the Venus had stood for so many years, the pride of Paris, and the delight of every observer, was vacant! It seemed as if a soul had taken its flight from a body."

REMOVAL OF THE VENETIAN HORSES FROM PARIS.

"THE removal of the well known horses, taken from the church of St. Mark, in Venice, was a bitter mortification to the people of Paris. These had been peculiarly the objects of popular pride and admiration. Being exposed to the public view, in one of the most frequented situations of Paris, this was esteemed the noblest trophy belonging to the capital, and there was not a Parisian vender of a pailfull of water, who did not look like a hero when the Venetian horses were spoken of.

" 'Have you heard what has been determined about the horses?' was every foreigner's question:— 'Oh! they cannot mean to take the horses away,' was every Frenchman's answer. On the morning of Thursday the 26th of September, 1815, however, it was whispered that they had been at work all night in loosening them from their fastenings. It was soon confirmed that this was true—and the French then had nothing left for it, but to vow, that if the allies were to attempt to touch them in the *daylight*, Paris would rise at once, exterminate its enemies, and rescue its honour. On Friday morning I walk-

ed through the square: it was clear that some considerable change had taken place; the forms of the horses appeared finer than I had ever before witnessed. When looking to discover what had been done—a private of the British staff corps came up. ‘You see, sir, we took away the harness last night,’ said he. ‘You have made a great improvement by so doing,’ I replied:—‘but are the British employed on this work?’ The man said that the Austrians had requested the assistance of our staff corps—for it included better workmen than any they had in their service. I heard that an angry French mob had given some trouble to the people employed on the Thursday night—but that a body of Parisian gendarmerie had dispersed the assemblage. The Frenchmen continued their sneers against the allies for working in the dark: fear and shame were the causes assigned. ‘If you take them at all, why not take them in the face of day?—But you are too wise to drag upon yourselves the irresistible popular fury which such a sight would excite against you!’

“On the night of Friday, the order of proceeding was entirely changed. It had been found proper to call out a strong guard of Austrians, horse and foot. The mob had been charged by the cavalry—and it was said, that several had their limbs broken. I expected to find the place on Saturday morning quiet and open as usual; but when I reached its entrance, what an impressive scene presented itself! The delicate plan—for such in truth it was—of working by night was now over. The Austrians had wished to spare the feelings of the king the pain of seeing his capital dismantled before his palace windows, where he passed in his carriage

when he went out for his daily exercise. But the acute feelings of the people rendered severer measures necessary. My companion and myself were stopped from entering the place by Austrian dragoons: a large mob of Frenchmen were collected here, standing on tip-toe to catch the arch in the distance, on the top of which the ominous sight of numbers of workmen, busy about the horses, was plainly to be distinguished. We advanced again to the soldiers: some of the French, by whom we were surrounded, said, 'Whoever you are, you will not be allowed to pass.' I confess I was for retiring—for the whole assemblage, citizens and soldiers, seemed to wear an angry and alarming aspect. But my companion was eager for admittance. He was put back again by an Austrian hussar:—'*What not the English!*' he exclaimed in his own language. The mob laughed loudly when they heard the foreign soldier so addressed; but the triumph was ours; way was instantly made for us—and an officer on duty, close by, touched his helmet as we passed.

"The king and the princes had left the Tuilleries, to be out of the view of so mortifying a business. The court of the palace, which used to be gay with young *gardes du corps* and equipages, was now silent, deserted, and shut up. Not a soul moved in it. The top of the arch was filled with people, and the horses, though as yet all there, might be seen to begin to move. The carriages, that were to take them away, were in waiting below, and a tackle of ropes was already affixed to one. The small door, leading to the top, was protected by a strong guard: every one was striving to obtain permission to gratify his curiosity, by visiting the horses for the last

time that they could be visited in this situation. Permission, however, could necessarily be granted but to few. I was of the fortunate number. In a minute I had climbed the narrow dark stair, ascended a small ladder, and was out on the top, with the most picturesque view before me that can be imagined. An English lady asked me to assist her into Napoleon's car of victory: his own statue was to have been placed in it, *when he came back a conqueror from his Russian expedition!* I followed the lady and her husband into the car, and we found a Prussian officer there before us. He looked at us, and with a good humoured smile, said, 'The emperor kept the English out of France, but the English have now got where he could not!—*Ah, pauvre Napoleon!*'

"The cry of the French now was, that it was abominable, execrable, to insult the king in his palace—to insult him in the face of his own subjects, by removing the horses in the face of day! I adjourned with a friend to dine at a *restaurateur's*, near the garden of the Tuilleries, after witnessing what I have described. Between seven and eight in the evening, we heard the rolling of wheels, the clatter of cavalry, and the tramp of infantry. A number of British were in the room: they all rose and rushed to the door, without hats, and carrying in their haste their white table napkins in their hands. The horses were going past, in military procession, lying on their sides, in separate cars. First came cavalry, then infantry, then a car; then more cavalry; more infantry, then another car; and so on till all the four past. The drums were beating—and the standards went waving by. This was the

only appearance of parade, that attended any of the removals. Three Frenchmen, seeing the group of English, came up to us, and began a conversation. They appealed to us if this was not shameful. A gentleman observed, that the horses were only going back to the place from whence the French had taken them: if there was a right in power for France, there must also be one for other states: but the better way to consider these events, was, as terminating the times of robbery and discord. Two of them seemed much inclined to come instantly round to our opinion: but one was much more consistent. He appeared an officer, and was advanced beyond the middle age of life. He kept silence for a moment; and then, with strong emphasis, said—‘ You have left me nothing for my children but hatred against England; this shall be my legacy to them.’”

THE KING AND QUEEN OF WESTPHALIA.

THE following letter was written after the Battle of Waterloo, by the Queen of Westphalia to her father, the King of Wirtemberg.

“ Sire and father,

“ Your Majesty requested me to descend this morning into your apartment. For the first time in my life I declined the happiness of being in your presence: I knew the subject of the interview; and, fearing that my mind might not be sufficiently collected, I have dared to take the liberty of developing the motives of my conduct, and making an appeal to your paternal affection.

“ Your Majesty knows the whole truth. Yes,

sire, the Prince Jerome, your son-in-law, my husband and the father of my child, is with me! Yes, sire! I have withdrawn an instant from the palace of my king, to succour the husband to whom my life is attached. My thoughts have accompanied him to the war—my care has preserved him in a long and painful journey, where his existence was often menaced. My arms have embraced him in his misfortunes with more tenderness than even in the time of our prosperity!

“The Prince Jerome is not the husband of my own choice. I received him from your hand, when his house reigned over great kingdoms—when his head wore a crown. Soon the sentiments of my heart cherished and confirmed the bonds which your policy had commanded.

“Marriage and nature impose duties which are not subject to the vicissitudes of fortune: I know their extensive obligations, and I know also how to fulfil them: I was a queen—I am still a wife and a mother! The change of policy among princes, in overthrowing the French empire, has also destroyed the throne on which your goodness and the prince my husband had seated me. We were obliged to submit to the force of circumstances! The august Maria Louisa afforded me a great example of resignation; but our situation is dissimilar. Public interests may command sacrifices of permanent duration, or may cease when the interests of a new policy render other changes inevitable.

“Although chance has elevated us above the generality of mankind, we are much more to be pitied. A variable will controls our destiny; but

there its power ceases—it is impotent against the obligations Providence imposes on us.

“The husband whom God and you yourself gave me—the child whom I have borne in my bosom—comprise my existence. I have shared a throne with this husband, I will partake with him exile and misfortune; violence alone shall separate me from him. But, O my king! O my father! I know your heart, your justice, and the excellence of your principles; I know what these principles have been at all times on the subject of those domestic duties which should be respected by the princes of your house.

“I do not ask your Majesty, from affection for me, to make any change in that system of conduct which has been adopted in conformity with the determinations of the most powerful princes of Europe; but I throw myself at your feet to implore permission that my husband and myself may remain near your person; but, O my father! if that must not be, let us at least be restored to your favour before we remove to a foreign soil. It is only after having received some proofs of your paternal love, that I can feel strength sufficient to appear before you. If we must go this very evening, let us depart with the assurance of your affection and protection in a happier time. Our misfortunes must have a period; policy will not always command in respect to us that which is humiliating, nor delight in the ruin and degradation of so many princes, acknowledged in former treaties, and who have been allied to the most ancient and illustrious houses of Europe. Is not their blood mingled with ours? Pardon me

my father and my sovereign, for having thus expressed myself; but condescend by a single word, to let me know that it has not been received with displeasure."

SENSATIONS EXCITED IN PARIS, BY THE RETURN
OF NAPOLEON FROM ELBA.

"AT this momentous crisis," says Mr. Ireland, "I resided in the Faubourg St. Germain, when having business one morning on the other side of the water, I proceeded down the Rue du Bac, but stopped in my way at the *café Guerraz*, which I found extremely crowded, while a strange appearance of anxiety was depicted on every countenance, several persons surrounding each individual who had been fortunate enough to get a newspaper, the contents of which the lucky possessor was reading aloud to the bystanders; as the incessant buzz prevented my gaining any information, I inquired of the *limonadiere* at the *comptoir*, the reason of the novel scene I witnessed, upon which, she exclaimed with astonishment:—"Good heaven! is it possible, sir, you should not have heard that the Emperor is landed in France?"—such being indeed the earliest information I had acquired of this wonderful event. All endeavours to convey a faithful picture of the extraordinary scene that now presented itself would be utterly impossible; people, running in all directions, seemed to have forgotten the avocations for which they left their homes; at every hundred paces you met a group in close conversation; *gendarmes*, on horse and foot, were proceeding with rapidity, in different directions; at the Tuilleries, upon

Change, along the Boulevards, all was hurry and confusion, while many old soldiers, hoping that the Emperor might arrive at the capital in safety, forgot in their eagerness the prudence which should have guided them, and in the exultation of the moment, cried out, '*Vive l'Empereur*,' two instances of which I witnessed in front of the *Garde Meuble*, *Place Louis Quinze*; these men were forthwith seized, and hurried away to the *corps de garde*. In short, all regular routine of business was totally at a stand; a species of public fever was the consequence, and the national pulse defied all the efforts of reason to bring it back to a tone of sanity. In this state of mental delirium, the day passed over, but with return of night the sensation was, if possible, increased; the *cafés* were crowded to excess, while the vigilance of the police had redoubled its precautions, by stationing additional *gendarmes* in every quarter; added to which, the *mouchards*, under all disguises, mingled with the crowds to ascertain and report the state of public feeling, as well as to stop all such whose conduct should render them amenable to the existing laws; many arrestations in consequence took place, and actuated by various contending passions, the inhabitants of Paris at length retired to their respective quarters, awaiting with unparalleled anxiety, the arrival of news as to the failure or success of Napoleon's hazardous undertaking.

"At a very early hour the next morning, the city was in motion, when it was given out that if three persons were seen stationary in the street, they should immediately be dispersed; and by the middle of the day numerous reports were afloat, most of

which emanated from government, stating the complete failure of Napoleon, and his imprisonment; immediately after landing; others detailed his assassination by the indignant populace, while another related that the soldiery having forced him to surrender, he was shot as a traitor by military law, and his head chopped off in order to be sent to Paris, and there publicly exposed. But as to any real statements, not a word transpired that could be relied upon, all letters from the south being inspected at the post-office; added to this, the diligences were searched on entering Paris, while at the barriers, which were kept closed, guards were stationed, together with the most vigilant emissaries of the Police.

“All these precautions, however, were not sufficient to prevent some of the facts attending the landing of Napoleon from gaining the capital; but, at last, the government, though reluctantly, announced the same officially, accompanied by an ordinance, declaring him and all who should assist, to be traitors, and ordering the magistrates, army, and people to proceed against him accordingly.

“While this information was gradually made public in the capital, a thousand reports were spread; and certainly had Napoleon been a cat, his nine lives would not have sufficed him, as I am certain he was killed twenty times, and in as many different ways; however, upon his arrival at Grenoble, which is a large and populous city, the sensation at Paris became very apparent indeed, nor could all the vigilance and rigorous measures of the police, and arrestations hourly made in all directions, prevent the expressions of joy, which arose

from a conviction of his ultimate arrival in safety at the capital.

"Those persons who were not witnesses of the fact, can form no idea of the incalculable sale of Napoleon's proclamation dated from the Gulf of Juan, the first of March, wherein he stated, '*La Victoire marchera au pas de charge,—L'Aigle avec les Couleurs Nationales, volera de clocher en clocher, jusqu'aux tours de Notre Dame:*' in short, the above words were in every one's mouth.

"On the evening of the 19th, between ten and eleven at night, I passed through the Place Carrousel in my way home; all was perfectly quiet at the Tuilleries, where the only circumstance that struck me was, there being more lights than usual in the windows of the long façade; nothing, however, gave the least indication of the speedy departure of the royal family, which took place about two hours after, of which I was not aware until the following morning at half past nine, when I observed, on gaining the Pont Royal, that no sentries were stationed there, and that all the windows of the palace were closed, while upon gaining the pedestal of the first colossal figure that intersects the iron railing in the Place Carrousel, I found a large placard posted upon it, whereon appeared the following ludicrous notice, in striking characters, '*Chateau a louer bien meuble si ce n'est la Bateria de Cuisine que le dernier propriétaire a emporte avec lui.*' '*Palace to let, well furnished, except the kitchen utensils, which have been carried away by the late proprietor.*' And upon the second pedestal, '*Gros et gras cochon a vendre pour un Napoleon.*' '*A large fat hog to be sold for one Napoleon.*' Such were the first intimations

I had respecting the departure of Louis and the family, of which Buonaparte was apprised at Fontainebleau by seven o'clock in the morning, when he immediately set off in a carriage for Paris, attended only by a few hussars and dragoons, driving with great rapidity.

"From the moment that the departure of the Bourbons was made public, the arrival of the emperor was anxiously expected, and consequently on the 20th of March, at an early hour, no inconsiderable bustle was manifested throughout Paris. Numerous reports were in circulation as to the barrier by which he would enter, as well as the precise hour when he might be expected. Thus, being misled by contradictory statements, I proceeded in various directions, and about mid day was attracted, with multitudes, to the Boulevard Montmartre, where I arrived in time to see a body of about two thousand troops covered with dirt and dust, who were accompanying several pieces of heavy artillery, every man wearing the tricoloured cockade; while at stated intervals of five minutes, as they advanced, shouts of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' rent the air, in which they were joined by vociferations of the populace who accompanied them, every soldier having a citizen linked to either arm demanding tidings concerning the march of Napoleon, and the period of his arrival at the capital. This motley cavalcade was slow in its progress, for at certain periods a halt was made in order to gratify the populace, who insisted upon regaling the companions of the emperor, for which purpose all the surrounding wine shops were put in a state of requisition, when immense cans were brought out at the expense of the people, who with

the troops toasted the emperor, General Bertrand, the Old Guard, &c. &c. with an enthusiasm which none but an eye-witness can figure to his imagination. In this manner they continued along the Boulevards, turning down the Rue de la Paix, and halted in the Place Vendome, where it appears they were to remain till further orders.

“ I repaired to the Tuilleries, taking my station as near as possible to the entrance of the *Pavillon de Flore*, when, after waiting hour after hour, during which period the expectant but wearied crowds were many times replaced by fresh comers, at past six o'clock, on a sudden, a distant shout was heard, which continued rapidly increasing, and after a lapse of some minutes a small escort galloped into the square, and immediately afterwards a carriage rattled along at full speed, containing the object so long and ardently expected by the accompanying multitudes, who, with Bertrand and Drouet, made signs to the shouting populace, while numerous general officers surrounded the vehicle uncovered, mingling their affectionate sentiments with those of the crowd.

“ On gaining the portal, it was with infinite difficulty that Napoleon could alight, from the dreadful pressure, and no sooner had he gained the bottom of the grand staircase, than he was raised from the ground and borne up the flight of stairs upon the shoulders of the officers, during which operation his constant cry was ‘ *Soyez sage, mes bons enfans ! Soyez sage, je vous en prie !* ’ ‘ Be steady, my good children; be steady I entreat you;’ but to expect subordination at such a moment was fallacious, as the general impulse approximated to madness; in

proof of which, a piece of the flap of his coat being either purposely or by accident torn off, was instantly divided into hundreds of scraps, for the procurement of each remnant of which, by way of relique, there was as much struggling as if the effort had been made to become possessed of so many ingots of gold.

“On the ensuing morning, a report was spread that a national guard, upon duty at the Tuilleries, had discovered a secret train, whereto a match was connected, which was made to burn so many hours; and, at the expiration of that time, the portion of the building inhabited by Napoleon would have been destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder. This statement was very current throughout Paris. On the night of the emperor’s arrival, he issued orders to General Excelmans to follow the troop of horse attached to the royal establishment, at the head of three thousand men, and either to take, to dissolve, or to drive it beyond the frontiers. But this military corps was composed of such heterogeneous elements that it had disbanded of itself; the remnants being hemmed in and disarmed at Bethune, while another straggling party proceeded as far as Neuve Eglise, where the Count D’Artois issued his orders for its disbanding. All the horses, baggage, and magazines of this troop fell into the hands of General Excelmans; while the officers and guards, pursued by the country people, threw away their military equipments, and assumed every species of disguise, in order to escape the popular indignation.

“I repaired at an early hour in the morning to the Tuilleries Gardens, where I already found thousands assembled to view Napoleon, who appeared

at one of the windows every five minutes, when he was saluted with incessant acclamations, and, if absent from popular observation for any longer period, he was compelled to show himself, as the clamour became so loud and imperious. Upon one of these occasions Bertrand stood beside him, whom he good-naturedly pulled by the ear, and patted upon the shoulder, exclaiming, as he performed the action, '*le brave ne m'a jamais quitté*!' 'this brave fellow never abandoned me!' As the windows of the apartment were wide open, I could perceive that Napoleon constantly traversed the chamber, accompanied by a female, whom upon inquiry I learned was the Queen Hortensia. And another circumstance which I noticed was, that upon his presenting himself to the public in this manner, numerous individuals among the crowd held up petitions, who, upon the emperor's retiring from the window, were desired by Bertrand, or some other officer, to deliver them to a sentry stationed below at no great distance; when after the lapse of a few minutes Napoleon again appeared with the bundle of papers in his left hand, which he held forth to view, and then placing his right hand upon his heart, he bowed his head two or three times, thereby intimating that it was his intention to peruse every document himself, and not commit the petitions of his subjects to the decision of any other individual."—*France for the last seven Years*, by W. H. IRELAND.

THE FRENCH COMMISSARIAT.

Of all things, Napoleon's commissariat was regarded as the most important department in the French army. Our readers will observe, that of all Napo-

leon's princes, dukes, and peers, the man upon whom he conferred the most splendid estate was Berthier, whom he created Prince of Neufchâtel. To him, more than to any one of his marshals, he owed the career of his victories—for to him was owing the arrangement and distribution of the stores and provisions, without which no gallantry and no skill could be effective. The details of this department (that of the quartermaster-general) were reduced to a simplicity which deserves imitation. The wonders it has produced have been displayed in every country which Napoleon has overrun—for everywhere have his troops been well supplied—and by the same means. He never trusted for a supply of *bread*, for instance, to the scene of action. This was carried with him, and it was prepared in a way which preserved it from the changes incident to that which was composed originally of base material, or which, for the profit of the commissary, was but half baked in the camp. He had no rival candidates for the supply of provisions and stores—no advertising for ten thousand pair of shoes or blankets this day, and ten thousand to-morrow—no tenders were called for, concealing the quantity of the material wanted; by which rival contractors were set to work to buy up against one another, and thereby enhance the prices in the market. No publication was made of the necessities of his government; but for every individual article, he had but one single buyer, or furnisher; and he was under a real responsibility, because the slightest detection of fraud subjected him to a court martial, whose sentence was instantaneous and irrevocable. The whole process of their supply was therefore carried on with

an inspection the most rigorous, and the resources of chemistry were brought in aid of the service. Whatever best tended to sustain life with the easiest carriage—the least susceptible of changes by heat or moisture—the soonest prepared—and the least likely to disorder the stomach—was the business of the scientific part of the commissariat to provide, both for man and horse.

Accordingly, for six months before the arrival of the French armies in Spain, a requisition of bakers was made at Bayonne to bake *biscuits*, because they might be kept for a great length of time; and the fortress of Pampeluna was his general *depot* for them and other stores. Even for the horse the barley-meal, husk, and all, were ground down and baked in the form of a coarse cake, to prevent fermentation; and this, by being steeped, not only corrected the water which the horse drank, but by habit the animal ate it in the field. The biscuits for the men, in the same manner, boiled up with portable soup, gave nourishment to the soldier, and whilst this food was light and easy of digestion, it did not subject him to dysentery.

CLEMENCY OF NAPOLEON TOWARDS PRINCE DE HARTZBERG.

THIS prince, who was governor of Berlin for the king of Prussia, having entered into a conspiracy, and being discovered, his wife obtained an audience of Napoleon, when, after asserting his innocence, the latter, producing some papers from his *escrutoire*, said, "Now read and judge, madame, whether he is guilty or not." On beholding these docu-

ments the unfortunate lady became speechless, upon which the emperor continued, thus—"Well, madame, in my situation how would you act?"—"Sire," answered the princess without hesitating, "I would burn the papers, in order that I might have the glory of pardoning him."—"Yes," retorted the emperor, "on condition that no more is said on the subject." Upon which he cast the documents into the flames, and thus impeded the course of justice, by annihilating every existing proof of his guilt.

VISIT TO THE ASYLUM FOR THE DAUGHTERS OF
OFFICERS KILLED IN BATTLE.

ALTHOUGH occupied with so many weighty affairs, the Emperor Napoleon nevertheless did not neglect minor objects, visiting the various public works, which, upon his re-entrance into Paris on his return from Elba, were put into a state of activity. He also repaired to the several institutions, and among others to the *Musee Napoleon*, where he continued for two hours, expressing his highest satisfaction at the arrangements which had there taken place. But upon presenting himself at the establishment which he had formerly set on foot for the reception of the female offspring of officers killed in the service, a most affecting scene took place. The asylum in question is near St. Denis, at the *Chateau* of St. Ecouen, formerly a seat of the celebrated family of Montmorency.

No sooner was it known that Napoleon had arrived to honour the institution with his presence, than all the young ladies, *en masse*, rushed forward

to testify their gratitude to their munificent benefactor; it was in vain that the persons placed as their guardians, and for the purpose of superintending their education, had recourse to threats and entreaties in order to restrain this natural flow of affection; neither coercive nor soothing measures were productive of the desired effect; they were, therefore, abandoned to the unrestrained demonstration of their exuberant feelings, which were carried to such a height, that the emperor, oppressed by the sentiment, burst into tears. Finding himself relieved, he mingled with the youthful crowd, embracing some, and presenting to others his hand to be kissed, and thus emboldened by his condescending familiarity, his young *protegees* began by rifling him of his pocket handkerchief, which was immediately torn into ribands, and then subdivided, to be delivered in pieces to the craving applicants; not contented with this, the skirt of his coat was also put into a state of requisition; for, while occupied, in caressing those in front, a phalanx in the rear literally curtailed, with a pair of shears, several inches from the bottom of his gray surtout, to all which he submitted with heartfelt delight; and on retiring to regain his carriage (being unable to suppress them), tears again found vent, when placing his hand to his eyes, he was heard to articulate these words:—“*Voici le comble de bonheur—ceux-ci sont les plus beaux momens de ma vie !*” “This is the acme of bliss—these are the happiest moments of my life.”

PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN OF AUSTERLITZ.

IN the year 1805, Count Daru was at Boulogne, as intendant general of the French army. One morning the emperor summoned him into his cabinet. Daru immediately repaired thither, and found him transported with rage, traversing his apartment with hurried steps, and breaking a sullen silence only by hasty and short ejaculations:—"What a navy!—What an admiral!—What sacrifices lost!—My expectations are deceived!—This Villeneuve!—Instead of being in the Channel, he has just entered Ferrol!—It is all over with him!—He will be blockaded there.—Daru, place yourself there (pointing to a corner of the room), and write while I dictate."

The emperor had received at a very early hour the news of the arrival of Villeneuve in a Spanish port; he immediately saw his intended conquest of England baffled; the immense expenses of the fleet and flotilla lost for a time, and perhaps for ever! Then, during a paroxysm of fury, which would permit no other man in similar circumstances to preserve his judgment in a collected state, he formed one of the boldest resolutions, and sketched one of the most admirable plans of a campaign which any conqueror ever conceived in leisure and cold blood. Without hesitating, without stopping for a moment, he dictated the whole of the plan of the campaign of Austerlitz,—the departure of all the corps of the army, from Hanover and Holland to the confines of the west and the south of France,—the order of the marches,—their duration,—the places for the di-

verging and reunion of the columns,—the cutting off by surprise, and the attack by open force,—the various movements of the enemy—all were foreseen! Victory was insured throughout the whole of the hypotheses. Such was the accuracy and vast foresight of this plan, that over a line of departure of six hundred miles, lines of operations of nine hundred miles in length were followed from primitive indications, day by day, and place by place, as far as Munich. Beyond that capital, the precise days of action alone experienced some alterations; but the places were attained, and the whole of the plan was crowned with complete success.

SINGULAR EXEMPTION FROM THE CONSCRIPTION LAWS.

A FEW days subsequent to the birth of the young king of Rome, a widow lady, whose only son was drawn to serve in the conscription, presented herself at the Tuilleries, stating that she had a petition, and must be admitted; when, in spite of all opposition, her demands became so loud, reiterated, and urgent, that Napoleon, hearing the distant altercation, demanded the cause, which having learned, he forthwith ordered that the applicant should be ushered into his presence, who, upon beholding the emperor (falling upon her knee), she requested that she might be conducted to the young king of Rome, to whom her petition was addressed. Napoleon, somewhat astonished at the singularity of this request, took the paper, which upon perusal was found to contain a prayer, that her son might be exempted from the effects of the conscription laws,

upon which the emperor, graciously smiling, approached the cradle of his son, and reclining over the infant, read in a low voice the contents of the petition, after which, pausing awhile, he turned his ear to the cradle, as if in expectation of a reply; and then advancing towards the applicant—" *Madame,*" said Napoleon, "*I have read your petition, and as there is no answer, silence of course implies consent.*" It is needless to add, that the youth was, in consequence, exempted from service, while the fond mother had to exult in the fortunate termination of her lucky expedient.

MADEMOISELLE MARS.

AFTER Napoleon's return to Paris, in 1815, as he was passing the troops in review, at the Place Carousel, a morning or two subsequent to his arrival; he happened to see Mademoiselle Mars, the celebrated theatrical performer, stationed among the surrounding troops, in order to view the imposing military spectacle. Upon which the Emperor, approaching the spot and addressing her, said—" *What do you do here, Mademoiselle Mars? this is certainly no place for you!*" "Sire," answered the witty and animated daughter of Thalia, "*I come to behold a real hero; I am tired of seeing mock ones upon the stage!*"—*Communicated by Baron Las Cases.*

NAPOLEON'S ENGLISH.

THE Emperor did not speak much English, and the little he was master of he expressed with very bad pronunciation. It is somewhat singular too, that

having once adopted any false expression or pronouncement, he could never be led to amend it, which seems to indicate that an impression once made upon his mind *was never to be effaced*. An instance of this occurred in the word *foolish*, which first struck him as being *footish*. On this occasion, although frequently corrected in the error by Counts Bertrand, Las Cases, &c.; he, for once, pronounced it *correctly*, but in two minutes after, having occasion to make use of the same word, he relapsed into his original error, expressing it as a *footish* thing. And on no future occasion did he ever, except when corrected, express the word according to the letters contained in it.—*Communicated by Baron Las Cases to the Editor.*

THE EMPEROR'S DELICACY.

DURING the oppressive heats experienced at St. Helena, Napoleon was in the habit of wearing a long dressing gown only; enveloped in which he used to pace the chamber, dictating his thoughts to his amanuensis, the young Baron Las Cases. Upon one occasion he became so absorbed in thought, as totally to forget that the young secretary was present; when passing into the adjoining chamber, he took off his gown, and entered the bath. But happening at the same instant to turn his head and to perceive Las Cases, he, in a loud voice, summoned Marchand, his valet, commanding him to throw his dressing gown over him, at the same time uttering these words:—" *Delicacy is most essentially requisite between man and man.*"—*Communicated to the Editor by Baron Las Cases.*

A BREACH OF ORDERS.

ON the day when Sir Hudson Lowe issued his order *that none of the garrison at St. Helena should have any intercourse whatsoever* with Napoleon or his suite, beyond the common rules of politeness, young Baron Las Cases, happening to be out on horseback, met Major Gorrequer, Lieutenant Montgomery, another officer, and Dr. Varling of the artillery, who were going to the camp to dine; when, in order to play off a joke, Las Cases, placing his horse across the road, purposely detained them in conversation for twenty minutes, under the pretence of inquiring with great anxiety respecting the health of Sir Hudson and Lady Lowe, to the no small annoyance of all the party, except Lieutenant Montgomery, who seemed greatly to enjoy this wicked freak. Young Las Cases, having by these means caused an infringement of the orders issued by the governor, rode homewards; where he related with great glee the success of his experiment; at which the Emperor laughed heartily.—*Related by Baron Las Cases to the Editor.*

ROUSTAN THE MAMELUKE.

UPON the Emperor's abdication, Roustan the Mameluke was to have accompanied him in his exile, and he received thirty thousand francs from his master at Fontainebleau, from which he was to provide for his wife and family during his absence. For this express purpose he accordingly repaired to Paris, where, either from feelings of jealousy, or

owing to the persuasions of his spouse, he thought fit to continue, instead of joining his benefactor upon his journey to Elba.

Napoleon speaking once upon this subject, at St. Helena, made the following remark. "*I was by no means astonished at his conduct; he was imbued with the sentiments of a slave, and finding me no longer the master, he imagined that his services might, in like manner, be dispensed with!*" When the Emperor triumphantly returned to his capital, without shedding a drop of blood, Roustan imagined that with his benefactor's reinstatement to power, he was in like manner to resume his former employments at the palace. When it was told to Napoleon that he had presented himself for that purpose at the Tuilleries, the latter issued his command, that in case he did not retire on the instant, he would cause him *to be flogged for his intrusion*.

Such was the only punishment inflicted by this great man, for the basest ingratitude; nor can I better conclude the present statement than by adding a solemn assertion frequently uttered by the Emperor:—"THAT HE HAD NEVER REVENGED HIMSELF FOR A PERSONAL INJURY, DURING THE WHOLE COURSE OF HIS LIFE!"—*Related to the Editor by Baron Las Casas.*

NAPOLEON'S CLASSICAL TASTE.

It is well known that Napoleon was particularly partial to Talma the tragedian; but, the public are not aware, that he was so peculiarly attached to the ancient Greek stage as to have made frequent efforts to prevail upon this great actor to undertake

the performance of some of the great characters in the celebrated tragedies of Euripides and Sophocles. Of all the Greek writers, however, Homer was the Emperor's favourite. He several times made the following observation (to young Baron Las Cases, when reading that divine poet's works aloud to the Emperor) on that passage where Homer depicts Hector's attack upon the camp of the Greeks, and the consequent dismay of their chieftains:—"O! *bien sûr cet homme-là a fait la guerre; il a commandé en chef!*" "O! most assuredly that man had seen service! he certainly had been commander-in-chief!"

Neither was the Emperor less affected by that beautiful passage which delineates Priam as interceding for the body of Hector, where he says, in order to awaken his tenderness—"O! Achilles, thou hast a father," &c. This passage uniformly excited in the Emperor's breast the most lively emotions.—*Related to the Editor by Baron Las Cases.*

NAPOLÉON'S UNRECORDED WOUND.

IN 1793, General O'Hara being commander-in-chief of the British forces at Toulon, at which period Buonaparte was serving as an officer of artillery, the latter attacked a battery commanded by the English, which, being of considerable importance, he charged several times. At length, in order to encourage his men, he jumped into the battery, and almost instantaneously received a deep wound in the interior of the left thigh, about two inches and a half above the knee. He fell backwards and was received into the arms of Lieutenant Meuron, who safely bore him from the scene of action, the

wound having nearly cost Buonaparte the loss of his leg.

From the period in question, Meuron was regarded by Buonaparte as his brother; and, during his subsequent elevation to rank and fortune, this grateful sentiment uniformly continued, until the famous battle of Arcola, upon which occasion, when General Buonaparte had stationed himself upon the bridge, Meuron, conscious of the imminent danger of his illustrious friend, cast himself before him, in order to shield him with his body. Whilst in this act, with both his arms elevated, a ball pierced him and he fell lifeless at his general's feet; who never after made mention of his gallant friend without experiencing the most poignant emotions.

It is somewhat singular that General O'Hara, before mentioned, was made prisoner by Buonaparte himself, who was equally the preserver of the life of the former, though his enemy.

The cicatrice left by the abovementioned wound was seen more than once by Baron Las Cases, from whom the Editor acquired this anecdote, and who also informed him that *the incision wore a dark appearance, and that it was sufficiently large to admit the tips of three fingers.*

DEATH OF GENERAL DESAIX.

BUONAPARTE, then first consul and general-in-chief in perpetuity, perceived the absolute necessity of bearing off the laurels of victory in the struggle at Marengo; indeed, never were such efforts resorted to on either side; the balance continued for a long time doubtful between the contending forces; when at the moment that Buonaparte conceived every

thing lost, a generous hero changed the tide of battle. At this juncture, Desaix, the magnanimous and valiant Desaix, beholding the advance of a tremendous column of the enemy, which, like the Macedonian phalanx of old, bore down all resistance, gallantly determined to decide the fate of the day by the voluntary sacrifice of himself, and of the division under his command. For this purpose, directing his artillery upon the foe, he advanced with his soldiers on the seemingly impenetrable mass, through which he forced a passage, at the moment when a bullet deprived him of existence, though not of immortality, since his expiring sigh was wafted for the glory of his country. "Go," said the hero, "and tell the first consul, that I die for the republic; happy if I carry with me to the grave a certainty that my death proves of as much utility to my country as I have ardently desired."

When the first consul heard of the death of Desaix, and the circumstances attending it, though fully sensible of the value of this advantage, he nevertheless exclaimed with tears in his eyes: "The victory is dear, purchased at such a price!"

CONCERT AT THE TUILLERIES.

ON the Sunday after the famous meeting of the *Champ de Mai*, previous to Napoleon's departure from Paris for Waterloo, a public concert was given at the Tuilleries, the orchestra being erected outside the range of buildings, in front of the gardens, which were splendidly illuminated, all the fountains playing, while at the termination of the music a grand display of fireworks took place, the whole producing a brilliant effect.

Upon this occasion, the Emperor appeared in the same costume which he had worn at the Champ de Mai, but it was obvious that his mind was little occupied with the festive scene before him; in proof of which, upon the termination of this splendid scene, rising hastily from the seat, he moved precipitately towards the centre balcony of the palace, from which the scaffolding projected, as if anxious to retire, having totally neglected, in his hurry, to offer an obeisance to the spectators; this circumstance being mentioned to him by some one of the court, he quickly retraced his steps to the front of the building, when, having bowed three times, and kissed his hand to the multitude, he instantly afterwards disappeared, being greeted, as usual, with every testimony of national love and enthusiasm, the acclamations being increased by the endearing manner in which he had offered an apology for the late unintentional omission of respect towards his people.

SINGULAR CAPTURE OF A FORTRESS.

THE famous La Tour D'Auvergne frequently performed the duties of a general, but could never be prevailed upon to accept the rank of one. After the taking of the famous redoubts of Irun and Fontarabia, the French advanced guard arrived before St. Sebastian. La Tour immediately threw himself into a skiff, and summoned the commandant to surrender. Although the French were only able to convey one eight pounder into the midst of these mountains, yet La Tour D'Auvergne, feigning that he had a whole park of artillery, threatened to batter down the fortress. The commandant, inti-

midated by recent victories, and by the tone of intrepidity adopted by La Tour, began to listen to the demand. "But, captain," said he, "you have not fired a single gun at my citadel; do me, at least, the honour to salute me, for without it you must be convinced that I cannot surrender." La Tour D'Auvergne was too well acquainted with the laws of honour and war not to accede to such a demand; he therefore returned to camp, ordered the eight pounder to play upon the fort, which replied by a shower of grape shot; he then returned to the fortress, and the keys were delivered to him.

PROPHECY OF CARDINAL FESCH.

CARDINAL FESCH, the uncle of Napoleon, being at Rome, whilst his nephew was at Elba, said to a French ecclesiastic, who was a very stanch royalist:—"Affairs have for some time back assumed such an aspect in France that I think Napoleon has by this time quitted Elba, and if so, the Bourbons will seek their safety in flight." "That is impossible," replied the abbé, "for I am certain that the French nobility will, to a man, die at the foot of the throne, rather than abandon their monarch." "Do not deceive yourself," resumed the cardinal, smiling, "I know them better, they are too cowardly; and mark my words, the king will be abandoned; and quit the country with the utmost precipitation." This conversation took place a few days prior to the arrival of the courier, who brought the news of Buonaparte's sailing to the Gulf of Juan, and having landed in safety at Cannes, on the coast of Provence.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF GEORGES CADOU DAL.

THE celebrated *Georges Cadoudal*, who headed a conspiracy to assassinate the emperor, being questioned during the trial respecting some points where to he would not deign to reply, told the court to interrogate the *Polignacs*; "For they," exclaimed the fearless Georges, "wish to live, but death has no terrors for me." This extraordinary man was tried by Thuriot, who was one of those that signed the death warrant of Louis XVI.; upon which account this undaunted conspirator never addressed him but under the nickname of *Tue Roi* (which signifies King-killer, and is also a pun on *Thuriot*).

During one of these interrogatories, Thuriot demanded of him, "What he had done with a small miniature of the king of France, which he constantly wore attached round his neck?"—"And you," demanded Georges, sternly, "what have you done with its original?" Struck with this noble reply, the whole audience, which was very numerous, burst into reiterated shouts of applause, when the colour fled the cheeks of the judge, who, betraying evident signs of trouble and confusion, with a faltering voice ordered the accused to be reconducted to his prison, and for that day the interrogatory closed.

The evening before his execution, Cadoudal desired to have a bottle of excellent wine, upon which the gaoler brought one; when, having tasted its contents, and, finding it of inferior quality, he complained, stating it was not the wine he desired; upon which he was answered, that the liquor would

do for a miscreant like him. Without deigning a reply, Georges corked up the bottle with infinite *sang froid*, and then hurled it at the gaoler's head with such force, and an aim so well directed, that he fell lifeless at his feet. On the ensuing day he met his fate upon the scaffold with a tranquil composure, similar to that which he had adopted in punishing the brutal insolence of his keeper.

FOUCHE'S CYTHERIAN COHORT.

ONE of the greatest faults committed by Napoleon, on his accession to the throne, was that of doubting the stability of his reign, and in having pursued exactly the contrary measures to those which were necessary for the consolidation of his newly acquired power.

Placemen and characters of distinction, pamphleteers, mountebanks, mechanics, and husbandmen, were secret agents of the police. In short, every description of people, and of both sexes, from infancy to decrepitude, were comprehended in the list of spies, and were paid from eighteen pence to five guineas per day, according to their rank and abilities.

Snare were spread by the supreme police, which were very difficult to avoid, because no one could ever suspect them. A number of persons of both sexes whom Fouché jestingly called his *Cytherian Cohort*, all that was most seductive in youth, beauty, grace, and pleasing acquirements, were united and trained in this society. Men of engaging address and fascinating manners, and women of superior

beauty and great personal attractions, most of them involved in debt, extravagant in their style of living, and greedy of money, by whatever means acquired, gladly lent their aid without a blush, and without remorse, to further these diabolical machinations.

In the year 1809, a Hollander was preparing, at Leipsic, to publish a memorial on the ambitious policy of the emperor of France.

Baron D——, who was the first to discover this project, thus expressed himself, in a letter concerning it, which he addressed to the emperor.

“The person who has read the manuscript assures me, that he has never seen any thing better and more forcibly written, or supported by more imposing and ingenious arguments. This appeal to all the crowned heads of Europe is calculated to produce an irresistible conviction in every breast. It is fraught with more danger in its consequences than any writing which has ever before appeared in any language, against the monarch of France.”

It will readily be supposed that the police would not fail immediately to set all its secret agents and emissaries at work.—Mons. de M——, who was the principal employed on this important occasion, very soon succeeded in taking the unfortunate Hollander in the snare which he had laid for him.

But what was the disappointment of the French inquisitors! They stripped the unfortunate Hollander, searched his clothes, ransacked and broke in pieces his furniture, ripped up his beds and mattresses, and even destroyed a plaister Venus. But after all, no discovery was made—the manuscript

could no where be found. Their rage and vexation exceeded all bounds. None but an eye-witness could describe their violence. He was roughly asked what had become of the manuscript which he had intended to publish?

"I have neither written, nor intended to publish any thing," was the answer.

"Sir, you are to know that the government is not to be imposed on. My commission is limited to ascertain whether poverty has compelled you to write.—If that is the case, put what price you please upon your work. I have bills with me to a large amount, and will immediately pay you the sum you may require for it."

"Your offers," replied the unfortunate Hollander, "are very generous, and I regret extremely that it is not in my power to accept of them. But I again declare to you, that I have never written any thing against the French government.—Some one has certainly deceived you."

Mons. de M—— finding that he was inflexible, and that it was impossible to bribe him, had him conducted into France, where he was thrown into a state prison.

But where was this dreaded memorial? by what means had it escaped the search of these zealous agents of the ministry? This is the explanation:—

Some days before his arrest, the author conceived suspicions of a man to whom, in confidence, he had revealed his projects. Impressed with this belief, he deemed it the most advisable measure, to confide his manuscript to a particular friend who usually resided near Prague, but who happened at this time to be in Leipsic.

This circumstance alone prevented the discovery of the manuscript by Mons. de M—— and his creatures. But the affair was far from resting here. Fouché was determined, at all events, and by any means, to get possession of the manuscript, and the obstacles he met with served only the more strongly to fix his determination.

“Take what measures you please—the manuscript must be had.” As he said this, he turned on his heel, and abruptly quitted de M——, who, compelled to set all his wits to work, immediately made a second journey to Leipsic. He visited the person who had betrayed the Hollander. This wretch had received only five hundred crowns as the reward of his treachery. A thousand had been promised him in case of his succeeding; but the scheme having failed, nothing more was to be had.

Whilst endeavouring to account for the disappearance of the manuscript, they both at length concluded that it must have been entrusted by the author to the care of some confidential friend.

“A lucky thought has just struck me;” said the German. “A few days before the arrest of the Hollander, an intimate friend came to visit him—I know that they entertain the same sentiments of the emperor—I will stake my life that the manuscript is in his possession.

This hint was enough for the wily agent. “Where is this man to be found?” he eagerly inquired. “He lives in the environs of Prague, in Bohemia, his name is Schustler.” “What is his rank of life?” “He is only a private citizen, but rich, a man of about forty, a little above the common size, but well shaped, he has been a widower about two

years; and has an only child, a daughter about four years old."

"What are his pursuits, and his predominant passions?"

"He is fond of study, and of the fine arts; and particularly attached to women."

"If he is remarkable for his fondness for women, *I am sure of him*," said de M——, with exultation. "If I succeed you shall yet receive your thousand crowns; in the mean time, here are five hundred francs, as a reward for this information."

De M—— immediately returned to Paris. Nothing could be more desirable, and nothing more easy, to a widower in the vigour of life, and strongly attached to the fair sex, than to introduce him to the acquaintance of a young and beautiful woman, possessed of the most fascinating charms and accomplishments. His plan was quickly conceived, and his measures immediately taken.

Among the nymphs of the *Cytherian Cohort*, the young and beautiful Mademoiselle D——s was particularly distinguished.

In early youth she had lost her parents, who were very respectable. They left her in possession of a fortune, which, had her desires been moderate, would have been amply sufficient to have satisfied them; but an unrestrained passion for pleasure and expensive luxury, and an excessive love of play, produced her ruin. Nature had lavished on this female all her bounties; her attractions, whether of person, or taste, or talents, were perfectly irresistible. What added greatly to the value and force of her attractions, was her seeming unconsciousness of possessing them. To her personal charms and

seductive manners was superadded an intimate knowledge of all the intrigues of high life and refined society. To obtain the means of gratifying her extravagance and her passion for expensive living, she became for some time the mistress of a German nobleman, whose means would not permit him to maintain for a long time so expensive a conquest: yet like, a gallant lover, he determined that she should not be left unprovided for, after his abandonment.

He therefore contrived to place her at the head of those artful sirens, who had sold themselves to the secret police. This post was extremely lucrative.

As the part to be acted on the present occasion was one which required superior adroitness, and the exercise of much skill and cunning, she was promised that her salary should be increased to a hundred times its stated amount, in case she should secure the important manuscript.

No person in the world could be found better fitted for this undertaking than Mademoiselle D——s. Besides her other accomplishments, she possessed a perfect knowledge of the German language, which she spoke with great ease and fluency.

After receiving her instructions from de M——, she took a passport in the name of Bridget Adelaide Saulnier, representing herself to be a young widow travelling into Germany for her health.

Her secret instructions were as follows:—

“ You will immediately proceed to Prague, in Bohemia. On your arrival, you will secretly obtain a knowledge of the residence of M. Schustler, and all the information in your power respecting him.

Under the pretext of enjoying a pure air necessary to your health, you will express a wish to live in the country, and take your measures so as to obtain lodgings as near as possible to his residence. To effect this object you may pursue any means in your power—spare no expense. The management of the rest is left to your own sagacity and discretion.”

On her arrival at Prague, Mademoiselle D——s had no difficulty in obtaining all the information she wished for—and immediately purchased a house near the residence of M. Schustler.

Scarcely was the lovely spy established in the neighbourhood, before an opportunity occurred to commence her operations. Amongst other things, she found out that he was in the habit of going very often to Prague, and she took her measures accordingly. Her domestics consisted of one man and a woman. She bought, for her own use, two beautiful horses, and few riders were more dexterous or more skilful than herself, in all the arts of horsemanship.

One day, when she knew that M. Schustler was gone to town, she mounted her horse, and, accompanied by her servant, set out with the view of meeting her neighbour, as he should be returning home. As she descried him at a distance, pretending to be overcome with the heat of the weather, she alighted, and reclined on the grassy turf by the road side, with the bridle of her horse dangling on her arm, and her veil artfully drawn over her face. As if alarmed at the noise of the approaching carriage, she suddenly sprang up like one terrified by some unexpected danger. Her horse was actually af-

frighted; and started back some paces, when the gallant M. Schustler, alarmed for the lady, threw himself from his carriage and ran to her assistance. At this moment the fair enchantress withdrew her veil, and displayed to the wondering eyes of the German the most captivating charms. At the sight of so much beauty, he gazed in silent admiration. For some moments he was unable to speak. At length recovering from his surprise—"Pardon me, madam," said he, "if I have undesignedly disturbed your repose, I should regret the accident most sincerely, had it not afforded me the opportunity of beholding your charms, than which, heaven itself has never produced any thing more lovely."

"What you call disturbing my repose," said the fascinating beauty, "is of no sort of consequence. As to the very civil expressions you have been pleased to use, permit me to observe, that you are still young, and that I very well know how to estimate them."

As she said this, she very gracefully remounted her horse. The German, afraid of losing sight of her, seized the reins, and exclaimed:—

"Why will you be so cruel, as thus suddenly to deprive me of the pleasure of gazing on your charms? If my intrusion is disagreeable to you, I will instantly withdraw; but if you are not reluctant to oblige me, have the goodness to inform me who is the angel whom I have the honour of addressing."

"The *real gentleman*," she replied, "can never permit himself, in any way, to offend an unprotected female. It is very natural you should wish to know who I am. Know then, sir, that I am a

French widow, who have occupied for the last two days a mansion in this neighbourhood."

"What, madam! are you then the purchaser of Mons. J——'s house?"

"Yes, sir, that is the name of the person from whom I bought it."

"Thank heaven! we are near neighbours. From my window I can enjoy the view of your residence. How unfortunate, madam, that I have not yet had the happiness to visit you!"

"In truth, sir," she replied, with a fascinating smile, "the loss of time is not a matter of regret to either of us—for my house is hardly yet furnished. But I will candidly confess that, as in a country residence, nothing is so desirable as respectable society and good neighbours, I am gratified by the hope of becoming better acquainted with you." She then saluted her enraptured victim, with an enchanting smile, and disappeared.

M. Schustler was in a transport of joy. He was half frantic with the excess of pleasure this accident had afforded him, and his confident anticipations of the future happiness he should enjoy in the society of the lovely Saulnier.

Early the next day, he paid a visit to his captivating neighbour. On seeing him leave his house, she placed herself at her piano, resolved to make use of every stratagem, and all the means of seduction, to secure her prey.

"Madam," said he, on entering, "yesterday, I was charmed with your beauty, and now the delightful tones which I hear, thrill me with ecstasy."

"Scarcely four and twenty hours have passed," replied M. Schustler, "since I first beheld you; and

if any cause whatever should compel me to relinquish the favourable sentiments with which you have inspired me, I hardly know whether I should have fortitude enough to survive the disappointment."

As he said this, Madame Saulnier, who was resting on her piano, experienced a feeling which was undefinable; for, till now, her heart had been a stranger to such emotions. In her perturbation, she knew not how to reply. The language she had heard, and the unaffected sincerity with which it was uttered, produced an agitation in her bosom which it had never before felt. Her eyes were instantly fixed on Mons. Schustler. Never had she seen a man whom she so much admired. Her heart already confessed him the most engaging, and the most accomplished of his sex.

"Come, sir," said she, in a tone of captivating sweetness, "you shall remain and breakfast with me—you have delighted me to an excess, amounting almost to pain. How much do I regret that our acquaintance had not been formed at an earlier period!"

During breakfast, the conversation turned on the delights of friendship. On taking his leave, M. Schustler said to her—"If you are not displeased with the acquaintance of one who feels for you more than a common interest, I will presume, madam, to solicit the happiness of receiving you at my house, at this hour to-morrow."

"Your invitation, sir, is so flattering, and its manner so persuasive, that I cannot refuse to accept it."

Left alone, Madame Saulnier began to examine

the state of her heart, as regarded her new lover. She often said to herself, as she has since acknowledged—“ *I came hither a treacherous seducer, and lo! I am myself seduced.*” The change she underwent in consequence of her new attachment was as sincere and permanent as it was sudden. She became ashamed of the part she had been bribed to act, and of the odious commission with which she was charged. “ I will not consent to be the instrument of deceiving this generous and noble-minded man. I will, to-morrow, disclose to him *who I am; and what I have been.*”

She was received by Mons. Schustler as if she had been an angel sent from heaven. She had fully resolved to open her whole heart to her amiable neighbour in the evening—but when the moment arrived, her heart failed her.

For two months, did the lovers remain in this perplexing state of uncertainty. At length the importunity of M. Schustler produced an eclclaircissement.

Eight days after, she received the hand of M. Schustler, at the altar. The commission with which she had been charged by the French government remained as yet unexecuted. She spoke of the author of the manuscript, and of his arrest, as of a circumstance which had come to her knowledge by mere accident.

“ What!” said her husband,—“ have you then heard of my friend’s misfortune? I too, was exposed to the most imminent danger by that cursed business. It was to me he confided the fatal manuscript only a few days before his arrest, but on the

first intimation of his seizure, I committed it to the flames."

His wife made no further inquiries—she immediately wrote to the principal agent concerned in her mission, acquainting him with the circumstances, and assuring him that his imperial majesty might make himself perfectly easy in regard to this affair—she had ascertained that the memorial had been destroyed, and the emperor had nothing to fear.

Under various pretences, she excused herself to her employers for not returning to France; having found, as she said, in Bohemia, a degree of happiness which her own country could not afford her.

Her confidential friend in Paris, who is now blind, and residing with her, was directed to dispose of all the effects of Madame Schustler. It was from this friend that most of the particulars of this singular adventure have been obtained.

Thus was happily terminated an affair, commenced under auspices not the most favourable to the parties concerned,—and thus, a lovely and accomplished woman, who had long regretted her aberrations from the paths of virtue, was restored to the enjoyment of respect and happiness.

FOUCHE AND THE FRENCH POLICE.

THIS department of the French government was never carried to such a pitch of *finesse*, as when under the superintendence of Fouché (*Duc d'Otranto*), the famous minister of police under Napoleon. It was this extraordinary man who uniformly discovered every plot carried on against the emperor,

and which he never thought fit to detect until the very eve of its explosion, being always anxious to sift out every latent ramification, and by these means prevent a possibility of the escape of a single individual connected with the attempt. Notwithstanding his eminent services, however, he sometimes gave umbrage to his employer, who being perfectly aware of his consummate art, did not fail to watch all his proceedings; and upon one occasion, when Napoleon expressed himself in harsh and passionate terms to Fouché, the latter coolly replied:—"I know you would sacrifice me if you dared; but you cannot do without me."

As a proof of the situation of the police under Napoleon, upon a report being made respecting a meditated conspiracy, Fouché gave information, which was publicly printed, that the conspirators had procured a list of all the spies in his employ, from the ladies for whom he furnished carriages, to the miserable wretch at thirty *sols* per diem, who stationed herself at the corner of the street.

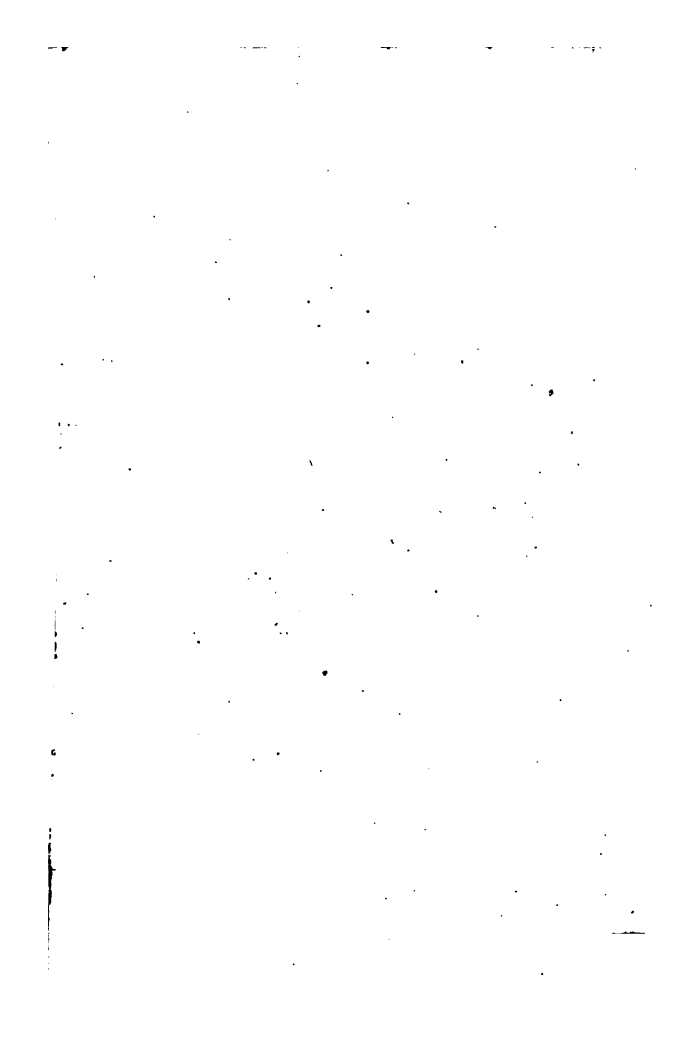
Fouché was always highly spoken of by the emigrant nobility, whom he was in the habit of keeping in constant pay during the exile of the king; upon which account, shortly after the entrance of Louis XVIII. into Paris, being one day at court, he very familiarly accosted a certain duchess, stating:—" *Nous sommes des anciens amis, madame; car quand vous étiez à Hartwell, vous receviez cinquante Louis par mois pour les détails que je recevois de tout ce qui se passoit.*" "We are old friends, madame; for when you were at Hartwell, you received fifty Napoleons per month, for all the

news which I received from you respecting what passed."

But in one particular instance, upon Napoleon's asserting Fouché was ignorant as to existing events, the latter replied:—" *It may be so, sire, but I well know that my dismissal from office is now in your pocket.*" This was literally the fact, and he immediately after lost his post, subsequent to which, the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal took place; Rognier, Duke of Massa Carrara, grand judge, receiving the appointment. This man had been president of the council of ancients when Napoleon overturned the republican government at St. Cloud. Had Fouché remained in office, Cadoudal and his associates would soon have been stopped in their career; a circumstance with which they were well acquainted, and consequently profited by the opportunity afforded, from his disgrace, to attempt the perpetration of the crime which he and his associates had so admirably planned.

IMPERIAL RECEPTION OF A PETITIONER.

WHEN any one came to ask a favour of Napoleon, he was always displeased if the person betrayed any meanness of address. If the petitioner seemed so conscious of his inferiority, and so overpowered with his august presence, as to be unable to propose his request with firmness, he would say: " *What are you afraid of, my friend? I am no more than yourself; I am but a man.*"





JOSEPHINE
EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

J. J. Laurent, peint.

J. Stewart, sculpt.



LONDON,

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THE
NAPOLEON ANECDOTES:

ILLUSTRATING THE
MENTAL ENERGIES

OF THE LATE
EMPEROR OF FRANCE;

AND THE
CHARACTERS AND ACTIONS

OF HIS
CONTEMPORARY STATESMEN AND WARRIORS.

EDITED

BY W. H. IRELAND,

*Member of the Athenæum of Sciences and Arts of Paris; and Author
of "France for the last Seven Years."*

Othello.—I have done the state some service, and they
know it;

No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
Speak of me as I am;—Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. *Shakspeare.*

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CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

	Page
THE Renegade Poet Laureate	1
Effects of Napoleon's Clemency	2
Delicate Attention to Napoleon	3
Love ungratified	4
A Veteran of the Fifty-third English Regiment	5
The Coronation Balloon	ib.
Lafitte's Receipt for Seventeen Millions	6
Repartee of General Dugommier	ib.
Characteristic Portrait of Napoleon	7
Spirited Demands of a French Soldier	8
A Sop for Cerberus	ib.
Powerful Fascination in the Manner of Buona- parte	9
Buonaparte's private Secretary	11
Love blind and the Minister clear sighted	12
Napoleon in his Dressing-room	ib.
Jambe de Bois	14
Napoleon abandoned by his People	16
Sentiments of the French Nation	19
A Chamberlain taught his Duty	20
Destruction of the French Army in Egypt	ib.
Napoleon's Pedigree	21

	Page
The Consulate Medallion	21
Napoleon's Return from Egypt.....	22
Devotion of the Dying to Napoleon	23
Lesage's Patés.....	24
Baron Las Cases	25
The Juvenile Poet.....	ib.
Admiral Villeneuve	27
Alleged Lowness of Napoleon's Origin.....	28
Removal of the Statue of Napoleon from the Place Vendome.....	31
Turkish Humanity towards the French Army in Egypt.....	36
Napoleon's Studies in Corsica.....	37
Lines written under a Portrait of Napoleon...	38
Napoleon's Wounds... ..	39
A French General's Latin	40
Unwillingness of Ney to serve under Napoleon	42
General Lanusse	43
Description of Napoleon, in 1809	44
Napoleon's Rise in Life	46
The Beauharnois Family	47
Death of General La Harpe	48
Exertions to establish religious Freedom all over Europe	49
Carnot's Integrity and Devotion.....	51
Death of Moreau	52
Santini's Appeal to the British People.....	53
A Throne recovered without Bloodshed.....	60
Vive L'Empereur	61
Cambaceres	62
Attempts to defame Napoleon's Character	ib.
The Republic of Letters	63
Ceracci the Sculptor.....	ib.

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
Gallantry of Napoleon	64
Spirited Conduct and narrow Escape of Napoleon in Corsica	ib.
Baron Larrey	68
Legitimacy	ib.
Napoleon's early Inclination to Study	69
Adanson the Botanist... ..	ib.
Picture of Napoleon's Coronation by David... ..	70
Caricatures exhibited in Paris, in 1815.....	71
Sevres China.....	72
A Flatterer rebuked	73
Buonaparte's Clemency to the Insurgents at Cairo.....	ib.
Magnanimity towards Conspirators	74
Napoleon's System of Preferment	75
Contest between Grief and Pride	76
Want of Energy in the Empress and her Council ..	78
Napoleon's Opinion of the French Army	79
Ingratitude to the Emperor	ib.
Napoleon's Love for the French Army.....	ib.
————— for his Son	80
Forgiveness of Treason	84
Surrender of Napoleon on board the Bellerophon ..	85
Marshal Duroc	88
Secrecy of Napoleon's Movements	89
The Emperor's Dislike of Ostentation.....	91
Attachment of the Army to Napoleon	92
Napoleon's Wish	94
Napoleon at the Theatre	95
Napoleon's Coronation	97
Attachment of the Emperor's Servants.....	98
Neapolitan Revolution	100
Napoleon a Favourite with English Seamen ...	102

	Page
General Labedoyere	103
Gates of Grenoble	106
Partiality of Napoleon towards Englishmen...	ib.
Interview between Napoleon and Carnot.....	108
Parisian Fête in 1801	109
Embarkation at Elba	110
The Sons of Brissot	111
Napoleon's Superstition	ib.
The Violet Season.....	112
Heroism of a French Youth	ib.
The Battle of Lodi	113
Josephine's Bedstead.....	114
Introduction of Napoleon to Josephine.....	115
Battle of Marengo	116
Charette, the Vendean Chief	117
Moderation of Napoleon.....	119
Napoleon supposed to be a Scotchman	120
Conflagration of Moscow	121
Napoleon's College Certificate	126
Buonaparte and Colonel Oswald.....	128
Marshal Lefebvre	129
Napoleon's Bedroom in St. Helena	130
Madame Verdier	132
Marshal Massena	133
Napoleon's Attempts to escape from Rochefort	134
Inquisition of Venice	144
The Republican Party in France	147
Advanced Guard at Waterloo	148

THE
NAPOLEON ANECDOTES.

THE RENEGADE POET LAUREATE.

AT the time of his return from Elba, the Emperor caused an account to be rendered him of those persons who had written, and had been most violent against him. Fouché laid before him "*L'Appel aux Français*," written by M. Martainville, (the present editor of the ultra royalist journal "*Le Drapeau Blanc*,") which he had placarded in every corner of Paris, on the 10th or 12th of March. "Oh!" said Napoleon, after reading the proclamation, "*it is simply an appeal to the French to attack me and put me to death.*—But this Martainville,—surely I have seen that name somewhere;—let me die, if it is not the same man who, in 1807, addressed an Ode to me, such as no monarch nor conqueror ever received before; and *if I recollect well, he proposed to me nothing less than to mount up to heaven and dethrone Jupiter!* He forgot, it is true, to tell me in what manner I was to set about the enterprise; but for all that, poor Duroc and myself

had a hearty laugh at it. In truth, I shall be curious to know if I am not mistaken, and I should wish to find the original manuscript, unless the ladies of the empress have made *papillottes* of it by this time." The original was not to be found; and the emperor thought proper to let, what he termed a pleasantry, remain without farther notice. It was otherwise with the proclamation. Several persons insisted that the author should be put in the pillory. "*Shame on you!*" said Napoleon, "*such conduct would only disgrace yourselves; don't you see that the very nature of the work renders it harmless? The late Father Duchêne has composed nothing better; it is the Marat of royalism: happily the atrocious style of it is no longer in vogue.*"

EFFECTS OF NAPOLEON'S CLEMENCY.

THE following passage is translated from a manuscript in the emperor's own hand-writing, brought from St. Helena by M. Santini, in 1817.

"An act of clemency in kings is like a stake in the lottery; it is the greatest hazard whether they gain any thing from it. I have pardoned princes and lacqueys, and all have betrayed me. From clemency to generosity the transition is easy; well! I have been generous, and I have made ingrates. I had conquered two kingdoms, I generously restored them to their sovereigns; I surrounded an army, I was at liberty to sabre the whole, or to make them prisoners; I did neither. On the contrary, I permitted them to pass through my posts, and to retire peaceably to their own territory. What was the result? Why, that the chief of that army, and the

sovereigns of two kingdoms which I conquered and restored, have leagued themselves against me, have pursued me to the last extremity; they have ravished from me my throne and my liberty. I have somewhat merited my fate, for at the time they were at my discretion, I ought to have put them out of a condition ever to have hurt me."

DELICATE ATTENTION TO NAPOLEON.

LIEUTENANT MONTGOMERY had, during the war, been a prisoner in France; at which period, having received an injury from a French officer, he preferred his complaint to the emperor, who happened in one of his progresses to visit the place of his detention. The merits of the case being investigated, and the circumstances proving to be precisely as represented by the complainant, reparation was immediately made to him by order of Napoleon.

During the emperor's detention at St. Helena, it fell to the lot of Lieutenant Montgomery to be stationed on duty, with his men, close to Longwood. One day, on the emperor's return from an airing on horseback, Montgomery ordered his men to range themselves under arms at his approach; an attention which was peculiarly grateful to the illustrious captive, who, stopping his horse, inquired of the lieutenant, his name, where he had served, and in what actions he had participated. To these questions he received the requisite replies, Lieutenant Montgomery uniformly addressing him, as (*Monsieur*) Sir, from a motive of delicacy; for not being permitted to entitle him *Emperor* or *Sire*,

he disdained to use the simple appellation of *General*, according to the express orders of the governor. As nothing could escape Napoleon's penetration, this manly feeling peculiarly affected him, nor did he fail to express his sentiments to those around him upon entering his residence. The editor has only to lament that this meritorious young officer afterwards became a sacrifice to those diseases which are peculiar to a tropical climate.—*Communicated to the editor by Baron Las Cases.*

LOVE UNGRATIFIED.

MADemoiselle MARS was so enthusiastically fond of Napoleon that she sought every means in her power to captivate him. While the emperor was at Dresden, this famous actress proceeded thither, with other theatrical performers, having provided all her best dresses; but unfortunately, the carriage broke down upon the road, and she received a contusion which somewhat disfigured one of her eyes. This circumstance compelled her to keep her room for a few days, after which, she performed two or three times before Napoleon, but had no opportunity of being admitted to a personal interview. The emperor being afterwards given to understand the state of this lady's mind, very jocosely said "*I am extremely sorry that her desires were not gratified, as it would have been such a trifle to me, and would, to all appearance, have conferred upon her so much felicity.*"

**A VETERAN OF THE FIFTY-THIRD ENGLISH
REGIMENT.**

THE oldest soldier of the above regiment, stationed at St. Helena, during the emperor's residence in that island, was extremely anxious to have a sight of so renowned a military hero. This, however, he was not able to accomplish, until eight months after his arrival on the island. Having one day gratified his curiosity, on returning to the camp, he thus expressed himself to his comrades:—" *Why d—— my eyes, I have now had a sight of him ; they told me he was old, fat, and quite broken down ; its all a lie, the b—— has still got fifty campaigns in his body.*" This singularly worded apostrophe was repeated to Napoleon, at Longwood, the same evening, who detailed it, laughing heartily, to Counts Bertrand, Las Cases, &c.—*Communicated by Baron Las Cases, son of the Count who was present.*

THE CORONATION BALLOON.

AT the inauguration of the Emperor Napoleon, on the 2d of December, 1804, a balloon was let off, accompanied by two pigeons, whereto was affixed a full account of this pompous ceremony. It is a singular circumstance that this aerial machine, after a lapse of twenty-two hours, fell precisely before one of the gates of Rome ; of which an account appeared in the *Moniteur* of the 15th or 16th of the same month. This was regarded by many as an ominous circumstance.

LAFITTE'S RECEIPT FOR SEVENTEEN MILLIONS.

WHEN it was determined that Napoleon should surrender himself up to the English, and prior to his embarkation on board the *Northumberland*, being fearful lest his papers might undergo a strict scrutiny, and that M. La Fitte's receipt for the seventeen millions of francs would be taken by the British government; he gave the same to Count Las Cases for greater security. The Count, however, felt uneasy at being the depository of this important document, and in conversation with the Baron, his son, he expressed this opinion, stating in particular, that in case he should be asked *upon his honour* whether he had any documents of the emperor's concealed, he certainly must acknowledge the truth. Upon this the Baron demanded the receipt from his father, saying that it was not likely *he* should be questioned; at all events, that he was too young to take an oath. The instrument was accordingly delivered to the youth, and actually remained in his possession until several days after the emperor and his suite had set sail for St. Helena in the *Bellephophon*.—*Communicated to the Editor by Baron Las Cases.*

REPARTEE OF GENERAL DUGOMMIER.

SOON after the retaking of Toulon, Buonaparte accompanied General Dugommier to Marseilles, and was with him in a company there, when some one, struck with the smallness of his person, asked the general, who that *little bit of an officer* was, and

where he had *picked him up*?—"That officer's name," replied the general, "is Buonaparte; I *picked him up* at the siege of Toulon, to the successful termination of which he eminently contributed; and you will probably one day see that this *little bit of an officer* is a greater man than any of us."

CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON.

THE portrait of Buonaparte, most esteemed by himself, was that from the pencil of David the famous artist, painted at the desire of the Marquis of Douglas, who is in possession of this superlative specimen of the art. As the emperor had been so frequently delineated in the characters of a warrior and a hero, the designer, in this instance, conceived the happy idea of representing him in the hour of privacy; wherefore, the scene displays Napoleon in his private cabinet, with numerous papers scattered upon the table, the wax lights nearly exhausted, the hand of the pendule upon the chimneypiece pointing to the fourth hour of morning, the emperor being in the act of attaching his sword to his side, preparatory to the morning review of the imperial guard in the Place Carousel, after having apparently spent the night in deep political cogitation.

Upon Napoleon's seeing this masterly performance, he expressed his great satisfaction, and in particular made use of the following characteristic and striking words to Monsieur David upon that occasion:

"Les nuits sont pour mon peuple, et les jours

pour la gloire." " My nights are dedicated to my people, and my days to glory!"—*Communicated to the Editor by Colonel David, son of the artist.*

SPIRITED DEMANDS OF A FRENCH SOLDIER.

IN Buonaparte's progress through Belgium, in 1804, while reviewing a division of the army, in one of the towns he visited, a soldier of the fourth regiment of infantry stepped forward and thus addressed him : "*General ! in the year five of the French revolution, when we were in the valley of Bassano, I shared with you my ration of bread when you were very hungry ; you cannot have forgotten the circumstance. I request, in return, that you provide bread for my father who is worn down with age and infirmity !—I have received five wounds in the service, and was made corporal and sergeant upon the field of battle. I hope to be made a lieutenant upon the first vacancy.*" The general recollected the soldier, and immediately acknowledged the reasonableness of both his demands, which were speedily complied with.

A SOP FOR CERBERUS.

NAPOLEON had just conferred a very important employment upon a person who had frequently signa-
lized himself in the tribune of the Jacobins. The arch-chancellor upon this occasion ventured to make some very sensible remarks, which were suddenly interrupted by Buonaparte, who exclaimed as follows:—" I know perfectly well every thing you

mean to say; but the very reasons which you imagine ought to exclude him from employment, are precisely those which have prompted me to give him the place. I am well aware that he is a species of wild beast; but the dignity attached to his office shall be the instrument to secure his silence." Upon this the arch-treasurer observed that the time was gone by when the influence of such men was to be dreaded. "Always, always monsieur," said the emperor, briskly, "*Camelions cannot feed entirely upon air.*—At all events the affair is terminated, say no more upon the subject; I again repeat, *that when a wolf has his mouth full, he is no longer able to bite.*"

POWERFUL FASCINATION IN THE MANNER OF BUONAPARTE.

IN the beginning of the summer of 1802, some officers of rank, enthusiastic republicans, took considerable umbrage at several instances of Buonaparte's conduct; in consequence of which the whole of the discontented determined to go and remonstrate with him upon the points that had given them offence, and to speak their minds to him very freely. In the evening of the same day that this expostulation was to have taken place, one of the party gave the following account of the interview:

"I do not know whence it arises, but there is a charm about that man which is indescribable and irresistible. I am no admirer of his; I dislike the power to which he has risen; yet I cannot help confessing that there is a something in him which seems to speak him born to command. We went into his

apartment, determined to declare our minds to him very freely; to expostulate with him warmly, and not to depart till our subjects of complaint were removed. But in his manner of receiving us there was a certain *je ne sais quoi*, a degree of fascination which disarmed us in a moment; nor could we utter one word of what we had intended to say. He talked to us for a long time with an eloquence peculiarly his own, explaining with the utmost clearness and precision the necessity for steadily pursuing the line of conduct he had adopted; and, without contradicting us in direct terms, he controverted our opinions so ably, that we had not a word to say in reply; so that we left him, having done nothing else but listen to him, instead of expostulating with him; and fully convinced, at least for the moment, that he was in the right, and that we were in the wrong."

A similar kind of fascination was experienced by the merchants at Rouen, when he made his progress through the north of France in the autumn of the same year. They had intended to remonstrate warmly against some regulations which had recently been made, respecting the commerce of the mother country with her colonies; but when they talked with him upon the subject, he received them in a manner which won so much upon them, and gave them such satisfactory reasons for what he had done, that they left him, convinced that he understood their interests much better than they did themselves.

During his campaign in Italy, in 1797, the Directory, beginning to grow jealous of his rising fame and popularity, dispatched General Clarke

from Paris to the army upon some frivolous pretence, but in reality to inquire and to make a report upon the general's proceedings. General Clarke not only found nothing exceptionable in his conduct, but saw so much to admire and applaud; that he became enthusiastically attached to him, and ever afterwards devoted himself entirely to following his fortunes.—In like manner the emperor of Russia, from being his great antagonist, became, on being personally acquainted with him, his warm admirer.—*Plumptre's Three Years Residence in France.*

BUONAPARTE'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

NAPOLEON never neglected the duties of his station, nor left to others those matters which he ought to have attended to himself. He was always at business, and frequently would hardly allow himself time to eat or sleep; nay, he would scarcely even permit those about him a moment's respite from their labours.

His private secretary was kept so hard to work that he was one day obliged to remonstrate against it, and to beg that a second secretary might be employed, in order to take some of the burden off his hands: but Buonaparte, instead of yielding to his remonstrance, answered: "I certainly shall not take a *second* secretary, I only regret being obliged to have *one*: I wish nothing so much as that it were possible to do all the business myself."

LOVE BLIND AND THE MINISTER CLEAR SIGHTED.

THE emperor, who was uniformly very watchful over the conduct of his minister, Fouché, Duke of Otranto, was given to understand that a certain street of Paris was very ill lighted at night; a circumstance peculiarly obnoxious to Napoleon who was very particular as to the illumination of his *good city of Paris*. Conceiving upon this occasion that he had an excellent hold upon the minister of the interior, he did not fail to express himself pretty roundly upon the subject. To this Fouché archly replied, "*Sire, that street was left in darkness by my express order, as I did not wish, that the sober citizens of your capital should become acquainted with the circumstance of your paying nightly visits to a certain hotel therein situated.*" As the emperor had a little *affaire d'amour* in that quarter, which was known to Fouché, notwithstanding Napoleon's precautions to the contrary, the latter, on receiving this home reproof, was very glad to hold his tongue, to the complete satisfaction of the cunning minister.

NAPOLEON IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM.

As every thing relating to the private habits, as well as to the public character of the late Emperor Napoleon, possesses a degree of interest unparalleled in the history of any other individual, either ancient or modern; the reader is here presented with an extract, relating to *Napoleon in his dressing room*, from the pen of Mr. O'Meara, in his late

most interesting work, entitled "*A Voice from St. Helena.*"

"While dressing, he is attended by Marchand, St. Denis, and Novarre. One of the latter holds a looking-glass before him, and the other the necessary implements for shaving, while Marchand is in waiting to hand his clothes, *eau de Cologne*, &c. When he has gone over one side of his face with the razor, he asks St. Denis or Novarre, "Is it done?" and after receiving an answer, commences on the other. After he has finished, the glass is held before him to the light, and he examines whether he has removed every portion of his beard. If he perceives or feels that any remains, he sometimes lays hold of one of them by the ear, or gives him a gentle slap on the cheek, in a good humoured manner, saying, "*Ah, coquin, why did you tell me it was done?*" This, probably, has given rise to the report of his having been in the habit of beating and otherwise ill treating his domestics. He then washes with water, in which some *eau de Cologne* has been mingled, a little of which he also sprinkles over his person, very carefully picks and cleans his teeth, frequently has himself rubbed with a flesh brush, changes his linen and flannel waistcoat, and dresses in white kerseymere (or brown nankeen) breeches, white waistcoat, silk stockings, shoes, and gold buckles, and a green single-breasted coat with white buttons, black stock, with none of the white shirt collar appearing above it, also a three-cornered small cocked hat, with a little tri-coloured cockade. When dressed, he always wears the cordon and grand cross of the Legion of Honour. When he has put on his

coat, a little *bonbonnière*, his snuff-box, and handkerchief, scented with *eau de Cologne*, are handed to him by Marchand, and he leaves the chamber."

JAMBE DE BOIS.

DURING the hundred days, Napoleon had entrusted the command of the important fortress of Vincennes to M. Dumesnil, otherwise known by the appellation of *Jambe de Bois* (wooden leg), from having lost that limb in the service. This brave and faithful officer, having received his appointment from the Emperor, did not think fit to resign his trust to the allies when summoned so to do, declaring that notwithstanding Napoleon's abdication, he did not look upon himself as justified in delivering up the chateau with its immense train of artillery and military stores, to any save Louis XVIII. and in consequence of this determination, having food sufficient to maintain the garrison for many months, he commenced by levelling all surrounding obstructions which might afford an asylum to the enemy, and placed every thing in a state of defence, so that when the allied generals proceeded to *reconnoître* the castle, they found it so strongly fortified as not to dare the risking an attack, which might have carried off thirty thousand men without affording a prospect of ultimate success.

In this state of affairs, the king was desirous of seeing *Jambe de Bois*, who would not, however, quit Vincennes without having a hostage given up to ensure his safe return to the fortress; which personage was to be the Duke of Angoulême.

Previous to quitting the chateau, this determined governor secretly instructed the officer left in command during his absence, that in case he should not arrive by a given hour, the life of the royal hostage was to be forfeited ; when he in consequence drove off to the Tuilleries, and was introduced to his majesty, who had recourse to every argument in order to make him surrender up this important place with its contents to the allies.

However *Jambe de Bois* proved inexorable. Upon finding that the time was rapidly passing, he drew his watch from his fob, and informed the king that there was just three quarters of an hour to spare, at the expiration of which period, if not returned in safety to his garrison, the Duke of Angoulême would cease to exist. This information, as may naturally be imagined, cut short all further parley, and *Jambe de Bois* was in consequence hurried away to the carriage, which bore him in safety to Vincennes, when the prince was of course given up, according to the stipulation entered into.

It is necessary to add that the firm determination of this meritorious soldier was productive of the desired effect, as it was at length agreed by the allies that the chateau of Vincennes should be surrendered up to his majesty.

Monsieur Dumesnil is still living. He lately espoused the daughter of Monsieur Garratt, Director of the Bank of France ; he is an open hearted, liberal soldier, and on this account has expended his fortune, and is therefore obliged to reside with his father-in-law ; his favourite spot being *Les Jardins de Sceaux*, where, although deprived of his limb, he

figures away in the mazes of the dance, upon his *Jambe de Bois*, with much more ease and elegance, than many who are possessed of both their legs.

NAPOLEON ABANDONED BY HIS PEOPLE.

THE following most eloquently written *Ode to the French Nation*, on its abandonment of their sovereign, after the battle of Waterloo, was written by Lord Byron.

Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul!
Oh, shame to thy children and thee!
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be!
Derision shall strike thee, forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die;
The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky;
And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World!

Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
And honour the passion that led?
Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep,
They groan from the place of their rest,
And wrathfully murmur, and sullenly weep,
To see the foul stain on thy breast;
For where is the glory they left thee in trust?
'Tis scatter'd in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust!

Go, look through the kingdoms of earth,
 From Indus all round to the Pole,
 And something of goodness, of honour and worth,
 Shall brighten the sins of the soul:
 But thou art *alone* in thy shame,
 The world cannot liken thee there;
 Abhorrence and vice have disfigured thy name.
 Beyond the low reach of compare;
 Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us through time
 A proverb, a by-word, for treachery and crime.

While conquest illumined his sword,
 While yet in his prowess he stood,
 Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy Lord,
 And welcomed the torrent of blood;
 Though tyranny sat on his crown,
 And wither'd the nations afar,
 Yet bright in thy view was that Despot's renown,
 Till Fortune deserted his car;
 Then, back from the Chieftain thou slunkest
 away—
 The foremost to insult, the first to betray!

Forgot were the feats he had done,
 The toils he had borne in thy cause;
 Thou turned'st to worship a new rising sun,
 And waft other songs of applause:
 But the storm was beginning to lour,
 Adversity clouded his beam;
 And honour and faith were the brag of an hour,
 And loyalty's self but a dream:—
 To him thou hadst banish'd, thy vows were restored;
 And the first that had scoff'd were the first that
 adored!

What tumult thus burthens the air ?
What throng that encircles his throne ?
'Tis the shout of delight, 'tis the millions that swear
His sceptre shall rule them, alone ;
Reverses shall brighten their zeal,
Misfortune shall hallow his name,
And the world that pursues him shall mournfully feel
How quenchless the spirit and flame
That Frenchmen will breathe, when their hearts are
on fire,
For the Hero they love, and the Chief they admire !

Their hero has rush'd to the field ;
His laurels are cover'd with shade—
But where is the spirit that never should yield,
The loyalty never to fade ?
In a moment desertion and guile
Abandon'd him up to the foe ;
The dastards, that flourish'd and grew at his smile,
Forsook and renounced him in woe ;
And the millions, that swore they would perish to
save,
Beheld him a fugitive, captive, and slave !

The Savage all wild in his glen
Is nobler and better than thou ;
Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,
Such perfidy blackens thy brow ;
If thou wert the place of my birth,
At once from thy arms would I sever ;
I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And quit thee for ever and ever ;
And thinking of thee in my long after years,
Should but kindle my blushes and waken my tears.

Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul !
 Oh, shame to thy children and thee !
 Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
 How wretched thy portion shall be !
 Derision shall strike thee, forlorn,
 A mockery that never shall die ;
 The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
 Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;
 And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
 The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World !

SENTIMENTS OF THE FRENCH NATION,

“ To give you an instance of the general feeling in France towards the Bourbons,” said Napoleon, one day to his surgeon, Mr. O'Meara, “ I will relate to you an anecdote. On my return from Italy, while my carriage was ascending the steep hill of Tarare, I got out and walked up, without any attendants, as was often my custom. My wife, and my suite, were at a little distance behind me. I saw an old woman, lame, and hobbling along with the help of a crutch, endeavouring to ascend the mountain. I had a great coat on, and was not recognized. I went up to her, and said, ‘ Well, *ma bonne*, where are you going with a baste which so little belongs to your years? What is the matter?’ ‘ *Ma foi*,’ replied the old dame, ‘ they tell me the emperor is here, and I want to see him before I die.’ ‘ Bah, bah,’ said I, ‘ what do you want to see him for? What have you gained by him? He is a tyrant as well as the others. You have only changed one tyrant for another, Louis for Napoleon.’ ‘ *Mais, monsieur*, that may be; but, after all, he is the

king of the people, and the Bourbons were the kings of the nobles. We have chosen him, and if we are to have a tyrant, let him be one chosen by ourselves.' There," concluded the Emperor, "you have the sentiments of the French nation expressed by an old woman."

A CHAMBERLAIN TAUGHT HIS DUTY.

ONE morning a chamberlain, related to the first nobility of France, being in the antichamber of the Emperor's closet, the latter called him, and asked for a book. "Sire," said the chamberlain, "the valets are gone out, but I will call them." "*I do not ask them,*" replied Napoleon, "*I ask you:—What difference is there between them and you? They have a laced green livery, and you have an embroidered red one.*"

DESTRUCTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN EGYPT.

GENERAL MENOUE, previous to his departure from Egypt, sent to his brother, the Mayor of Boufai, a letter, of which the following is an extract:—"The fortune of war has turned against us; attacked by forty thousand English, Osmanlis, and Sepoys of India, on the land side; by upwards of one hundred ships of war on the sea; a prey to hunger, thirst, and diseases of all kinds; having no longer the necessary medical remedies for the hospitals; unable to reckon more than eighteen hundred men under arms, and almost all having the scurvy; having eaten all the horses, asses, and camels, which were in Alexandria, we were obliged to capitulate, after

we had fought with desperation. Eighty pieces of cannon, mortars, or howitzers, by land, and upwards of two thousand other pieces by sea, battered us, and would have reduced us to ashes; the siege, or the blockade, lasted six months. If we have fallen under the greatest force the English ever collected in an expedition by sea, we have at least preserved our honour. *I shall not*" continues General Menou, "*bring back to France a single soldier that has not been wounded; several have more than fifteen wounds.*

NAPOLEON'S PEDIGREE.

ONE of the poets of the day being tolerably skilled in heraldry, was anxious to bask in the sunshine of the emperor's favour. He offered to compose a genealogy, wherein he would undertake to prove, even to the satisfaction of the most incredulous, that the Buonaparte family was descended from the kings of the Ostrogoths.

"I feel infinitely obliged to you," said the emperor, "and conceive myself highly honoured by the stock from whence the Buonapartes have sprung; but from henceforth my lineage must only be dated, from the *Eighteenth Brumaire.*"

THE CONSULATE MEDALLION.

ON one side of a medal struck at Paris, in 1801, is the chief consul's head, inscribed *An. ix. 1801, Bonaparte Consul de la Rep. Fran.* On the reverse is a globe, with the rays of the sun shining upon that

part of the Continent in which France is situated, and a heavy cloud hovering over the part in which is Great Britain! The motto is *Bonheur au Continent, Paix de Luneville.*

NAPOLEON'S RETURN FROM EGYPT.

So much was the unexpected return of Buonaparte from Egypt looked upon as the auspicious omen of the end of the reign of anarchy, that when the news of his arrival reached Marseilles the event was celebrated with a general illumination, bonfires, and other demonstrations of joy. Of the particular circumstances that were to succeed it, no one pretended to form any conjecture; but the general sensation among all who desired to see the return of order within, and of victory without, was to look up to him as the only person from whom these benefits were to be expected.

But an impulse of a very different nature seized the minds of the magistracy of Toulon, who were greatly influenced by the directory, which Napoleon had come to overturn. It was known there that the plague had made considerable ravages among the army in Egypt; and when the report was circulated that Buonaparte had landed at Frejus, and proceeded immediately to Paris, without the vessel or any of the crew having been subjected to the usual quarantine, couriers were sent after him with orders not to stop on the road upon any consideration till they had overtaken him, and to bring him and his companions back, that they might be put into quarantine. But Buonaparte

had got so much the start of them, and pursued his journey with such alacrity, that he arrived at Paris long before them; and the memorable events which crowded upon each other from the moment of his arrival, soon turned the public attention from all other objects to fix it on them alone.

DEVOTION OF THE DYING TO NAPOLEON.

DURING one of Napoleon's journeys, his carriage wheels happened to run over a poor man, who was a watchmaker by trade. Being far advanced in years the fracture proved dangerous. Buonaparte, being, at that period, first consul, with his accustomed humanity gave orders that the wounded man should have every attendance and assistance which might be necessary. The person charged with this commission, upon his return presented to Napoleon the following lines, from the pen of the wounded individual. They tend very forcibly to denote the general feeling of admiration with which Napoleon, even at this early period, inspired the French people.

Des enfers maintenant je puis percer l'abîme ;
J'ai vu ce que la France a de plus parfait,
J'ai vu ce que le monde avait de plus sublime,
J'ai vu Buonaparte, et je meurs satisfait.

Translation.

The shades' deepest gloom, without fear, I can dare,
For perfection I've seen, which to France Heav'n
has sent ;
I've witness'd on earth what's sublimest and rare ;
Buonaparté I've gazed on, and now die content.

LESAGE'S PATES.

THERE was a late report that his most Christian Majesty, Louis XVIII. had been nearly poisoned by eating of a dish to which he is much addicted; viz. the *diseased livers of geese*, seasoned in a particular manner, and made up into *patés*, &c. The following curious incident will prove the avidity of this royal glutton for his favourite food:—

In the *Rue Montorgueil*, in Paris, lives a celebrated manufacturer of *patés*, named *Lesage*, who has literally carried this branch of the *gastronomic* art to such a pitch, that he will undertake to prepare a *paté*, which, after undergoing a voyage to the East Indies, shall, when opened, eat equally fresh with one made but the day before. As the king's kitchen did not contain a pie maker of such consummate talents, *Lesage* was, of course, very frequently applied to, to furnish *patés* for the royal board, and in particular those which contained poultry stuffed with truffles, the very first *desideratum* at the tables of Parisian gourmands.

Louis XVIII. having been fifteen days at Ghent, after Buonaparte's triumphant return from Elba, during which period he was wholly deprived of a taste of *Lesage's patés*, he could no longer endure the privation, wherefore, summoning one of his trusty attendants, he signified his desire that he should forthwith repair to Paris, in order to purchase one of the desired *patés*, the gold being at the same time counted out, while, with it, was delivered a *tri-coloured cockade*, which the emissary was ordered to put in his hat on passing the French frontiers,

passing himself off for a *Buonapartiste enragé*, and at every *cabaret* to drink Napoleon's health, in order the more easily to compass the possession and safe transport of the wished for *paté of Monsieur Lesage*!

BARON LAS CASES.

As the Baron Las Cases has excited such general interest in his recent *fracas* with Sir Hudson Lowe, the following occurrence relating to that spirited young nobleman, may not prove uninteresting. About an hour after his embarkation on board the *Northumberland*, at which period he was just sixteen years of age, and had been nominated the emperor's page and amanuensis; he chanced to hear one of the British midshipmen, who was pulling about the baggage of the emperor and his suite, and scattering it upon the deck, give vent to the most opprobrious and insulting epithets in respect to the French nation. Watching his opportunity, by way of retaliation, the Baron raised a heavy writing desk, and, as if by accident, let it fall upon the toes of the midshipman, who, smarting with pain, limped away, giving vent to a volley of those epithets so much in use on board of a man-of-war.

THE JUVENILE POET.

THE idea of a monarch condescending to listen to his people's wrongs, cannot fail to attach his subjects most strongly to his cause;—Napoleon had this continually in view. Even on the days of the

most splendid festivals, he never refused a petition that was presented to him. On his return from the Island of Elba, the parents of a boy, who had been remarkably attached to the emperor in his exile, presented a petition in favour of their son, and enclosed in it the following verses, which the boy, then in his eighth year, had composed upon the occasion of his resumption of the imperial power.

Chanson. (A l'Air, Charles VII.)

Il faut combattre; l'Empereur l'ordonne,
 Nous obéirons à ses lois;
 Pour conserver sa couronne,
 Nous chasserons tous les rois.
 Allons, enfans, de la patrie,
 Jurons tous à notre empereur,
 De lui bien conserver la vie. (bis.)
 Avec lui n'ayons jamais peur. (bis.)

Translation.

Napoleon wills; to war we fly,
 His laws we ever must obey;
 To save his sacred crown we'll die,
 And hostile monarchs drive away.
 Come, offspring of our country brave,
 We swear, as high our hands we rear,
 Our glorious emperor's life to save,
 And led by him, disdain all fear.

Napoleon received the petition with complaisance, and observed to a bystander,—“*Que fera donc cet enfant à trente ans, si à huit il a fait ceci.*”
 “What will this child be able to do at the age of

thirty, if at eight he has composed this?" In all probability, had the emperor succeeded, the child would have been educated at the expense of the government.

ADMIRAL VILLENEUVE.

THE conversation between Napoleon and Mr. O'Meara one day turning on the relative merit of French naval officers; "Villeneuve," said the Emperor, "when taken prisoner and brought to England, was so much grieved at his defeat, that he studied anatomy on purpose to destroy himself. For this purpose he bought some anatomical plates of the heart, and compared them with his own body, in order to ascertain the exact situation of that organ. On his arrival in France, I ordered that he should remain at Rennes, and not proceed to Paris. Villeneuve, afraid of being tried by a court martial for disobedience of orders, and consequently losing the fleet, for I had ordered him not to sail, nor to engage the English, determined to destroy himself, and accordingly took his plates of the heart, and compared them with his breast. Exactly in the centre of the plate, he made a mark with a large pin, then fixed the pin as near as he could judge in the same spot in his own breast, shoved it in to the head, penetrated his heart, and expired. When the room was opened, he was found dead; the pin in his breast, and a mark in the plate corresponding with the wound inflicted. He need not have done it," continued Napoleon, "as he was a brave man, though possessed of no talent."

ALLEGED LOWNESS OF NAPOLEON'S ORIGIN.

THERE is a very prevalent and curious propensity in the human mind, whenever it seeks to depreciate a person's character, always to ascribe to him a low and obscure origin; as if birth and descent really made any difference in the morality or immorality of any man's conduct; or that actions which would be criminal in the son of a plebeian become laudable and glorious when he who performs them is the offspring of a mighty potentate. The people of this country, in their endeavours to depreciate the character of Buonaparte, have not been sparing of their reflections, as they conceive them, upon the lowness of his origin; some have asserted that his father was a butcher, his mother a washerwoman, and that he himself commenced his military career as a common soldier in the ranks. If, however, his father had really followed the trade ascribed to him, it would not be the first instance of the French choosing a new dynasty of sovereigns from such a stock. According to the celebrated poet Dant , it was from the same stock that the dynasty of the Capets originally sprung; since in his twentieth canto of purgatory, he introduces the shade of Hugues Capet, its founder, as saying *Figliuol fui d'un Beccajo di Parigi*, (I was the son of a butcher of Paris.)

But this was not the case with Buonaparte. On the paternal side he was descended from one of the most ancient and illustrious families of Florence while it was a republic. The civil dissensions which prevailed in the city during this period occa-

sioned many of the noble families to emigrate from time to time, among whom was the ancestor of that branch of the Buonaparte family from which the Emperor Napoleon was descended.

When the island of Corsica became subject to France, the inhabitants were classed like the French in three orders,—the nobles, the clergy, and the commonalty; and every third year a deputy chosen from each order was to repair to Paris and pay homage, in the name of all his countrymen, to their new monarch. On one of these occasions Carolo Buonaparte, the father of Napoleon, whose profession was the law, was chosen to represent the nobility of the country; an undeniable proof that he was of noble origin himself. He afterwards received the appointment of *procureur du roi*, or king's attorney general, at Ajaccio, an office never given but to a nobleman. Napoleon was besides educated, or at least his education was finished, at the "*Ecole Royale Militaire*," at Paris, an institution founded by Louis XV. for the education of the sons of noble families with small fortunes for the military service; and his eldest sister was educated at the academy of St. Cyr, which was a foundation for the education of young ladies of noble family.

On the maternal side the descent of Buonaparte is still more distinguished. The family of Ramolini, to which his mother, the late Madame Buonaparte, belonged, is one of the most ancient in the republic of Genoa, and allied not only to all the principal families of that republic, but to the families of most of the great potentates of Europe. Among the ancestors of this house was the Prince of Massa and Carrara, well known in the history of the fifteenth

and sixteenth centuries, as the descendant of a daughter of Lorenzo de Medici, who was married to the son, as he was supposed, of Pope Innocent VIII.; and no one conversant in history can be ignorant how many other great alliances are included in that of the family of Medici. Two of the females of this house married kings of France, viz. Henry II. and Henry IV. and from the latter marriage are descended, not only the present sovereign of France, but also those of Spain and Naples.

By the marriage of another female of the house of Medici with a duke of Lorraine, and the subsequent marriage of Francis, Duke of Lorraine with Maria Theresa, the heiress of Austria, that house became allied with the house of Medici. Through a daughter of the same Prince of Massa and Carrara, the Princess Cibo Malespina, from whom are descended the Estes, Dukes of Modena, the family of Ramolini is allied to that house; and every English reader well knows that the house of Brunswick which has now for four generations filled the throne of Great Britain, is descended from a branch of the house of Este.

Through another marriage, only three generations back, the same family of Ramolini became allied to that of Colonna, and through them to the present royal family of Prussia. If descent therefore be any thing, Buonaparte could number among his ancestors and family alliances some of the most distinguished characters of Europe for several centuries back. It is perhaps not unworthy of remark, that Pope Innocent VI., who granted the dispensation for the marriage of Henry VII. of England with Elizabeth of York, the daughter of Edward IV.

was of the family of Cibo, and an ancestor of the Emperor Napoleon:—Leo X. also of the family of Medici, who conferred the title of “Defender of the faith” upon Henry VIII. was likewise among his ancestors.

REMOVAL OF THE STATUE OF NAPOLEON FROM
THE PLACE VENDÔME.

WHAT will posterity think of the madness of the French government and the exasperation of public feeling in a nation like the French, so uniformly proud of military glory, when very shortly after the first arrival of their new monarch, Louis XVIII., an order was issued for levelling with the dust that proud monument of their victories, the famous column and statue of Napoleon in the *Place Vendôme*, cast from those cannon which their frequent victories over the Austrians had placed at their disposal? The ropes attached to the neck of the colossal brazen figure of the Emperor, wherewith the pillar was crowned, extended to the very iron gratings of the Tuilleries gardens; thousands essayed to move it, but all attempts were vain, the statue singly defied their malice; upon which a second expedient was resorted to, and the carriage horses, &c. from the royal stables were impressed into this service, and affixed to the ropes; thus uniting their powerful force to that of the *bipeds*: but even this proved abortive; the statue and column braved the united shocks of man and beast, and both remained immoveable. The statue was afterwards quietly dislodged piecemeal from its station by the regular labours of the experienced artisan.

Among the foremost of those who volunteered their services to execute this disgraceful business, were the two brothers, the Polignacs, descended from an ancient race of nobility, and who had been engaged in the conspiracy with Georges, Pichegru, Moreau, and their confederates, to assassinate Buonaparte, and who were tried and condemned with many others that suffered death, but had been pardoned by the First Consul from motives of pity, which their youth inspired; these worthy representatives of a noble stock were, in consequence, among the foremost to be caressed and rewarded by the Bourbons. Such were the planners of assassination whose necks were doomed by justice to the axe, and must have suffered, had not Napoleon's forbearance turned aside the glaive of the guillotine.

"As the attempt," says Mr. Ireland, "was to drag down the statue and pillar in the direction of the Tuilleries gardens, which, if effected, would have been attended by the death of hundreds, for the brass falling so suddenly, must have been dashed in pieces among the crowds stationed there; I consequently took my stand on the opposite side of the Place Vendôme, communicating with the *Rue de la Paix*, and while observing from thence all that was transacting, I suddenly heard beside me the following exclamation, uttered in a half-stifled tone of despair:—

"O Dieu! ma patrie! que deviendras-tu?"

"Oh God! my country! what will become of thee?"

I immediately turned my eyes, and beheld standing at my side a veteran grenadier of the imperial

guard, who with arms across his breast, gazed upon the column with an expression that defies the power of language to depict; he was about six feet (French measure) in height, a long cicatrice appeared down the left side of his face, and a large scar had disfigured the right temple, having prevented the growth of half the eyebrow; his mustachios were bushy, and an ample beard swept his breast; he wore a large cocked hat, brown with age, but still brushed clean to the last, and beneath its loop peeped out the extremities of a white cockade, which seemed to have been selected for *its peculiar smallness*, as I am sure it was not much larger in circumference than an half-crown piece. Having for some seconds eyed the veteran with a scrutiny that gave rise to the warmest sentiments of commiserating pity, I at length ventured to address the old soldier.

“*Que fait on là, mon ami?*”

“What are they doing there, friend?”

“*On l'abîme cette belle colonne, pour laquelle j'ai combattu tant de fois.*”

“They are destroying that beautiful column for which I have so often fought.”

“*Vous avez donc servi l'Empereur?*”

“You served the Emperor, then?”

“*Parbleu, si je l'ai servi! mais il ne faut plus en parler.*”

“My heaven; if I have served him!—but we must no longer touch upon that subject.”

“*Oui, mon ami, mais on peut bien penser à lui, sans commettre de crime.*”

“True, my friend, but one may think of him without being guilty of a crime.”

Upon hearing this remark he regarded me fixedly for some moments, and then replied:—

“Penser! je le crois bien; on ne peut pas nous ôter cette consolation.”

“Think! I believe so, indeed; they cannot take from us that consolation.”

“Vous aimiez donc l’Empereur?”

“You loved the Emperor, then?”

Again, looking me steadfastly in the face, he replied significantly:—*“Je l’ai servi pendant dix neuf ans.”*

“I served under him for nineteen years.”

“Il étoit grand militaire?”

“He was a great military character;” was then my remark, to which no reply was made, but the following question proposed:—

“Vous êtes étranger, monsieur?”

“Are you not a foreigner, sir?”

“Je le suis.”

“I am so.”

“Anglais?” “An Englishman?”

“Oui.” “Yes.” Upon this, the veteran, bending towards me, spoke in a low voice:—

“Croyez vous que nous le revoyions?”

“Do you believe we shall see him again?”

“Je ne puis former aucune idée là dessus.”

“I can form no opinion upon that subject.”

“Moi, je pense que oui, et s’il en est ainsi, je connois ceux qui danseront la carmignolle.”

“For myself, I think it will be so, and in that case, I know those who will dance the *carmignolle*.” A gleam of internal satisfaction seemed to flush his countenance as he pronounced the conclusive words, when I demanded—

"*Seriez vous de ce parti là ?*"

"Would you make one of the party?"

"*Je suis trop vieux. Je ne puis que me battre.*"

"I am too old. I am only fit to fight."

"*Quoi ? à votre âge ?*"

"What! at your age?" I exclaimed, for he seemed to be verging upon fifty-five.

"*Je me battraï pour lui jusqu'à la dernière goutte de mon sang !*"

"I would fight for him to the last drop of my blood;" was the reply, as the dark sparkling eye of the speaker glanced upon the statue of Napoleon.

"*Et pour les Bourbons ?*"

"And for the Bourbons?" continued I.

"*Après cette infamie ? Jamais ! non ; jamais. Il n'appartient pas aux braves d'insulter les malheureux, et moi je ne combats pas pour les laches et les poltrons.—Soyons sage, monsieur, les murailles ont des oreilles ; nous nous entendons—au revoir. Bien le bon jour.*"

"After this infamous conduct? Never! no; never. It is not the province of the brave to insult the unfortunate; and for myself, I never fight for cowards and poltroons." Here pausing, he looked around for some moments, and then continued:—"Let us be guarded, sir, the walls have ears; we understand each other—may we meet again. Good day."

Such were the sentiments of a *vieux moustache*, and though it was a *ci-devant* grenadier of the imperial guard that spoke, I can venture to affirm, that upon this occasion there were very few individuals present, unconnected with the court, who did not participate in these sentiments of *le vétéran militaire !*"—*France for the last Seven Years.*

TURKISH HUMANITY TOWARDS THE FRENCH
ARMY IN EGYPT.

It is well known that when Buonaparte sailed with his army for Egypt, a number of the most eminent of the French literati accompanied him, in order to make research into the antiquities, manners, customs, and literature of that famous country. These labours they executed with the most astonishing assiduity, even amidst all the dangers of war. But the Institute had remained at Cairo only a month, when their house was pillaged in a general insurrection of the inhabitants: firing was heard in different places, and many persons belonging to the Commission of Arts fell a sacrifice to the fury of the populace. After considerable slaughter, however, it was quelled the second day, by means of some heavy artillery. "Though the populace," says M. Denon, "the devotees, and some of the great people of Cairo, showed themselves fanatical and cruel in this revolt, *the middle class* (which is in all countries the most accessible to reason and virtue) *was perfectly humane and generous to us, notwithstanding the wide difference of manners, religion, and language*; whilst from the galleries of the minarets murder was devoutly preached up—whilst the streets were filled with death and carnage; all those in whose houses any Frenchmen were lodged, were eager to save them by concealment, and to supply and anticipate all their wants. An elderly woman, in the quarter in which we lodged, gave us to understand, that, as our wall was but weak, if we were attacked, we had only to throw it down, and seek for shelter in her harem: a neighbour,

without being asked, sent us provisions at the expense of his own store, when no food was to be purchased in the town, and every thing announced approaching famine; he even removed every thing from before our house which could render it conspicuous to the enemy, and went to smoke at our door, as if it were his own, in order to deceive any who might attack us. Two young persons, who were pursued in the streets, were snatched up by some unknown people, and carried into a house, and, whilst they were furiously struggling for deliverance, expecting that they were destined for some horrible cruelty, the kind ravishers, not being able otherwise to convince them of the hospitable benevolence of their intentions, delivered up to them their own children, as pledges of their sincerity. Many other such anecdotes could be given of delicate sensibility, which recall the feelings of human nature, in times in which they seem to have been entirely abandoned. *If the grave Mussulman represses those tokens of sensibility, which other nations would take a pride in exhibiting, it is in order to preserve the dignified austerity of his character."*

NAPOLEON'S STUDIES IN CORSICA.

FROM the time that Buonaparte had the command of a battalion, in Corsica, 1791, until the beginning of 1793, with some short intermissions, he was occupied in pursuing his studies, and going through the ordinary routine of his profession while in a state of inaction. His leisure hours were employed in compiling the lives of illustrious Corsicans, after the

manner of Plutarch, particularly of those patriots who had distinguished themselves at various times in fighting for the independence of their country. Two relations of his mother, a father and son, who had fallen in the defence of Ajaccio against the Genoese, in 1762, were among the number of these. He had made a considerable progress in this work; but when afterwards he was called into a life of incessant bustle and activity, and was perpetually moving from place to place, the manuscript was unfortunately lost. Great pains were subsequently taken by his brother Joseph to find out what became of it, and to recover it, but without success. Napoleon was always an enthusiastic admirer of Plutarch; and, while a youth, was never without a volume of his biography in his pocket. He was also passionately fond of Ossian, and could repeat that sublime work almost by heart.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON.

PAR quel destin faut-il, par quelle étrange loi,
Qu'à tous ceux qui sont nés pour porter la couronne,
Ce soit l'usurpateur qui donne
L'exemple des vertus que doit avoir un roi?

Translation.

What strange fatality does now ordain
That of those men, who're destined crowns to wear,
'Tis the USURPER, only, whose imperial reign
Beams every virtue sceptred kings should bear.

NAPOLEON'S WOUNDS.

NAPOLEON showed Mr. O'Meara, his medical attendant at St. Helena, the marks of two wounds: one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded, *it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the soldiers.* The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmühl. "At the siege of Acre," said Napoleon, "a shell, thrown by Sir Sidney Smith, fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized, and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me, against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris." [Here Napoleon alludes to M. Dumesnil. In another part of this volume will be found an entertaining anecdote of this hero, when every stratagem was used by the allies and the king, to induce him to deliver up the fortress of Vincennes. This anecdote is headed JAMBE DE BOIS.] "When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that, as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress. Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before

me when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, *Vive l'Empereur!*"

A FRENCH GENERAL'S LATIN.

A DETACHMENT from one of the French armies, under Napoleon, was once passing through a small town in a Catholic part of Germany, when the troops being in want of provisions, the general sent to require a certain supply to be furnished by the town. The principal inhabitants came to him, assuring him that the whole town could not furnish what he required; and earnestly praying him to have compassion on them, and relax in his demands. "And what must be done then?" asked the general; "my army is in great want of provisions; can they not be collected in the neighbourhood?" The deputies replied, that the only place in the neighbourhood which could be supposed capable of supplying any quantity of provisions was a convent at a very short distance from the town. "O ho," said the general, "a convent! that's the very thing; yes, yes, we shall be well supplied

from thence; a convent may always be depended on for having a pantry and cellar well stored." He immediately wrote a very polite letter to the superior, stating the wants of the detachment, and praying him to send them a supply from the stores of the convent.

The superior consulted with his monks, and all agreed in not being very willing to comply with the general's request; but as he seemed disposed to be civil, they thought that a refusal couched in polite terms might be ventured upon. But here a difficulty arose, under what form the answer could be sent: a verbal one would not appear respectful, seeing that the general had sent his request in writing: if they should write in French, their style and language might expose them to the ridicule of the general and his officers; and German, probably, would not be understood by them. At length, after much consultation, it was resolved that the letter should be written in Latin. It was accordingly penned, and contained an elaborate apology, couched in very polite terms, for not complying with the request which had been made, "that unfortunately, from the peculiar circumstances of the times, the convent was particularly short of supplies of every kind at that moment." This was assigned to the messenger, who immediately returned, and delivered it into the hands of the general. He opened it; but unluckily not having had a classical education, he did not understand a word of it, and gave it to his secretary to read. The latter retained a sufficient recollection of his scholastic studies to comprehend that the billet was written in Latin, and contained a refusal of the supplies. "How,"

cried the general, swearing a hearty oath or two, "do the rascals dare not only to refuse my demands, but have they the assurance also to write to me in Latin! I'll teach them to write Latin another time. He then made the secretary take pen, ink, and paper, and dictated to him as follows:

"Fripouilles de moinouilles, si vous ne m'envoyouilles instantouilles les provisionouilles, que je vous ai demandoouilles, je mettrai le feu à votre conventouilles, et je vous ferai pendrouilles toutouilles."

The monks understood the general's Latin extremely well, though he had not perfectly comprehended theirs; and, seized with a mortal panic, the supplies required were immediately sent.—*Plumptre's Three Years Residence in France.*

UNWILLINGNESS OF NEY TO SERVE UNDER NAPOLEON.

On the first news of the march of the Emperor Napoleon towards the French capital, it was publicly reported that Marshal Ney "had voluntarily proffered his services to Louis, *swearing that dead or alive he would surrender the traitor and the usurper into the hands of the king;*" nor is there the shadow of a doubt but that the Marshal was in earnest when he tendered this offer, never for a moment conceiving that the enthusiasm would be so great as to make the population and the army, to a man, range themselves under the banners of their former leader.

Marshal Ney, upon the entrance of the Emperor into Paris, had retired to his chateau in the country, determined to remain neuter under the existing pos

ture of affairs ; but such a state of inaction in a man so cherished by the army, could not be tolerated by Napoleon, who was, however, obliged to send two summonses ere the Marshal could be led to swerve from his resolve. Even at their first meeting, after the Emperor had jeered him with respect to his offer of securing his person, dead or alive, for the king, the marshal still insisted most strenuously upon remaining quiet, nor was it until after repeated representations made by Napoleon as to the necessity of his presence with the army, to ensure the safety and prosperity of the country, that Ney reluctantly acceded, and became, as formerly, one of the leading men under the imperial dynasty.

GENERAL LANUSSE.

PREVIOUS to the evacuation of Cairo by the French, in 1801, a cannon ball carried off the thigh of General Lanusse, very early in the action. This officer had uniformly behaved with the most astonishing heroism, and the accident, which he survived only eight days, was universally lamented by his brother officers and soldiers. The surgeon in chief, Larrey, came to Alexandria to amputate the limb, but the general refused to submit to the operation. All his friends were assembled, and the experienced surgeon said that he would be answerable for its success; he said that it would not put the life of the wounded general to the least hazard, and without it, there was no possibility of surviving. Fatigued, at length, by the solicitation of his friends, "No," said Lanusse to them, "I will not survive that dishonourable day!"

DESCRIPTION OF NAPOLEON, IN 1809.

"THE Emperor is about five feet five inches in height, well made, and somewhat muscular. It has been observed, that, notwithstanding his fatigues, he has a tendency to be corpulent. His complexion is a pale olive; his eyes piercing; his hair brown, cut short, and uniformly unpowdered. He seldom smiles; and is, in the natural disposition of his mind, impetuous; but he corrects this habitude by a powerful command of his passions. He is very abstemious, takes snuff abundantly, and remains at dinner with the imperial family but *thirty minutes*.

"When they dine *en famille*, he eats of the plainest food, drinks four or five glasses of wine, takes his coffee (of which he is extremely fond), and departs. He passes the evening in visiting the Lyceums, or places of public gratuitous education (of which Paris and its environs are full); examines the scholars personally; enters newly established manufactories; and when he deems the inventor worthy, invests him with the insignia of the Legion of Honour, which he frequently takes from his own breast for that purpose. On his return to St. Cloud, if in the country, or to the Tuilleries, if in town, he hears a concert, converses with his family, takes a slight repast, and retires to bed about eleven o'clock.

"In the morning he generally rises with the lark, goes to his private cabinet, and examines written documents upon the affairs of state, or representations from all the ministers, both domestic and foreign; inscribes a concise resolution upon each,

to be delivered to the proper officers in the course of the morning. In all these duties he is as regular as time itself; and even when he is encamped in the field of battle, he pursues the same system upon a narrower scale.

“ At six or seven o'clock he rings for his coffee, and then dresses himself for the day: his dress, on ordinary occasions, is a blue undress uniform, with white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches, military boots, a cocked hat, a sword, and the order of the Legion of Honour, suspended by a red riband from his button-hole. No person enters his cabinet but his pages, and even those only when he is present; and when he departs, he takes the key in his pocket.

“ His library is fitted up in the English taste, and rather plain than otherwise; it is decorated with marble busts of great men, among whom are those of the lamented Fox and the immortal Nelson. The emperor had a great personal esteem for Mr. Fox, and treated that illustrious patriot, while he remained in Paris, with the most conciliating respect. He remarked one day, that ‘ *Mr. Fox was to Great Britain what Cassandra was to the Trojans;—always telling truths, but unfortunately never believed.*’

“ The books which this extraordinary character is fond of perusing are Ossian's Poems (an elegant translation into Italian), the works of Newton and Leibnitz; Smith on the Wealth of Nations; the works of Montesquieu, Tacitus, Guicciardini, &c.; these form the leading authors with which he amuses or employs himself in his leisure hours, if such an active mind can be supposed to have any leisure.

“ To indulge the curiosity of those natives and

foreigners, whose rank and talents do not entitle them to an introduction at court, he takes an airing every Sunday evening in the gardens of St. Cloud, or the Tuilleries, accompanied by the empress, the imperial family, and his marshals. His attendant Mameluke is uniformly behind his person; and sleeps at the entrance of his apartment, or tent, when he is on duty from the capital.”—*Monthly Magazine*.

NAPOLEON'S RISE IN LIFE.

NAPOLEON one day recounted to Mr. O'Meara, his surgeon, his rise and progress in life, as follows:—“ Having been at school at Brienne, I was sent to Paris, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, where, at the general examination, being found to have given the best answers in mathematics, I was appointed to the artillery. After the revolution, about one-third of the artillery officers emigrated, and I became *chef de bataillon* at the siege of Toulon; having been proposed by the artillery officers themselves as the person who, amongst them, possessed the greatest knowledge of the science. During the siege, I commanded the artillery, directed the operations against the town, and took O'Hara prisoner. After the siege, I was made commandant of the artillery of the army of Italy, and my plans caused the capture of many considerable fortresses in Switzerland and Italy. On my return to Paris, I was made general, and the command of the army in La Vendée was offered to me, which I refused, and replied, that such a command was only fit for a general of gendarmerie. On the 13th of Vendemiaire, I com-

manded the army of the Convention, in Paris, against the sections, whom I defeated, after an action of a few minutes. Subsequently I got the command of the army of Italy, where I established my reputation. Nothing," continued the emperor, "has been more simple than my elevation. It was not the result of intrigue or crime. It was owing to the peculiar circumstances of the times, and because I fought successfully against the enemies of my country. *What is most extraordinary, and I believe unparalleled in history, is ; that I rose from being a private person, to the astonishing height of power I possessed, without having committed a single crime to obtain it. If I were on my death bed, I could make the same declaration.*"

THE BEAUHARNOIS FAMILY.

DURING the reign of Napoleon, the palace of the Luxembourg was partly in possession of Prince Joseph, and partly assigned to the use of the conservative senate, who sat there occasionally in a very handsome room. A noble staircase leads up to their hall, and the whole of the ascent was lined with the statues of the generals who died during the revolution. The first husband of the late empress Josephine, the Count de Beauharnois, was among the number, though he perished by the guillotine, and was placed next to the door at which the empress entered, when she attended the opening of the sessions. The count was a man of fashion and quality, and lived a great deal at court. His widow very narrowly escaped sharing the fate of her husband, and owed her safety in all probability to her personal

attractions. Their son, since married to the princess of Bavaria, was, fortunately, overlooked; but his friends, to remove him still more from observation, bound him apprentice to a joiner, who was a hard master, and used frequently to chastise him; he has, since, been regent of Italy, but might at this moment have been at work upon a table or a chair, in the Rue St. Honoré, had not social order been restored in France, and had not his mother attracted the attention of Napoleon.

DEATH OF GENERAL LA HARPE.

THE death of this brave general was occasioned by an unfortunate mistake. He fell by the hands of his friends.—After the passage of the Po, his advanced guard being attacked by a strong body of the enemy, of much superior force, he flew to bring it off. This object accomplished, he returned to his head quarters; but his escort, which was composed of hussars, owing to the obscurity of the night, was mistaken for a detachment of Hulans, and assailed by a discharge of which La Harpe became the victim. He was born in the *Pays de Vaud*, in 1754, and served in France during the revolution. Success always crowned the operations with which he was entrusted. He marched always in the advanced guard, or at the head of a column, and had never before received any wound. He possessed as much intrepidity as coolness; knowledge and uncommon activity; the eloquence of the heart, and resistless affability. He was poor, temperate, and disinterested. Of austere manners, and had no passion but for liberty! Buonaparte, in announcing his

death, traced his eulogium in a few words:—"The republic has lost a man who was devoted to its interests; the army one of its best generals; and every soldier a companion."

EXERTIONS TO ESTABLISH RELIGIOUS FREEDOM
ALL OVER EUROPE.

In all the governments where Buonaparte had any influence, he was uniformly the medium of procuring relief to the people from some of the most grievous of their oppressions. He carried on a determined warfare against feudal and ecclesiastical tyranny, and this it was that rendered him odious among those whose exclusive privileges have been abrogated: but it rendered him popular among the orders relieved; and if their voices were as much to be heard as those of the other class, we should hear from them a very different representation of his character.

In making the elector of Bavaria a king, he procured for the people a considerable extension of their civil liberties, as much perhaps as they were then qualified to receive; and at the same time engaged the new king to abolish all invidious religious distinctions, by putting his protestant subjects upon the same footing that he had himself put the protestants of France. Although the catholic was still the established religion there, yet the protestants were allowed the free exercise of their mode of worship, and were equally admissible with catholics to all civil offices.—In Prussia he did the same for the catholics: although the protestant was the esta-

blished religion of the country, he stipulated, when he restored the vanquished monarch to his throne, that the catholics should have the free exercise of their religion, and that all civil offices should be open to them equally with protestants.—In Spain, it was to the *tyrannic* Napoleon and his brother Joseph—not to the *patriotic* junta, that the country owed the first abolition of that dreadful scourge, the inquisition, and likewise its emancipation from feudal and ecclesiastical thralldom.

Napoleon went even a step farther; he dared to attempt, and succeeded in carrying through, an object which no power but England had ever before thought of attempting, and in which, on account of the prejudices of the people, she failed of success. *This was the granting relief to the oppressed and persecuted descendants of Israel.* The emperor, true to the pursuit of his favourite object, that of removing throughout the continent of Europe all restraints on religious opinions, actually placed the Jews upon the same footing as the people of all other nations; they were allowed the free and unshackled exercises of their religion; they were rendered eligible to all civil offices; they were capable of acquiring any kind of property in an honourable way; they were only restrained from usurious practices, and required to conform themselves in all civil matters to the constitution and laws of the country. At a dinner given by the archchancellor of the French empire, Cambaceres, during the sittings of the Jewish Sanhedrim at Paris, there were present together at the same table, the archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Maury, the president of the Sanhedrim,

and the head minister of the principal Lutheran congregation. Ought not the bosom of every philanthropist to glow, when he compares this dinner with the fatal day of St. Bartholomew?

CARNOT'S INTEGRITY AND DEVOTION.

IN 1814, Carnot wrote a letter to the emperor, which was couched in such bold language as to run the risk of either being deemed a direct insult, or regarded as the effusion of a blunt honest soldier. Any other man but Napoleon, enjoying a station so elevated, would have considered it in the former sense; he, on the contrary, viewed it in the latter, and accordingly sent for Carnot. Upon his entrance, he abruptly said: "Suppose I intrusted you with a military post of consequence, would you defend it with bravery, and act the part of a true Frenchman?" "Sire," replied the dauntless Carnot, "*have you not read my letter?*" Napoleon without further hesitation gave Carnot the command of the city of Antwerp, which was the more gratifying to his feelings, being, as it were, the very key to France. In this post, as every one knows, Carnot uniformly conducted himself with undaunted courage and the most unshaken integrity.

It was this same Aristides of France, who, upon the emperor's abdication, fell upon his knees before him, and stated that he acted wrong in so doing. Napoleon replied, that he was himself conscious of the fact, but that, as a majority of the nation seemed to desire it, he was determined to yield to the voice of the people. Carnot, finding all entreaties vain, placed both his hands before his eyes, and burst into

a flood of tears, exclaiming:—"O! France! thy repentance will come too late!" These words, and particularly the unfeigned agony of the speaker, so greatly affected the emperor, that he was compelled to turn his head in order to conceal the starting tears from the observation of those who were present on this touching occasion.—*Related to the Editor by Baron Las Cases.*

DEATH OF MOREAU.

"In the battle before Dresden," said the Emperor Napoleon, (in one of his conversations with his surgeon, Mr. O'Meara, during his exile in the inhospitable island of St. Helena), "I ordered an attack to be made upon the allies by both flanks of my army. While the manœuvres for this purpose were executing, the centre remained motionless. At the distance of about five hundred yards I observed a group of persons collected together on horseback. Concluding that they were endeavouring to observe my manœuvres, I resolved to disturb them, and called to a captain of artillery, who commanded a field battery of eighteen or twenty pieces: '*Jetez une douzaine de boulets à la fois dans ce groupe là; peut-être il y a quelques petits généraux;*' 'throw a dozen of bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it.' It was done instantly. One of the balls struck Moreau, carried off both his legs, and went through his horse. Many more, I believe, who were near him, were killed and wounded. A moment before Alexander had been speaking to him. Moreau's legs were amputated not far from the spot. One

of his feet, with the boot upon it, which the surgeon had thrown upon the ground, was brought by a peasant to the king of Saxony, with information that some officer of great distinction had been struck by a cannon shot. The king, conceiving that the name of the person might perhaps be discovered by the boot, sent it to me. It was examined at my head quarters, but all that could be ascertained was, that the boot was neither of English nor French manufacture. The next day we were informed that it was the leg of Moreau. It is not a little extraordinary," continued Napoleon, "that in action, a short time afterwards, I ordered the same artillery officer, with the same guns, and under nearly similar circumstances, to throw eighteen or twenty bullets at once into a concourse of officers collected together, by which General St. Priest, another Frenchman, a traitor and a man of talent, who had a command in the Russian army, was killed along with many others. Nothing," continued the emperor, "is more destructive than a discharge of a dozen or more guns at once amongst a group of persons. From one or two they may escape; but from a number discharged at a time, it is almost impossible."

SANTINI'S APPEAL TO THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

THE following affecting appeal to the British nation, by M. Santini, keeper of the emperor's portfolio, contains so many uncontradicted facts respecting the vexatious and insulting, and even inhuman treatment of the illustrious captive at St. Helena, now no more; and likewise of his faithful attend-

ants, whose attachment no dangers nor privations could, in the smallest degree, diminish; that the Editor is aware his readers would deem him inexcusable were he to withhold its insertion.

London, 1817.

If any doubts could have existed in my mind as to the execution of the duty I owed my unfortunate master, these doubts would have been removed by the generous feelings which every Englishman has expressed to whom I have related the story of his sufferings. It is now manifest to me, that the British nation has only to know the facts I am about to state for amelioration of that treatment, which not only embitters his existence, but which menaces life itself, and affixes a deep stain on the character of a country to whose officers he surrendered himself, in the confidence of its honour and magnanimity. I shall take care not to abuse the feelings of those I address by an exaggerated statement. I shall confine myself to a strict relation of facts, supported by the document which is annexed. In taking this measure, I rely on the protection of the English nation, as I have not been guilty of any calumny, or intended offence, and I trust an appeal to humanity and the laws of nations will not be slighted or rejected, because it is made by an humble individual in favour of unfortunate greatness.

I am a native of the island of Corsica; at the age of thirteen I entered the military service in the battalion of Corsican sharpshooters. I was present at the battles of Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Prussian Eylau, Friedland, Ratisbonn, Eckmuhl, Aspern, Ypersberg, Wagram, and, finally, at the battle of

Polosk, after which I quitted the profession of a soldier for that of a courier. When the emperor departed from Fontainebleau, for the island of Elba, I determined on following him, without feeling any concern about the rank in which I might continue my services. A short time after our arrival, I was presented to the emperor. He recognised an old soldier, who had never failed in the fulfilment of his duty, and had the goodness to grant me the places of messenger to his cabinet and keeper of his portfolio. I returned to France in 1815, in the suite of the emperor, and, after the battle of Waterloo, I accompanied him to Rochefort, and on board the English ship the *Bellerophon*. Finally, I was one of the few faithful servants of his majesty, who had the happiness to follow him to St. Helena, where, for nearly a year, I served near his person. The emperor, on his arrival, resided in the house of a merchant named Balcombe, where he remained for about two months: Mr. Balcombe's house was neither suitable nor convenient; but for this Sir George Cockburn was in no way blamable. On every occasion he endeavoured to conciliate the duties of his office with the respect and delicacy which were due to the rank and misfortunes of his august prisoner. From thence the emperor was transferred to Longwood, which was once a farm belonging to the East India Company. In this wretched asylum he still remains. His sleeping chamber is scarcely large enough to contain a bed and a few chairs. The roof of this hovel consists of paper, coated with pitch, which is beginning to rot, and through which the rain water and dew penetrate. In addition to all these inconveniences the

house is infested by rats, who devour every thing that they can reach! All the emperor's linen, even that which was lately sent from England, has been gnawed and completely destroyed by them. For want of closets, the linen is necessarily exposed upon the floor. When the emperor is at dinner, the rats run about the apartment, and even creep between his feet. The report of a house having been built for the emperor, which, it has been said, was sent from England, is entirely false. Some pieces of timber work have, indeed, arrived; but the governor declared that a house cannot be built in less than three or four years. When the emperor was established at Longwood, Sir G. Cockburn introduced the most exact economy into every branch of the expenditure. The emperor, however, never wanted what was unnecessary, and the admiral always took care that nothing should be refused which, with due regard to the locality, the person of the emperor, and his duty, was indispensable. It is not, however, economy which the new governor has introduced into the household of the emperor; it is absolute want. It is to be recollected that the governor took upon himself the entire charge of the maintenance of Napoleon and his suite; but the provisions he furnishes are always in too small a quantity, and also, very often, of bad quality. In the latter case, when the emperor's steward (Cipriani) has found himself under the necessity of sending back the provisions, the articles are never replaced by others more fit for use, and it has been necessary to wait until the following day for a supply. It has often happened that, on finding himself without any butcher's meat for the emperor's table, the steward

has sent me to purchase a sheep, for which I have paid four guineas, and often could procure only *pork* for making soup. Captain Poppleton, of the fifty-third regiment, appointed to guard the emperor, if he is the man of honour I believe him to be, will not fail to bear witness that he has often lent candles to lighten this abode of desolation, as well as bread, butter, poultry, and even salt. I was even, from necessity, in the habit of repairing secretly to the English camp to purchase butter, eggs, and bread, of the soldiers' wives, otherwise the emperor would often have been without breakfast, and even without dinner ! The governor sent seven servants to Longwood, but the emperor was obliged to dismiss four of them from inability to supply them with food ! on which the governor granted soldiers' rations to the three that remained. Often has it also happened that Cipriani, the steward, has purchased from these three servants the rations of bread they received from the camp, in consequence of the want of provisions for the emperor and his suite, which had not arrived.—It is a fact, which will appear incredible, but which is not the less true, that the emperor is limited to a bottle of wine per day. Marshal and Madame Bertrand, General Montholon and his lady, General Gourgaud, and Count de las Cases, have also each their bottle. Marshal Bertrand has three children; M. de Montholon two; and M. de las Cases one, about fifteen or sixteen years of age; and for all these mouths the governor allows no rations ! In this state of things the emperor has been compelled to sell all his plate, to procure the first necessities of life ! I myself broke it in pieces before it was sent to the

market. The produce of the sale was deposited, by order of the governor, in the hands of Mr. Balcombe, and the emperor was not permitted to touch even a single penny. When the house steward, wishing to supply the deficiency of the provisions furnished by the governor, makes purchases himself, which happens every day, he can only pay for them by orders upon Mr. Balcombe. I used to rise at break of day, and when I did not succeed in shooting a few pigeons, in the neighbourhood of our dwelling, the emperor frequently had nothing for breakfast. The provisions do not reach Longwood until two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and when they were of so bad a quality, that the house steward had to send them back, the emperor subsisted entirely on the produce of my shooting. On these occasions, the cook thought himself fortunate in having brought from Paris some portable cakes, with which he made soup for the emperor. There is no water fit for cooking at Longwood. Very good water may, however, be procured at a distance of one thousand two hundred yards, which might be conveyed to the emperor's barracks at an expense of from twelve to fifteen hundred francs. The house is only supplied by the water which is brought from this fountain: it is open only once during the day, at all other times it is locked. The key is kept by an English officer, who is scarcely ever present when water is wanted. There is a conduit for conveying water to the English camp: but it was thought unnecessary to do as much for the unfortunate Napoleon. I spare the great and humane English nation a picture of the other insults and humiliations to which the emperor is ex-

posed, and also a further detail of the complaints which the emperor makes against the governor, Sir Hudson Lowe. I shall confine myself to observing that at the last visit the governor made to Longwood, and at which I was present, he offended him to such a degree that the emperor said, "Have you not then done with insulting me? Leave my presence, and never let me see you again, unless you have received orders from your government to assassinate me; you will then find me ready to lay open my breast to you. My person is in your power. You may shed my blood."—The climate of Longwood is besides most unhealthy; every thing is there in extremes—the humidity, the wind, and the heat.—Admiral Cockburn had marked out a circuit of two leagues for the emperor's promenade; the present governor has, without any motive, abridged it to half a league. The inconveniences of the climate of Longwood, and particularly the humidity to which the emperor is exposed, have considerably injured his health; and it is the opinion of his English physician that he cannot remain there another year without hazarding his life. The emperor having disposed of his plate could dispense with the services of the keeper of the plate, and, having been compelled to diminish the number of his horses, for want of a sufficient supply of forage, he has discharged one or two grooms whom he kept in his service; having no longer any cabinet, the office of *huissier* became equally superfluous, and he thought proper to dismiss me. In the same manner, objects of the first necessity, for his household, suffer daily diminution. Colonel Poniatowski has since been removed from the island by order of the

governor. We departed from St. Helena on the 28th of October on board of the English frigate the *Orontes*, and, after having sailed to the Cape of Good Hope, we again returned to St. Helena. There we remained for several days without being suffered to land. The emperor, having been informed of our return, caused some provisions to be purchased in James' Town for our voyage to England, which were sent on board the vessel. We were, however, under the necessity of sending back the live stock, as the captain insisted on our killing it immediately. As for the wine, we never tasted it during the voyage, as we would not submit to have the emperor's present, which was strictly our own, distributed to us in rations by the captain. On the 25th of February we arrived at Portsmouth, from whence I proceeded to London, to fulfil the painful but sacred duty which I now discharge, by the publication of this narrative.

A THRONE RECOVERED WITHOUT BLOODSHED.

ON the return of the emperor to France, the Bourbon princes and their partisans endeavoured, by every possible means, to excite insurrection among the people. The Duke of Angouleme at the head of a regiment of horse, and another of foot, together with some battalions of the royal Languedoc volunteers, formed the hazardous plan of marching upon Lyons, while the Marseillois proceeded upon Grenoble. All these hopes, however, proved abortive; and the duke, finding every attempt fruitless, endeavoured to effect his escape, but was made prisoner by General Gilly, the Baron Vitrolles having been previously

stopped by General Laborde. Notwithstanding the latter had been exempted from the general amnesty, in Napoleon's decree, issued at Lyons, while the sentence of the former was pronounced by the laws of retaliation, as a price was set by the king upon Buonaparte's head; yet both were saved by his clemency, his memorable words upon the occasion being, "*Je veux pouvoir me vanter d'avoir reconquis mon trône, sans qu'une goutte de sang n'a été versée ni sur le champ de bataille ni sur l'échafaud.*" "My desire is that I may pride myself with having regained my throne without having shed a drop of blood, either upon the field of battle or on the scaffold."

VIVE L'EMPEREUR.

ON the 10th of March, 1815, the Count D'Artois, who was at Lyons, endeavoured, by haranguing the troops, to inspire them with a love of royalty; but to no purpose, the animation he displayed being answered by melancholy silence or chilling contempt. These sentiments continued to influence the troops, when the escort of the prince vociferated *Vive le Roi*; on which occasion, as a last effort, the count addressed one of the veterans decorated with orders and covered with scars; requiring that he would join in the royal cry:—"No, sir," was the answer; "there is not a soldier who will fight against his father; I can only answer you by crying, *Vive l'Empereur!*" From that moment, this exclamation being universally vociferated, the prince and his suite became fully convinced, that their only hope of safety was in immediate flight.

CAMBACERES.

WHEN Cambaceres, the bishop of Caen, made application to the prefect of Rouen to shut up, forcibly, the protestant churches, the latter refused, until he should receive further orders from the government, on so delicate a subject. When the affair was made known to Buonaparte, he sent for the second consul, and told him, that "if the bishop had not been his *brother*, he would have struck him off the ecclesiastical court."

ATTEMPTS TO DEFAME NAPOLEON'S CHARACTER.

"WHEN in Paris, after my return from Elba," said the Emperor Napoleon to Mr. O'Meara, "I found in M. Blacas's private papers, which he left behind when he ran away from the Tuilleries, a letter which had been written in Elba by one of my sister Pauline's chambermaids, and which appeared to have been composed in a moment of anger. Pauline is very handsome and graceful. There was a description of her habits, of her dress, her wardrobe, and of every thing that she liked; of how fond I was of contributing to her happiness; and that I had superintended the furnishing of her *boudoir* myself; what an extraordinary man I was; that one night I had burnt my finger dreadfully, and had merely poured a bottle of ink over it without appearing to regard the pain, and many little *bêtises*, true enough perhaps. This letter *M. Blacas* had got interpolated with horrid stories; in fact, insinuating that

I slept with my sister ; and in the margin, in the hand-writing of the interpolator, was written—TO BE PRINTED."

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

IT having been mentioned to Napoleon, as a reason for patronising the first production of an author, and for speaking more favourably of him in a review than his work intrinsically deserved, that the young man was of a family long distinguished in the annals of literature; the emperor exclaimed, " Why, you would not surely carry your ideas of hereditary right so far! no, no, whatever we lose, *let us at least preserve the Republic of Letters.*"

CERACCI THE SCULPTOR.

ABOUT forty years ago, Ceracci an Italian, and a sculptor, resided near Cavendish-square, London, and was considered by many of the best judges as a young artist of great promise. He modeled the heads of the Marquis of Buckingham, Admiral Kessel, General Paoli, and many other eminent characters. He was also the sculptor of the figures on the top of Somerset House.

Ceracci, however, did not find encouragement in this country, which he therefore left in about four or five years, and went to reside in Vienna; where he staid a short time, but was on some account or other ordered to quit the empire. He then went to America, where he was noticed and employed; and to purchase marble for a monument which he had an order for, he took a voyage to Italy. Buonaparte,

previously to his going with the troops to Egypt, happened to be in the same city, at the same time, and Ceracci obtained permission to make a model of his head. With this the general was so much pleased that he told the sculptor, if he came to Paris he would endeavour to serve him. Ceracci went to Paris, and afterwards repaid his countryman's kindness by being a principal contriver of the plot to destroy him by the infernal machine; and for this he was guillotined.

GALLANTRY OF NAPOLEON.

At the ball given at the Hôtel de Ville at Paris, after the ceremony of the coronation, Napoleon paid his court to many of the ladies who appeared at that brilliant assembly. Among the rest he happened to meet Madame Thiron, wife of the imperial notary, who was accompanied by her husband and daughter. The emperor, after addressing the ladies, inquired of M. Thiron, who he was? when he made answer, "I am your notary, sire, and these are my wife and daughter." "Really," answered the emperor, addressing himself to Madame Thiron, who was a remarkably fine woman; "I was somewhat puzzled, as it would be no very easy matter to discriminate which lady is the *parent* of the other."

SPIRITED CONDUCT AND NARROW ESCAPE OF NAPOLEON IN CORSICA.

WHEN the constituent assembly, in 1791, decreed the raising of a national militia all over the French dominions, of which Corsica formed a part, two

battalions were to be raised at Ajaccio. The command of one of them was given to Napoleon, he having at that time the commission of a captain of artillery in the French service; that of the other was consigned to his Anglo-Corsican friend, alluded to in another place. As Napoleon's battalion was the one in actual service, it was quartered in the town, and a large building, which had formerly been a seminary for the education of the young clergy, was allotted for its quarters.

Ajaccio being a fortified town, a regiment of the line was stationed there as a garrison. The officers of this regiment, as well as the governor of the town, were zealously attached to the whole system, and saw with a jealous eye a measure adopted so much at variance with all their ideas, as the establishment of a national militia. The troop, as well as its young commander, became in consequence extremely obnoxious to them; and an order was sent by the commanding officer to Napoleon to quit the town immediately with his battalion. With this order Napoleon refused to comply, alleging that he was not under the general's command, but under that of the nation; and his obedience was only due to the representatives of that nation, under whose orders he acted. The general, extremely incensed at finding his authority set at defiance, prepared to expel the militia by force from the town; while the young commander, always resolute in whatever he undertook, declared that he and his troop would defend themselves in their post to the last extremity:—he began to make his preparations for defence accordingly.

In the mean time an address had been circulated among the soldiers of the regular regiments, representing in strong terms the danger that would accrue to them by obeying the orders of the general, since they would thus render themselves the instruments of destroying those liberties which they were bound to support; and urging, besides, in forcible colours, that their obedience must ultimately lead to the most deplorable of all calamities,—that of bringing brother soldiers to fight against each other. This address, having been read by one of the soldiers of the regiment to all the rest, produced such an effect upon them, that they immediately sent a deputation to their commander, stating that they should always be ready to obey his orders in every thing conformable to the new constitution of the country, but that they could not serve against it, nor fight against brother soldiers who had been raised expressly for its support. At the same time they sent another deputation to the new militia and their commander, assuring them that they would never fight against those whom they considered as their brothers in arms.

The commander of the regular regiment, though extremely mortified and exasperated at a procedure which showed how little his authority was regarded, yet saw that it was in vain to attempt urging his troops further, that such a step would only be to unite them more closely with the opposite party, and he reluctantly abandoned his design. Napoleon became, however, still more the object of his jealousy and secret aversion, since he concluded him to have been the author of the address. Having procured a copy of it, he resolved to use it as the in-

strument of his vengeance; and representing it as a seditious libel, he ordered the commander of the militia to be arrested, and declared that he should be brought before a court-martial: he thought he could so manage matters as that this court should be composed of persons entirely at his devotion; and he exultingly looked forward to the object of his jealousy being sentenced to atone, with his life, for the spirit of mutiny which he conceived him to have raised in the army.

But here he was again disappointed. He had fallen into an error in supposing Napoleon the author of the address; it was written by his Anglo-Corsican friend, the commander of the other battalion of militia; and that battalion not being in actual service, the commander was not amenable to a military trial. This gentleman meeting with the officer who was sent to arrest Napoleon, and learning that he was charged as being the author of the address, immediately produced the original from his pocket, and declared himself the author of it. The officer, on examining it and comparing it with the copy which had fallen into the general's hands, was soon convinced of the truth of his assertion; while the general, on finding this new obstacle raised to the gratification of his revenge, was induced to reconsider the address; when he was convinced that there was nothing seditious in it, and thought it best to drop any further proceedings in the affair.—
Plumptre's Three Years Residence in France.

BARON LARREY.

OF Baron Larrey, the French surgeon, Napoleon gave the following high character:—

“Larrey,” said he to Mr. O’Meara, “was the most honest man, and the best friend to the soldier that I ever knew. Indefatigable in his exertions for the wounded, Larrey was seen on the field of battle, after an action, accompanied by a train of young surgeons, endeavouring to discover if any signs of life remained in the bodies. In the most inclement weather, and at all times of the night and the day, Larrey was to be found amongst the wounded. He scarcely allowed a moment’s repose to his assistants, and kept them continually at their posts. He tormented the generals, and disturbed them out of their beds at night whenever he wanted accommodations or assistance for the wounded or sick. They were all afraid of him, as they knew he would instantly come and make a complaint to me. He paid court to none of them, and was the implacable enemy of the *fournisseurs*.”

LEGITIMACY.

THE French partisans of *legitimacy* deny that there ever was a REVOLUTION in France, but *merely a revolt of twenty-five years* duration, and consequently consider the establishment of a *pretended republic*, although acknowledged by *all the sovereigns of Europe*, and the subsequent *French empire*, only as an *interregnum*. Upon this principle it was, that

Louis XVIII. dated the first year of his reign as the *nineteenth*; though by such declaration, he gave the lie direct to all the potentates who had recognised the preceding governments.

NAPOLEON'S EARLY INCLINATION TO STUDY.

BEING at Marseilles once when quite a youth, and happening to be in a party of young people, Napoleon had retired into a corner of the room with a book, while the rest were dancing and amusing themselves. They solicited him, in vain, to join their youthful sports; his reply to their entreaties was,—“*Jouer et danser, ce n'est pas là la manière de former un homme.*” “Playing and dancing is not the way to form a man.”

The above anecdote was communicated to Miss Plumptre, while at Marseilles, by a person who was present on the occasion.

ADANSON THE BOTANIST.

THIS ingenious but unfortunate individual was a native of Aix, but quitted it early in life. He was alive and in the neighbourhood of Paris after Buonaparte was placed at the head of affairs, but in extreme indigence. This being represented to the first consul, he immediately sent him three thousand francs, with an intimation that the sum should be continued annually; but, unfortunately, Adanson died within the first twelve months.

PICTURE OF NAPOLEON'S CORONATION BY
DAVID.

As the facts relating to this famous performance are not generally known to the public, the editor offers the following detail, as related to him by Colonel David, son of this famous artist, to whom France is indebted for so many *chefs-d'œuvre*.

This picture, about to be opened for public inspection, is not the first delineation of the subject by the painter, as, upon the entrance of the Bourbons, they, unmindful of the arts, and actuated only from motives of vengeance, ordered the original painting to be destroyed, which was accordingly done. Upon the emperor's return to Paris from the island of Elba, the then government, conceiving it necessary that the performance in question should be replaced, made application to M. David to know if he would repaint his former picture, to which he felt great repugnance, as it is not the province of real genius and talent to repeat former productions; he was however at length prevailed upon to acquiesce, and the sum agreed to be paid by the emperor was one hundred thousand francs, or about four thousand three hundred pounds sterling. Such is the simple statement of facts as regards this splendid effort of genius, during the progress of which, it is essential to remark, that the artist carefully corrected in the present picture all those parts which appeared to him faulty in the original design.

Upon Napoleon's second abdication, the Emperor Alexander, being aware of the existence of

this performance, made overtures to become possessed of it, which, though very munificent, were not accepted by the painter, who disposed of his labour to his son. This celebrated picture will shortly be exhibited in London.

*** The character of Napoleon having so long been before the world in the light of a warrior and a statesman, the editor cannot refrain from expressing the pleasure he feels in being enabled to acquaint the public, which has so liberally patronized the first number of this collection, that he is enabled to present a series of Anecdotes, comprising the opinions of the late emperor, as delivered by himself during his frequent interviews with Monsieur David, elucidating his ideas upon painting, sculpture, and the arts in general. These will not only display Napoleon in a totally novel point of view, but evidently demonstrate that, however great he may have proved in the field and in the cabinet, so pre-eminently capacious was his mind, that his love for, and knowledge of, the arts exceeded even his talents as a soldier and a diplomatist.

In the progress of these anecdotes the circumstances will not be detailed in general terms, but the very words of the emperor given to the public, as carefully noted down by M. David, and communicated to the editor, by the colonel his son.

CARICATURES EXHIBITED IN PARIS, IN 1815.

ONE of the best of these was represented in two compartments, displaying the Duchess of Angoulême kneeling at her prayers, while in the other she was

pourtrayed as making the sign of the cross with her left hand, preparatory to the firing off of a cannon at the populace stationed before her.—Another of these engravings delineated Buonaparte in the act of seizing the crown from the king's head, who wore the priestly skullcap, beneath which was the following inscription: "*Je reprends mon bonnet, et je te laisse ta calotte!*" "I take back my bonnet, and I leave thee thy skullcap!"—But the most *piquant* was the one entitled *Les Voltigeurs de Louis Quatorze*, offering to the eye of the spectator a group of decrepid skinny old men, (*les émigrés*) be-ruffed, be-laced, and be-powdered, sitting in sedan chairs, and exclaiming, "*Nous n'attendrons que des hommes pour nous porter en avant.*" "We only wait for the chairmen to carry us forward."

SEVRE CHINA.

ON the river at Sèvres, near Paris, a manufactory is carried on, which produces the beautiful porcelain, commonly called Sevre china. It is equal to all that has been said of it, and after declining, as every other great national establishment did, during the revolution, flourished greatly under the peculiar patronage of the emperor Napoleon. He made presents hence to such of the sovereigns of Europe as he was in alliance with. Napoleon had two vases made of this china, which, even at this day, form the principal ornament of the gallery at St. Cloud. These were made at Sevre, and are valued at four thousand pounds sterling each. The clay made use of was brought at a great expense from a distant part

of France, and affords an instance of how much the value of raw material may be increased by the ingenuity of a skilful artist.

A FLATTERER REBUKED.

CARAYON NISAS, the tribune, having attended with many others to pay his court on the evening of the coronation, was asked by the emperor Napoleon, "how the republicans seemed to be affected by the ceremony of the day?" "They are in raptures, sire," said the tribune, bowing low, "and are felicitating themselves on the auspicious event which has just occurred." "*Je sais que tu en as menti.*" "I believe you tell a falsehood," was the emperor's answer.

BUONAPARTE'S CLEMENCY TO THE INSURGENTS
AT CAIRO.

DENON, in his travels in Egypt, speaking of the insurrection at Cairo, when General Dupuis was killed, says:—

"Some traitors were indeed arrested and punished; but the mosques which had been the asylum of crimes were restored, and the pride of the offenders was heightened by this act of condescension, whilst their fanaticism was not subdued by their terror. Whatever representation could be made to Buonaparte of the danger of such a line of conduct with the rebels, nothing could shake the sentiments of humanity which he displayed in this event: he wished to show that he could exercise as

much clemency as he could excite terror, and the past was forgotten while we had to lament many and serious losses."

MAGNANIMITY TOWARDS CONSPIRATORS.

IN all the different conspiracies which were formed against the life and government of Napoleon, his conduct towards the conspirators was marked by great moderation, and even magnanimity. As instances of this, we have only to select the following :

In the conspiracy of the *infernal machine*, one of the parties was found concealed in the house of a *ci-devant* lady abbess, to whose protection he had been recommended by Mademoiselle C——, a lady of good family, and sister to one who had been formerly an archbishop. This lady, on her examination, acknowledged that she had been influenced in her recommendation of the man to the lady abbess's protection by another person, but refused to reveal his name as she would not, she said, criminate any one. She was, notwithstanding, discharged without any punishment, and the lady abbess was only sentenced to six months imprisonment.

In the conspiracy of Moreau, Pichegru, Georges, &c.; when Moreau was arrested, warrants were also made out against his brother the tribune, and Frenieres, his secretary. When this was reported to the first consul, he inquired whether the names of the two latter were included in the report of the minister of justice; and on being answered in the negative, he ordered that the warrants should immediately be cancelled. "If," said he, "the ques-

tion at present were one of those measures in which the safety of the nation was involved, and a vigorous stroke were necessary, I would not hesitate what part to take;—the conspirator should be arrested, brought before a military commission, and executed on the spot:—but this is not one of those urgent cases; it is to be considered only as a criminal prosecution according to the established forms, and I desire that all those forms may be strictly observed."

NAPOLEON'S SYSTEM OF PREFERMENT.

MR. O'MEARA observed to Napoleon at St. Helena, that it had excited considerable surprise, that, during the height of his glory, he had never given a dukedom in France to any person, although he had created many dukes and princes elsewhere. The emperor replied, "because it would have produced great discontent amongst the people. If, for example, I had made one of my marshals *Duke of Bourgogne*, instead of giving him a title derived from one of my victories, it would have excited great alarm in Bourgogne, as the people would have conceived that some feudal rights and territory were attached to the title, which the duke would claim: and the nation hated the old nobility so much, that the creation of any rank resembling them would have given universal discontent, which I, powerful as I was, dared not venture upon. I instituted the new nobility to *ecraser* the old, and to satisfy the people, as the greatest part of those I created, had sprung from themselves, and every private soldier had a right to look up to the title of duke.

CONTEST BETWEEN GRIEF AND PRIDE.

THE emperor Napoleon, during the last years of his life, secretly undermined his health by excessive grief; it preyed heavily upon his mind. But, among the number of his sorrows, there was one more deadly than all the rest; it was not the loss of his throne, however sensibly he felt that; it was not his exile in the middle of the ocean, whatever were the inconveniences and *ennui* attending it.

Napoleon had a firm conviction that *his consort*, the archduchess, *had never endeavoured to do for him what, as his wife, and a queen, she was bound to have done.* This conviction, which was his death warrant—the worm that gnawed upon his vitals—followed him to the tomb without his having directly confided the secret, even to his most intimate friends. Some few short sentences, wrested from him by the force of circumstances, alone fixed their opinion on this subject. This peculiarity of his life would still be unknown had not death terminated his career.

Such was the character of Napoleon, that he would have thought himself degraded in the eyes of his consort had he confessed to her that he had occasion for her services.

In 1814, the Countess of Saint Leu, who was acquainted with part of his most hidden secrets, advised Napoleon to request Marie Louise to interpose in the amelioration of his affairs. "*No, madame,*" replied he to her, "*the archduchess has seen me at the summit of human power; it does not become me to tell her now that I am descended from it, and*

still less to beg of her to countenance me with her credit."

This proud spirit was by no means a misplaced pride. An ignoble soul would not have possessed it; but with Napoleon it was quite natural. It would be wrong to infer from thence, that he disdained the services which his consort might have been able to render him at the court of her father, Francis II. It was quite otherwise. *He wished that the archduchess should anticipate his wishes; that without requiring from him a confession of his situation, she should secretly put her hand to work in skilfully managing her resources with her father.*

The desire of seeing his consort mediate between him and the court of Austria may be dated from the month of June, 1813, the epoch at which the emperor of Germany declared himself for the coalition against his own son-in-law. The young empress was with him when he received the intelligence. "*Well, madame,*" said he to his consort, regarding her obliquely, "*your father is then about to march anew against me! Thank Heaven! now I am alone against all; yes, alone—absolutely alone!*" The emperor pronounced these last words with an emphasis, and at the same time with a look of affection difficult to be defined. The empress probably felt all its energy; her eyes were filled with tears; she arose and went to her apartment. Caulincourt remarked to the emperor, that Marie Louise was ready to burst into tears, "*Crying relieves the ladies,*" replied Napoleon, and immediately changed the subject.

WANT OF ENERGY IN THE EMPRESS AND HER
COUNCIL.

HAD Napoleon, after his return from Elba, remained tranquil possessor of the throne, the great personages who were at Paris, at the time of its first surrender to the allies, would no doubt have been sharply reprimanded for their conduct. "*They behaved themselves, for the greater part, like men with whom riches are every thing, and honour nothing.*" Such was the remark he made to Carnot, on the 20th of March. "How was it," said he, "that in the council of the Empress Regent, there should not have been found a man of genius, with ardent head, capable of anticipating my orders, so as to elevate the courage of the empress to the grandeur of the circumstances? The moment was supreme. It was necessary to inspire my consort with the glory of becoming a second Marie Therese. *Who can calculate the effect which would have been produced by my young consort running through all the ranks of the army of the line, and of the national guard, holding her young son in her arms, presenting him to all, and placing herself and him under the protection of their courage, and of their bayonets.* I know the French nation; it would not have been less generous than the Hungarians: I should then have had time to arrive. But in such decisive moments, the army alone, which had no treasures to place in security, showed itself worthy of its ancient reputation. Why cannot I efface from my

remembrance the circumstances of this event! *Every time that they present themselves to my mind, I abridge my life an hour."*

NAPOLEON'S OPINION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

ON learning that some French soldiers had been massacred at Marseilles and other provinces of the south, after the battle of Waterloo, he cried out, as one beside himself, "*they were, without doubt, unarmed!*" Being told that in fact they had laid down their arms in token of peace, he added: "*I believe it indeed; otherwise their assassins would not have dared to look them in the face.*"

INGRATITUDE TO THE EMPEROR.

"It is not without efforts," said Napoleon to Carnot, "that I have sometimes succeeded in calming my spirits on the subject of the number of ingrates whom I have made; however, there are five of them in France whose conduct, with respect to me, is so enormous that the horror with which they inspire me recalls them unceasingly to my mind. *Of all the sufferings which undermine me, this is not the least.*"

NAPOLEON'S LOVE FOR THE FRENCH ARMY.

"For a sovereign who has worn two crowns, I am poor, my dear count," said Napoleon to Las Cases, at St. Helena; "as a private individual I should be immensely rich, if I were on my return to Europe. It is then that I would consent to live

only for three years, provided it were permitted me to pass them in France as a simple citizen. With what pleasure would I visit my old companions in arms! *I would go to seek them at the plough and in the manufactories; two-thirds of my fortune would be their patrimony.* How then am I constituted? In France I loved them in a mass, as intrepid warriors; here I cherish them. I feel for them individually. If it should happen that grief and disappointment conduct me to the tomb, *the misfortunes of the ancient army will contribute something towards it; they cause me to pass many unhappy nights.*"

NAPOLEON'S LOVE FOR HIS SON.

ALL the passions of Napoleon have been carried to a higher degree than among other men; and that was to be expected in a man who so essentially differed from the vulgar of mankind. It is not, then, astonishing that the love which he bore to his son should have been carried to enthusiasm.

According to those persons who had access to his society at St. Helena, his young heir was the continual object of his solicitude during the last seven years. "*For him alone,*" he said, "*I returned from the isle of Elba; and if I still form some expectations in exile, they are also for him.*" "Do I deceive myself," demanded he one day of the Countess Montholon, "in imagining that this rock, all frightful as it is, would be an Elysium if my son were by my side? On receiving into my arms that infant so many times fervently demanded of Heaven, could I have believed that one day he would

become the source of my greatest anguish? *Yes, madame, every day he costs me tears of blood.* I imagine to myself the most horrid events, which I cannot remove from my mind. *I see either the potion or the poisoned fruit which is about to terminate the days of that young innocent, by the most cruel sufferings.* Compassionate my weakness, madam, console me."

What must have been the agonizing tortures of a man who thus expressed himself?

Buonaparte had in his youth composed a poem on Corsica, some extracts of which are to be found in "*Les Annales de l'Europe*," a German collection. It has not yet come to the knowledge of the public that he had ever, since that epoch, composed a single verse. It required nothing short of the solitude of exile, and the idolatry which he manifested for his son, to inspire him with the following verses, which he, in all probability, destined for the portrait of this young infant, and which nevertheless, for reasons of which we are ignorant, he kept always concealed.

Au Portrait de mon Fils.

De mon fils bien aimé délicieuse image!

Ce sont bien là ses traits, sa beauté, sa candeur.

Je ne le verrai plus : sur un plus doux rivage

Ne pourrais-je jamais le presser sur mon cœur ?

O mon fils ! mon cher fils ! qu'aujourd'hui ta présence

A l'auteur de tes jours épargnerait d'ennui !

Sous mes yeux, je verrais s'élever ton enfance ;

Plus tard, de mes vieux ans tu deviendrais l'appui.

Près de toi, j' oublierais mes malheurs et ma gloire ;
 Près de toi, sur ce roc, je me croirais aux cieus ;
 Dans tes bras, j' oublierais que quinze ans la victoire
 Avait placé ton Père au rang des demi dieux.

(Signé)

NAPOLEON.

*Translation.**To the Portrait of my Son.*

Delightful image of my much loved boy!
 Behold his eyes, his looks, his cherub smile!
 No more, alas! will he enkindle joy,
 Nor on some kindlier shore my woes beguile.

My son! my darling son! wert thou but here,
 My bosom should receive thy lovely form ;
 Thou'dst sooth my gloomy hours with converse
 dear:—

Serenely we'd behold the lowering storm.

I'd be the partner of thine infant cares,
 And pour instruction o'er thy expanding mind ;
 Whilst in thy heart, in my declining years,
 My wearied soul should an asylum find.

My wrongs, my cares should be forgot with thee,
 My power imperial, dignities, renown ;—
 This rock itself would be a heaven to me,
 Thine arms more cherish'd than the victor's crown.

O! in thine arms my son! I could forget that fame
 Shall give me, through all time, a never dying name.

(Signed)

NAPOLEON.

The following is another version of these lines, which is likewise presented to the reader, because, in both the originals, nothing indicates which composition Napoleon preferred.

Au Portrait de mon Fils.

De mon jeune héritier, délicieuse image !
 Oui, voilà bien ses traits, son aimable candeur.
 Il ne vit plus pour moi ; sur cet affreux rivage,
 Il ne viendra jamais s'appuyer sur mon cœur.
 O mon sang ! O mon fils ! que ta douce présence,
 A ton malheureux Père épargnerait d'ennui !
 Doucement je verrais s'élever ton enfance ;
 A mes vieux ans plus tard tu servirais d'appui.
 Seul, tu me tiendrais lieu de couronne et de gloire.
 Avec toi, sur ce roc, je serais dans les cieux.
 T'embrassant, j'oublierais que vingt ans la victoire
 M'avait mis en Europe au rang des demi-dieux.

(Signé)

NAPOLÉON.

Translation.

To the Portrait of my Son.

O ! cherish'd image of my infant heir !
 Thy surface does his lineaments impart :—
 But ah ! thou livest not.—On this rock so bare
 His living form shall never glad my heart.
 My second self ! how would thy presence cheer
 The settled sadness of thy hapless sire !
 Thine infancy with tenderness I'd rear,
 And thou shouldst warm my age with youthful
 fire.

In thee a truly glorious crown I'd find,
 With thee, upon this rock, a heaven should own,
 Thy kiss would chase past conquests from my mind,
 Which raised me, demi-god, on Gallia's throne.

(Signed)

NAPOLEON.

These verses alone are worth a whole commentary on the sorrows with which the emperor was devoured.

FORGIVENESS OF TREASON.

ON the 12th of March, 1811, the students of one of the Imperial Lyceums received for the subject of composition, the speech of M. de Fontanes to the Emperor, on his return from his last campaign against Austria. This speech, commencing with the words, "Sire, the University, &c.," was, as usual, a tissue of eulogies from beginning to end.

One of these young students soon after he had taken down the subject, instead of translating the proposed eulogy, quitted his form, went up to the professor, and delivered to him his note book, on which he had written the following lines of J. B. Rousseau:

" Et je pourrais forcer ma bouche
 A louer un héros farouche
 Né pour le malheur des humains !"

which may be thus translated: "*And can I force my lips to praise a ferocious hero, born for the misfortune of mankind !*"

We know not who it was that wished to sacrifice

this young man;—but it is not the less true that Napoleon was informed of the circumstance. “Has this young man any talents?” demanded he—“does he promise to become a good soldier?” On assuring the emperor that he was one of the ablest students of the class—“*Very well,*” added Napoleon, “*let him give vent to his passion; I shall present him with a handsome epaulet, and he will one day become one of my best officers.*”

SURRENDER OF NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE BELLEROPHON.

ON the 15th of July, 1815, Napoleon surrendered himself to Captain Maitland, on board the Bellerophon, in direct opposition, as it has been asserted, to the advice of his trusty adherents, and in particular of those who afterwards became the voluntary companions of his exile. Upon the 22d of the same month was forwarded his famous letter to the Prince Regent; of which the following is a copy:—

“ALTESSE ROYALE,

“*En butte aux factions qui divisent mon pays et à l'inimitié des plus grandes Puissances de l'Europe, j'ai terminé ma carrière politique, et je viens, comme Thémistocles, m'asseoir sur les foyers du peuple Britannique. Je me mets sous la protection de ses lois, que je reclame de VOTRE ALTESSE ROYALE, comme le plus puissant, le plus constant, et le plus généreux de mes ennemis.*

“NAPOLEON.”

Translation.

“ ROYAL HIGHNESS,

“ Exposed to the factions which divide my country, as well as to the enmity of the great powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and come, like Themistocles, (*m’asseoir sur le foyer*), to seek for refuge in the hearts of the British people. From your Royal Highness I claim the protection of the laws, and throw myself upon the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.”

(Signed)

“ NAPOLEON.”

How forcibly does this situation of the emperor bring to mind the appeal made by Coriolanus to Tullus Aufidius, so emphatically expressed by Shakespeare*; while the reply of the latter raises a blush on the cheek of honesty, by teaching us the noble

* “ *Coriolanus*. ——— Now this extremity Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope, (Mistake me not) to save my life; for if I had fear’d death, of all the men in the world I’d have avoided thee.

“ *Aufidius*. ——— Let me twine Mine arms about that body, where against My grained ash a hundred times hath broke, And scar’d the moon with splinters; here I clip The anvil of my sword, and do contest As hotly and as nobly with thy love, As ever in ambitious strength I did Contend against thy valour. But, that I see thee here, Thou *noble thing*, more dances my rapt heart, Than when I first my wedded mistress saw Bestride my threshold.”

Shakspeare’s Coriolanus.

line of conduct Britain should have pursued, yet forfeited the glorious opportunity.

Upon the 24th, the *Bellerophon* arrived at Torbay, and on the 26th, Napoleon sailed to Plymouth preparatory to his embarkation on board the *Northumberland*, commanded by Admiral Cockburn, with whom he was destined to sail for St. Helena, and from which vessel he dispatched the famous protest to Lord Keith, against his removal to that island. It is thus anglicised :

“ I solemnly protest in the face of Heaven and of all men, against the violation of every sacred right towards me, since it is by force that my person and my liberty are disposed of. I voluntarily delivered myself up to the *Bellerophon* ; I am therefore no prisoner, but the guest of England.

“ Once embarked on board the *Bellerophon*, I was under the safeguard of the English people. If the government, when issuing orders to the commander of the vessel to receive me, with all my retinue, only sought to entrap me, it has broken the ties of honour, and disgraced the British flag.

“ If this order is to be put into effect, in vain will the English henceforth proclaim their integrity, their laws, and their liberty to Europe: hospitality thus violated on board the *Bellerophon* must for ever compromise the good faith of England.

“ I appeal therefore to history ; which will record that an enemy, who, for twenty years, made war against the British nation, came freely in his misfortune to demand an asylum under the safeguard of their laws. What proof more striking could be

given of his esteem and his confidence? But in what manner have the English replied? They tendered the hand of hospitality to that enemy; and when he delivered himself up, they sacrificed him!!!

“On board the Bellerophon at sea, 4th of August, 1815.

(Signed)

“NAPOLEON.”

That the exclamation of the sufferer, in the concluding passage of this memorable protest, has been verified, no one will have the boldness to deny; that he has been offered up a sacrifice upon the altar of dastardly policy must stand recorded; but to say that the immolation of the victim was a deed of the British nation, taken in the aggregate, would be a calumny of so foul a die, that Englishmen must stand exculpated, so long as the British heart throbs to the vibrations of honour, philanthropy and universal commiseration. Of this, Napoleon was afterwards truly sensible.—*France for the last Seven Years.*

MARSHAL DUROC.

MR. O'MEARA mentioned to the Emperor Napoleon, that he had been informed, he had saved Marshal Duroc's life, when seized and condemned to death as an emigrant, during his first campaigns in Italy; and that this was asserted to have been the cause of the great attachment subsequently displayed by Duroc to him until the hour of his death. Napoleon looked surprised, and replied, “No such thing—who told you that tale?” Mr. O'Meara said,

that he had heard the Marquis de Montchenu * repeat it at a public dinner. "There is not a word of truth in it," replied Napoleon. "*I took Duroc out of the artillery train, when he was a boy, and protected him until his death. But I suppose Montchenu said this, because Duroc was of an old family, which in that booby's eyes is the only source of merit. He despises every body who has not as many hundred years of nobility to boast of as himself. It was such as Montchenu who were the chief cause of the Revolution. Before it, such a man as Bertrand, who is worth an army of Montchenus, could not even be a sous-lieutenant, while vieux enfans (dotards in leading strings) like him would be generals. God help," continued he, "the nation that is governed by such. In my time, most of the generals, of whose deeds France is so proud, sprung from that very class of plebeians so much despised by him."*

SECRECY OF NAPOLÉON'S MOVEMENTS.

IN his intended journeys from place to place, Napoleon was always very secret, and, when once in motion, extremely expeditious, rather from impatience than from any solicitude for the safety of his person, which was generally sufficiently well guarded: although, (as he afterwards told Mr. O'Meara) this secrecy was, doubtless, necessary to preserve him from the bullets and daggers of the many assassins, who so frequently attempted his life.

* The French Commissioner at St. Helena, during Napoleon's exile.

If his servants should have supposed, from what they might have heard him say, that he was going to take an airing, and should have made preparations for the purpose, he uniformly reprimanded them, and ordered his carriages to be put up ; but perhaps countermanded the orders the moment after. He has even been known, upon such an occasion, to have issued invitations for a ball, or a concert, at court, and to have set out on an excursion to the sea coast, and sometimes to a very distant part of his dominions, half an hour before the guests were expected. Those who accompanied him upon such occasions knew nothing of what was to be done, till they were told to get their hats and swords, and that the emperor was ready. On his return from a campaign or an excursion, no man presumed to know which of the imperial palaces he would drive to ; but the keepers of all, from St. Cloud to Fontainebleau, were always in readiness to receive him.

It often offended him that any one should guess at his meaning, even in trifles, and he is said to have been extremely impatient of what in the least approached to an appearance of contradiction, and so suspicious of seeming to be governed, that those who wished to bring him over to any change of opinion, were obliged to use great circumspection. This doubtless arose from the clear light, in which he, almost intuitively, viewed every question ; and also from the impatience with which men of genius are obliged to treat persons of dull comprehension. Mounier, a distinguished personage in the earlier part of the revolution, was almost the only one of his counsellors who dared to differ from him, and this would render him at times almost outrageous ;

but he provided very handsomely for Mounier's children.

In speaking of this extraordinary man, we ought always to bear in mind his singular elevation. No degree of good sense, perhaps, could have withstood so much flattery, so much success, so much of what the world call prosperity, and such abject servility in the neighbouring princes. Had he lived some centuries ago, his flatterers might, doubtless, have easily persuaded him, that the name he had borne before his exaltation was by no means that which belonged to him. They would have traced his lineage to a much higher source, and have made him the son of Hercules or of Jupiter Ammon.

THE EMPEROR'S DISLIKE OF OSTENTATION.

WHEN Buonaparte returned to Paris, after having arranged the preliminaries of peace between France and Austria, in 1797, at the conclusion of two celebrated campaigns, he was accompanied by no parade whatever; he had the simple equipage of a private gentleman, and was attended only by his secretary and an aid-de-camp. Again; on his return to Paris after the battle of Marengo, he arrived there so early in the morning as to disappoint the expectations of those who had waited some days to go out and meet him.

After the still more extraordinary campaign in Germany, which was terminated by the victory of Austerlitz, he pursued the same course; he entered Paris in the night to avoid all parade; and when the mayor and commune of Paris, in their congratu-

latory address on his return, expressed a wish that he would have given them an opportunity of testifying their gratitude for the services he had rendered his country, by receiving him with due demonstrations of joy; he made the following memorable reply:—" *Had I been defeated, I would have made a public entry, that, by the manner in which I was received by my good citizens of Paris, my enemies might have been convinced that the attachment which they have always shown me was not confined to my fortune; but, though vanquished, they would still consider their cause and mine as inseparably united:—returning a victor, I would not hazard their being accused of servile adulation.*"

ATTACHMENT OF THE ARMY TO NAPOLEON.

OF the attachment of his army, we have a striking instance in a French soldier, at the battle of Waterloo. He had just suffered the amputation of his left arm, when actuated by an heroic spirit of devotion, he requested that the limb should be given to him; on which seizing it with his remaining hand, he threw it up in the air, exclaiming to his comrades, "*Vive l'Empereur, jusqu'à la mort.*"

Many other instances of the like devotion were evinced on the announcement of Napoleon's exile to St. Helena. On that occasion all his officers wept, but particularly Savary. A Polish colonel clung to his master's knees; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity. But this was not permitted.

In alluding to this circumstance, the following affecting stanzas were written by Lord Byron, being a translation from the French:—

MUST thou go, my glorious chief,
 Sever'd from thy faithful few?
 Who can tell thy warrior's grief,
 Maddening o'er that long adieu?
 Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,
 Dear as both have been to me—
 What are they to all I feel,
 With a soldier's faith for thee?

Idol of the soldier's soul!
 First in fight, but mightiest now:
 Many could a world control;
 Thee alone no doom can bow.
 By thy side for years I dared
 Death; and envied those who fell,
 When their dying shout was heard,
 Blessing him they served so well.

Would that I was cold with those,
 Since this hour I live to see;
 When the doubts of coward foes
 Scarce dare trust a man with thee,
 Dreading each should set thee free.
 Oh! although in dungeons pent,
 All their chains were light to me,
 Gazing on thy soul unbent.

Would the sycophants of him
 Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
 Were his borrow'd glories dim,
 In his native darkness share?

Were that world this hour his own,
All thou calmly dost resign,
Could he purchase with that throne
Hearts like those which still are thine ?

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu !
Never did I droop before ;
Never to my sovereign sue,
As his foes I now implore :
All I ask is to divide
Every peril he must brave ;
Sharing by the hero's side
His fall, his exile, and his grave.

NAPOLEON'S WISH.

"WHAT do you think," said Napoleon, one day, to his surgeon, Mr. O'Meara, "of all things in the world would give me the greatest pleasure?" Mr. O'Meara was on the point of replying, *removal from St. Helena*, when Napoleon said, "to be able to go about *incognito* in London and other parts of England, to the *restaurateurs*, with a friend, to dine in public at the expense of half-a-guinea or a guinea, and listen to the conversation of the company; to go through them all, changing almost daily, and in this manner, with my own ears, to hear the people express their sentiments, in their unguarded moments, freely and without restraint; to hear their real opinion of myself, and of the surprising occurrences of the last twenty years." Mr. O'Meara observed, that he would hear much evil and much good of himself. "Oh, as to the evil," replied Napoleon, "I care not about that. I am

used to it. Besides, I know that the public opinion will be changed. The nation will be just as much disgusted at the libels published against me, as they formerly were greedy in reading and believing them. This," added he, "and the education of my son, would form my greatest pleasure. It was my intention to have done this, had I reached America. The happiest days of my life were from sixteen to twenty, during the *semestres*, when I used to go about, as I have told you I should wish to do, from one *restaurant* to another, living moderately, and having a lodging for which I paid three louis a month. They were the happiest days of my life. *I was always so much occupied, that I may say I never was truly happy upon the throne. Not that I have to reproach myself with doing evil whilst seated there; on the contrary, I restored fifty thousand families to their country, and the improvements I made in France will speak for themselves. I made war certainly; of this there is no doubt; but in almost every instance I was either forced to it or I had some great political object in view.*"

NAPOLÉON AT THE THEATRE.

"WE were at the play one evening," says an American traveller, "and seated near the stage, when in consequence of some preparations in the box appropriated to the emperor, it was perceived that he was expected. The play was already begun, but the actors no longer commanded the attention of the audience, who remained with their eyes fixed upon the imperial box, and were expressing a sort of tumultuous expectation, when the Emperor en-

tered. He was received with shouts of applause. These he answered by a slight bow, and then seated himself in an elbow chair, while three chamberlains remained standing behind.

I had, upon this and upon some other occasions, an opportunity of examining his person and countenance, at my leisure, and the impression left upon my mind was that of a muscular man, of about five feet four inches, with very broad shoulders, and short legs. He cannot be very unlike what historians describe Pepin to have been, whom he certainly resembles in fortune; nor is he unlike a description which I have somewhere read of Robert, eldest son of William the Conqueror, who was, on account of the shortness of his legs, surnamed *Courte hose*. He has small, piercing, dark grey eyes, a prominent nose, a large chin, a good mouth, short coal black hair, a forehead that would have satisfied Lavater, a countenance which denotes a man not too well pleased at any time, and easily made angry, with a bilious and sunburnt complexion. I am told that he sometimes condescends to joke with those about him, but I saw nothing like it in his face, and I will be sworn that no man ventures to joke with him. His manner appears harsh and sudden; and his voice is said to be hoarse and unmusical. He was dressed with the utmost simplicity; was attentive to the play; took a vast deal of snuff; spoke once or twice to the chamberlain nearest him; stole a sidelong look or two at the audience; started up at the end of the piece; advanced rapidly to the edge of the box; made a hasty bow, and withdrew.

"I endeavoured, every time that I saw this great

personage, to consider him attentively, and I tried to determine within myself what would have been my opinion of such a looking person, had I met him in private life. Had I met such a person in a public walk in France, I should have supposed him a foreign subaltern, living chiefly by his ingenuity at cards, and ready to defend his winnings by his sword; in Italy, where the police is very defective, I should have been uneasy to have met him at the corner of a wood."

NAPOLEON'S CORONATION.

MUCH has been said, and many animadversions made, upon Buonaparte's placing the crown upon his own head, and not waiting to receive it from the hands of the pope, and he is represented as having snatched it impatiently from the holy father. That he placed the crown on his own head is very true, but that he snatched it from the pope's hands is an error. The crowns, both for himself and the empress, were laid upon the altar; and the pope, having anointed the foreheads and temples of the emperor and empress with oil, which he had previously consecrated for the purpose, proceeded to bless and consecrate the crowns, taking them in his hands as he pronounced the benediction. He then replaced them on the altar; and retiring to his own seat, Napoleon advanced. Taking in his hand the crown destined for himself, and a *wreath of laurel*, he pronounced the oath to the nation, which had been decreed by the senate, and repeated a formula signifying his acknowledgment that he held the crown

by the favour of God and the French people ; after which he placed it upon his head. The empress then advancing, he took in like manner into his hand the crown destined for her, in form the same as the queens of France used to wear, and pronouncing a formula purporting that she held the crown only as his true and lawful wife, not from any right inherent in herself, he placed the crown upon her head.

The Emperor Napoleon was not consecrated with the *sainte ampoule*, the holy oil, with which the kings of France were consecrated at Rheims, and which was reputed to have been brought originally from heaven by an angel for the consecration of Pepin, the first Christian king of France. From that time a constant supply had been always miraculously furnished ; so that, whatever quantity was used, *the original stock was never diminished*. But the revolution, in depriving France of her ancient race of sovereigns, deprived her also of this sacred unguent ; and the unholy dynasty, by which the throne of France was afterwards filled, was content to receive no other unction than what might be used upon the most ordinary occasion.

ATTACHMENT OF THE EMPEROR'S SERVANTS.

A PAPER having been sent by the governor of St. Helena, to Longwood, the residence of Napoleon, containing an acknowledgment from the French of their willingness to submit to such restrictions as had, or might be imposed upon Napoleon Buonaparte, was signed by all, and sent to Sir

Hudson Lowe. The only alteration made by them, was the substitution of "*l'Empereur Napoleon*," for *Napoleon Buonaparte*. On the following day the papers were sent back by the governor, to Count Bertrand, with a demand that *Napoleon Buonaparte* should be inserted in the place of *l'Empereur Napoleon*. Mr. O'Meara saw Napoleon on the same day, who told him that he had advised them not to sign it, but rather to quit the island, and go to the Cape.

At eleven o'clock at night, a letter was sent by Sir Hudson Lowe to Count Bertrand, in which he informed him, that in consequence of the refusal of the French officers to sign the declaration with the words, *Napoleon Buonaparte*, they and the domestics must all depart for the Cape of Good Hope *instantly*, in a ship which was ready for their reception; with the exception of a cook, maître de hôtel, and one or two of the valets; but that in consideration of the advanced state of Countess Bertrand's pregnancy, her husband would be permitted to remain until she was able to bear the voyage.

The prospect of separation from the emperor caused great grief and consternation among the inmates of Longwood, who, without the knowledge of Napoleon, waited upon the orderly officer after midnight, and signed the obnoxious paper (with the exception of Santini, who refused to sign to any in which he was not styled *l'Empereur*), which was transmitted to the governor.

NEAPOLITAN REVOLUTION.

WHILE Buonaparte was preparing and publishing edicts, which were to form the minds and soften the manners of the Egyptians, Suwaroff had overrun Italy in a single campaign. The different posts, which the French had occupied in the Roman and Neapolitan states, either surrendered to a motley army of British marines and Russian and Turkish soldiers, or capitulated with the British commodore, who commanded on the coast; a Turkish fleet sailed up the Adriatic for the protection of the inhabitants, and the Pope was guarded by a regiment of British light horse. The Neapolitan court, meanwhile, which had retired to Palermo, was doing its utmost to overthrow the Parthenopeian republic.

As the people of Calabria had never been brought to admit the French into their country, it was among them that the Cardinal Ruffo first showed himself. He was the agent of the court, was invested with full powers for that purpose, and availed himself of the ignorance, the enthusiasm, and the courage of the Calabrians. *Five persons were dressed and tutored for the purpose of representing the princes of the royal family, and as they were liberal in their promises of future promotion in the state and in the army, while the cardinal and the priests who joined him, undertook for the next world, it was no difficult matter to collect an army.*

In addition to the nobility and gentry who offered their services on the occasion, were persons of every possible description; every assassin, who had his

peace to make with heaven and the king, was a good recruit, and a celebrated robber and apostate priest, known throughout the country by the name of *Fratre Diavolo*, presented himself, with five hundred of his followers, before his eminence, and was considered as a very acceptable accession*.

The royal cause now bore down every thing before it; Naples was taken, the royal government re-established, and numbers of those unfortunate persons, who had been in any way connected with the temporary republic, were made to pay the penalty of their rashness. There are circumstances in this part of the narration not honourable to Lord Nelson. But the tragedy ended in a farce, which is worth relating in this place. On the list of the proscribed there was placed *the name of St. Januarius himself, the great patron saint of Naples*. He was accused of having been passive, at least, in the late revolution, *and of having permitted the usual liquefaction of his blood*, while the rebels were in possession of the king's palace!!! As no one appeared to make any defence for this holy personage, though a reasonable time was allowed for the purpose, he was declared convicted; his property, that is to say, the ornaments of the cathedral and of the great altar, were declared forfeited to the crown; *he was deposed from his station of Patron Saint of Naples, his blood to remain congealed for ever, no miracles of his to be admitted of, and it was announced that the vows of the nation collectively were hereafter to be addressed to St. Antony of Padua!* When St. Antony took possession of his

* He was afterwards taken by the French and hanged; but the king of Naples has erected a very handsome monument to his memory!

new dignity; around his body, and under his feet, were placed a number of those ropes, with which it was said the republicans had prepared to bind the royalists, *had it not been for his powerful intercession with heaven*; and at every house by which the procession passed, the inhabitants were careful how they neglected to have an offering of flowers, and of some piece of plate ready to lay at the Saint's feet!

There is something similar to the fate of St. Januarius, in the History of England; viz.:—The vengeance of Henry the Eighth, exercised against the papal power, in the person of St. Thomas of Canterbury. This saint, who owed his canonization to the zealous defence he made of the Apostolic See against Henry the Second, had kindled by his repeated miracles, such a flame of devotion at Canterbury, as to efface the adoration of the Virgin, and even of the Deity. He was, however, *cited to appear in court as if he had been a common person, was tried and condemned as a traitor, his name was struck off the list of saints, his shrine was ransacked, his remains, which had been held sacred for near four hundred years, were burnt, and his ashes were scattered in the air.*—One could hardly have expected that a scene so similar would have been repeated in the nineteenth century.

NAPOLEON A FAVOURITE WITH ENGLISH SEAMEN.

WHEN Napoleon was put on board Captain Usher's frigate, for the purpose of being conveyed to the island of Elba, the sailors, with their usual coarseness and good humour, began to pass their jokes

upon him, and to show some degree of exultation that the great emperor was at last almost a prisoner in a British ship. Napoleon perceived it: but treated all the men with the greatest affability and kindness, making observations to Captain Usher upon the character of British seamen. He seemed to relish their humour, took every thing in good part, and even made some attempts to talk with the men in their native tongue, laughing with them at his own mistakes. By the time he had been three or four days on board, he became what they called "*a prime favourite*" with the whole crew; and, though he supported his own consequence and dignity, he did it in such a way as was rather pleasing from its condescension than disgusting from its haughtiness. So much had Napoleon wound himself into the good graces of the men, that, when the voyage was nearly ended, the sailors requested the master of the frigate to wait upon the emperor, with expressions of regret that they were so soon to lose him, and with sincere wishes for "*all sorts of good luck*."

To this address, Napoleon returned a most obliging answer; stating, that the experience he had now enjoyed gave him a respect for British sailors that he had never before felt, although he had always been one of the first to acknowledge their firmness and their gallantry.

GENERAL LABEDOYERE.

THE first object who figured upon the sanguinary record, after the second restoration of Louis XVIII. was Charles Angelique Huchet de Labedoyere.

This gentleman was of an ancient family, every

member of which, excepting himself, was firmly attached to the royal cause; and in consequence of this, upon Napoleon's abdication, he was strongly urged by his father to enter the king's body guard, to which he gave a decided negative; after this, the Cross of St. Louis was tendered to him, but that he rejected in like manner, stating that it was a decoration worn by poltroons and men who had betrayed their country, and consequently should never appear on the breast of a man of honour; finding him thus resolute in his determinations, the exasperated father at length had recourse to threats, and it was accordingly announced to Labedoyere that, if he persisted in refusing to serve in the royal army, the paternal anathema should be pronounced against him; upon which, instigated by motives of filial duty, he yielded, and received a command as colonel in the seventh regiment of the line, qualifying this acquiescence, however, with an assurance that, in the event of any change of circumstances taking place tending to reinstate his former leader upon the throne of France, he would immediately renounce his adherence to the white standard of the Bourbons, and rally under the banners of the imperial eagle. For his voluntary junction with the emperor between Vizelle and Grenoble, during Napoleon's march to Paris, this unfortunate soldier was arraigned for *treason, rebellion, and desertion*.

When questioned concerning the events of the month of March, he solemnly declared, that he had never held any correspondence whatsoever with any person in the Island of Elba, and denied having had any thing to do with the return of Napoleon. Upon being asked whether he took part

with the malcontents? his reply was, "I took part with them in some points. I had no reason of my own to complain, *having never received any favour from the king, nor done any thing to deserve one ;*" and upon being asked by the president, Who had named him colonel of the seventh regiment of the line? he answered, "I was named by the king;" and further: "*Did not you receive the Croix de St. Louis?*" he exclaimed with firmness, "*Never !*" Thus, for adhering to those principles in which he had been educated (since, not having attained his thirtieth year, he was a child of the revolution), and for his fidelity to the cause of his leader, which would have continued unshaken but from the dread of a father's malediction, he was *condemned to death, and degraded from the legion of honour ;* which sentence was speedily carried into execution.

The project of this unfortunate gentleman had been to take refuge in America,—preparatory to which, on the sixth of July, he procured a letter of credit upon Philadelphia for fifty-five thousand francs (about two thousand three hundred pounds sterling), but as soon as he became acquainted with the ordonnance of the king, of the 24th of July, he found it difficult to embark, or even to escape to Switzerland, and accordingly repaired to Paris in disguise, for the purpose of consulting his family in regard to his future destination, but he had scarcely remained half an hour in the capital ere he was in confinement, such was the activity and vigilance of the police upon this occasion.

In the burying ground of *Père la Chaise* moulder the ashes of Labedoyere, headed by a marble monument, whereon are sculptured a female and a child

in the act of weeping, intended to portray the sorrowing widow and fatherless son. The white surface of the marble is uniformly covered by poignant inscriptions, written in lead pencil, sarcastically alluding to the *clemency* of the king. A cypress tree, which stands beside it, is constantly divested of its boughs by the visitants, anxious to preserve a memorial of youthful misfortune and persevering attachment.—*France for the last Seven Years.*

GATES OF GRENOBLE.

SUCH was the enthusiasm of the inhabitants of this city upon Napoleon's advance on Paris, after effecting his landing from Elba, that in order to demonstrate the excess of their joy, finding that they could not open the gates, of which it was stated General Marchand had carried away the keys; they literally wrenched the gates from off their hinges, and transported the same to the hotel of M. la Barre, the sign of the Three Dauphins, where Napoleon had alighted; the populace exclaiming, with cries of *Vive l'Empereur*; that, since they could not present to him the keys of his faithful city of Grenoble, they laid before him the gates, themselves, in testimony of their unalterable fidelity.

PARTIALITY OF NAPOLEON TOWARDS ENGLISHMEN.

HOWEVER Buonaparte's original enthusiasm in favour of England might have been altered by subsequent events, it always had a considerable degree of influence upon his mind, as he evinced at various

times, in the assistance and protection which he afforded to individuals of that nation. When the French army entered Bologna, in Italy, after the conquest of that town, in the extraordinary campaign of 1796, an English family who had been some time resident in the place, and had not been able to quit it, were under great alarms, expecting to be plundered at least, if no worse fate awaited them: Buonaparte, hearing of the circumstance, went himself to their house in order to calm their fears. He assured them, that not only themselves but their property should remain in perfect safety; and he placed a guard over the house for their protection. This circumstance was related at Bath in the summer of 1798, by one of the members of the family who were thus protected, and was the means of converting some ladies, who had before been among the very determined enemies of Buonaparte, into his enthusiastic admirers.

In the same campaign Lord Bristol, late Bishop of Derry, was taken prisoner by the French in Lombardy, as he was on his way to Rome. A friend of Buonaparte, to whom the bishop was well known, representing the circumstance to him, and assuring him that the bishop had no other object in being abroad but his amusement, and the gratification of his taste for collecting valuable articles of literature; Buonaparte immediately ordered him to be released, and sent him a passport and protection for continuing his journey. He was even introduced by his recommendation to M. Caucault, the French ambassador at Rome; who wrote to a friend that he had seen him there collecting books with great eagerness, though then at a very ad-

vanced age. He did not live to return to England, but died at Rome.

These are by no means the only instances which might be cited of favour shown by Napoleon to individuals of the English nation. It is said, and we believe with truth, that he was always happy when an opportunity occurred of evincing, that it was to the government alone his enmity was directed; that he was even particularly attached to many individuals of that nation, and pleased when he could show them any favour.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN NAPOLEON AND CARNOT.

ONE of the first persons sent for by the emperor, after his return to Paris, was the virtuous Carnot, whom he consulted as to the plan most expedient to be adopted under existing circumstances, upon which this disinterested patriot informed him, that there was but one mode to pursue, and that if such measures were followed, success must be the result; "but," continued Carnot, "it is useless to consult me, for the advice I shall give, you will never pursue;" when upon Napoleon's insisting that he would be explicit, the former is reported to have said—

"Sire, you must forget all those sentiments that swayed you prior to your abdication last year—you must divest your mind of all the gew-gaw of imperial dignity—France from the commencement of your reign ever has, and never will cease to require a free constitution—accede to her wishes, summon from the several departments the most experienced legislators we possess—let them draw out such a code as will be acceptable to the nation—

stand forth yourself the leader of your armies—let the rallying words be : *Il s'agit de sauver la France. Et sur ma tête la France sera sauvée!* (*Be the struggle now to save France. I will stake my head that France will be saved!*) But be your decisions, sire, whatever they may," continued Carnot, " my feeble abilities shall uniformly be exerted to second your endeavours, and benefit the interests of my country, whose welfare was always the cherished object of my heart."

At this period was reprinted by tens of thousands the celebrated "*Mémoire*" of Carnot, addressed to the king, which, although a thick pamphlet, was sold to the public at ten *sols* per copy, being transported about the city in carts, and distributed among the inhabitants of Paris in incalculable numbers.

PARISIAN FETE IN 1801.

THE French fête, in honour of the peace of 1801, took place on the 9th of November, at Paris, with great brilliancy and éclat. On the Pont Neuf was raised a magnificent triumphal arch. Opposite to the port of St. Nicholas was a temple dedicated to Commerce, and built on boats tied together and boarded over. Fire works were let off from boats placed by the side of this temple. The arches on the Pont Neuf were covered with circular frames, loaded with variegated lamps. The elegant baths of Vigier gave to this illumination a picturesque effect. Farther on appeared the Altar of Invalides, at the gate of which had been raised a triumphal arch, decorated with antique crowns. From the basement

was hung a globe, bespangled with stars; and a frame, placed above the key-stone of the arch, exhibited in letters of fire, of prodigious dimensions, the name of *Buonaparte*. Four pyramids were displayed along the front. Near the *Place de Concorde* an immense theatre was constructed, on which was elevated the Temple of Peace. It was supported by ninety-four columns of the Ionic order, disposed in a right angle of ten to sixteen. Two other temples, on a smaller scale, were erected beside that of Peace. On both sides of the grand alley of the Tuileries were raised arcades, with sub-basements. The octagonal bason was illuminated in all its circumference.

On the morning of the fête an appropriate proclamation was issued by the chief consul.

EMBARKATION AT ELBA.

At four o'clock in the evening of the 26th of February, 1815, all had embarked; Napoleon's small fleet consisting of the brig, *Inconstant*, and five transports, bearing eleven hundred and forty men. These consisted of four hundred of the veteran guard, two hundred infantry, one hundred of the Polish light horse, and two hundred of the flank battalion; the residue being Corsicans and natives of the Isle of Elba. At five, the Emperor, followed by Counts Bertrand and Drouet, Generals Cambronne, Molet, Raoul, Jerzmanouski, and other officers of the guard, embarked on board the brig. The sky was clear, the guard intoxicated with enthusiasm, and Napoleon gay and tranquil. The inhabitants of the island by turns silent or giving

vent to joyful emotions, lined the shore ; when the discharge of a single cannon being the signal for weighing anchor, the sails were immediately unfurled, and the several vessels steered their course accompanied by the reiterated cries of "*Paris ou la mort !*" "Paris or death!"

THE SONS OF BRISSOT.

BRISSET left two sons, one of whom lost his life in bringing back to slavery those negroes in St. Domingo to whose liberty his father had contributed ; and the other was, some years ago, in Paris, in circumstances of some distress. He had been placed by the government at one of the Lycées, or public schools, and when called up to take the oath of allegiance to the emperor, in common with the other students and the masters, he resolutely refused ; *he could not*, he said, *bring himself to act in such violation of the principles for which his father had died* ; he then walked down the steps of the hall, and returned home. Napoleon, however, respected his principles, and afterwards provided for him.

NAPOLÉON'S SUPERSTITION.

IT is a curious fact, that Napoléon, like all the natives of Corsica, though a very free thinker, was extremely superstitious, insomuch, that it has been said he carried reliques about him ; one thing, however, is certain, that he most religiously preserved the drab great coat which he wore during his passage over Mount Saint Gothard, previous to the memorable battle of Marengo. He was so much

attached to this surtout, that he frequently wore it previous to decisive battles, and it is in this very habiliment that he is uniformly represented in the great pictures, painted by his order, to immortalize his most celebrated victories.

THE VIOLET SEASON.

It is generally supposed in France that the Emperor Napoleon said on his leaving Paris for Elba, that he would return in the violet season, without much notice being taken of the expression at the time; however, very soon after his arrival there, many were convinced that he still seriously meditated a return to France, of which he often jestingly spoke.—In the villages around Paris, as well as on the banks of the lake of Geneva, the violet was the secret symbol by which the people denoted their chief, and recognised each other. They wore rings of a violet colour, with the device, “*Elle reparaitra au printemps!*” (It will reappear in spring.) When they asked, “*Aimez vous la violette?* (Do you like the violet?) and the answer was, “*Oui*” (yes), they inferred, that the respondent was not a confederate.—But if the answer was, “*Eh bien!*” (well), they recognised a brother initiated in the secret. At their convivial meetings they also toasted their favourite as *Corporal Violette*.

HEROISM OF A FRENCH YOUTH.

“DIRECTLY opposite to my residence,” says Mr. Ireland, “lived a *Monsieur Carré*, having an only son, eighteen years of age, who vainly endeavoured to

intercede with his father, that he might be permitted to go and enjoy a skirmish with the enemy, who were before Paris, in 1815, immediately after the battle of Waterloo. Finding every attempt ineffectual, he put on his uniform of a national guard, and thus deceived his father, by stating that he was called on duty to mount guard in the city; instead of which he sallied forth from the barrier, and about six in the evening, was brought home in a coach, mortally wounded. He expired a few days after, uniformly comforting his distracted parent, by stating, that although he had disobeyed him, as a son, he had nevertheless yielded to the call of his country, and that he died satisfied with the assurance of, at least, having killed one Prussian. Such was the enthusiastic feeling in the breast of a youth at this dreadful period."—*France for the last Seven Years.*

THE BATTLE OF LODI.

THE bridge of Lodi gives name to an action that took place there between the French and the Austrians in 1797, and which decided the fate of the Italian campaign. Notwithstanding the success of the French on several occasions, and the pusillanimity of the smaller powers of Italy, the Piedmontese were still numerous, and a well appointed army of the Austrians holding the left of the Adda, rendered the possession of Milan insecure to the French.

It was an object with Buonaparte, therefore, to force the bridge of Lodi, which crosses the Adda at a place where the river is about two hundred yards broad, and the breadth of the bridge is about ten.

A battery of cannon commanded the whole length of it by a raking fire, while other batteries, above and below, threatened destruction to any force that should attempt to cross. It would have been wiser, however, in the Austrian general, to have cut the bridge, or to have placed a fire ship under it.

Without losing a moment, though it was late in the evening when he arrived at Lodi, Buonaparte thinking, as Cæsar would have thought, that nothing was done, while any thing remained to be effected, ordered the passage to be attempted, and a column of the French, headed by the principal general officers of their army, persevering, after a moment's hesitation, under a deadly fire,—this most singular instance of military enthusiasm and audacity was crowned with complete success. The Austrians were driven from their batteries, the Piedmontese army lost all spirit of resistance, and the people of Italy, as if awaking from a dream of many ages at the cry of liberty, aided the arms of France in overturning the government of their respective sovereigns.

JOSEPHINE'S BEDSTEAD.

THE writer of this article has recently arrived from Paris, where he saw for sale the magnificent bed in which the Empress Josephine died; it was furnished by the two Mademoiselles Olives, who were ladies of the wardrobe to Josephine and Marie Louise, and cost twenty-six thousand francs, or nearly eleven hundred pounds. It is in the form of a very large English four-post bedstead, the pillars decreasing in size from the base upwards. The curtains

consist of what the French term *tuille de bruxelle*, being trimmed throughout with the richest white satin, the texture of which is so thick, that it is more like velvet than silk to the touch; the quantity employed being about eighty yards English. There is a bolster and two pillows, upon which are tastefully embroidered the ciphers of Josephine, which are also at the head and foot of the bed. The whole were disposed of when the effects of this celebrated lady were sold, by order of Prince Eugene Beauharnois, for four thousand eight hundred francs, upwards of one hundred and ninety pounds sterling.

INTRODUCTION OF NAPOLEON TO JOSEPHINE.

OF the Empress Josephine, Napoleon always spoke with the greatest affection. His first acquaintance with that amiable being commenced after the disarming of the sections of Paris, subsequently to the 13th of Vendemiaire, 1795. "A boy of twelve or thirteen years of age presented himself to me," said the Emperor to Mr. O'Meara, "and entreated that his father's sword (he had been a general of the republic) should be returned. I was so touched by this affectionate request, that I ordered it to be given to him. This boy was Eugene Beauharnois. On seeing the sword, he burst into tears. I felt so much affected by his conduct, that I noticed and praised him much. A few days afterwards, his mother came to return me a visit of thanks. I was much struck with her appearance, and still more with her *esprit*. This first impression was

daily strengthened, and marriage was not long in following." Buonaparte was but twenty-six years of age when he espoused the widow of Viscount de Beauharnois; at this period, he had never commanded an army, witnessed a regular battle, nor even assisted at one; but he possessed youth, knowledge, ardour, science, judgment, and activity; added to these qualities, he had a high opinion of his own talents, a confidence, in which experience afterwards proved him not mistaken.

BATTLE OF MARENGO.

MANY persons have ascribed the victory of Marengo entirely to Desaix, asserting, that Buonaparte was defeated till the former came up with a fresh supply of troops and changed the fortune of the day. This idea has been warmly combatted by an officer of rank, who thus defends the conduct of Buonaparte:

"They who can assert such a thing must be totally ignorant of all military concerns, and probably say it only through envy. Buonaparte's talents as a general were never more distinguished than on that day: he saved every thing by defending the narrow defile on the side of the village of Marengo till Desaix's corps should come up; and perhaps there is no other general in the world who could have kept his men at the defile as he did, exposed all the time to such a dreadful fire from the enemy. It required all his talents, all his coolness, all his presence of mind, all his insensibility to personal danger,—for he was himself the whole time exposed

to the hottest of the fire,—and above all it required his vast personal influence with the soldiers to prevent their giving way. Those who really understand the nature of such a conflict must consider this as one of the most brilliant actions among all those which have marked the French emperor's unexampled career: if the troops had not been kept standing firm as the rocks by which they were surrounded, Desaix's corps would have come up in vain, all would have been lost past recovery. Desaix behaved most gallantly; but in Pagan times, when the deities were supposed to mingle in mortal combats, Buonaparte would have been taken for nothing less than the god Mars himself."—This eulogium was written by one who professed that in many points of view he was not an admirer of Buonaparte.

CHARETTE, THE VENDEAN CHIEF.

THE conduct pursued by General Hoche, in the last campaign of La Vendée, was such as deserved and secured success. Bodies of light troops paraded the country in every direction, and whilst they gave not a moment's intermission to such as opposed them in arms, they extended protection and ensured tranquillity to all who submitted. Agents and spies, too, were sent in every direction through the country, who, addressing themselves to the old and infirm, to the women, and to the priests, prevailed upon great numbers to submit. Nor did it require much exaggeration to alarm their fears with a representation of what might otherwise take place

in their devoted country. Handsome offers were made to Charêtte*; but his unconquerable mind was not to be allured by promises of kind treatment and honourable conditions, or subdued by terror. He still continued to resist, till repeated defeats had reduced his followers first to a few hundreds, and at length to about thirty. He was now incessantly pursued, and by people as well acquainted with the country as himself, from one hiding place to another; was frequently fired at, and once severely wounded in the arm; till at length a deserter from the republican army, who hoped to make his peace, betrayed him into the hands of General Travot, in 1796. After a short resistance against very superior numbers, in which he was again wounded, he submitted, and taking a belt, which contained a considerable sum in gold, from about his waist, he presented it to the general, who very handsomely replied, "Keep your money, sir, you may yet have occasion for it, and I do not want it." When transferred before the military Commission at Nantes, after having been carried in triumph through every street of the city, his request was, that they would save themselves the trouble and him the pain of any discussion; that he was ready to admit of whatever might constitute his guilt, as far as they chose to call it so, and to die. When brought out to execution in a public square of the city, his behaviour was such as became him. He would suffer no bandage over his eyes, and having opened his bosom, he firmly gave the signal to fire,

* He was offered a million of livres, and a vessel to carry him wherever he chose.

by dropping his handkerchief; the last words which faltered upon his lips were *vive le roi*. He is still remembered by numbers with respect and *affection*, and an engraving, which is said to be very like him, is in great request. There is no name at the bottom, but simply the representation of Charètte. A nephew of his was so ill advised, in 1805, as to attempt an insurrection in La Vendée. He was immediately taken, and died on the same spot where his uncle had met his fate, and with the same resolution. The rest of the family were very munificently patronized by the Emperor Napoleon. This patronage continued until his last abdication of the throne.

MODERATION OF NAPOLEON.

IN a variety of instances, Buonaparte was so far from showing a vindictive spirit, that he rather displayed a placable and forbearing one. *Rœderer*, who once accused him of traitorous projects against the freedom of the country, was so far from finding himself on this account an object of his vengeance or persecution, that he was made a counsellor of state. *Camus*, who voted against the consulate for life being conferred upon him, was, notwithstanding, promoted to the rank of senator: and *Carnot*, who voted against him both upon that occasion and when he was elected emperor, had his choice of any post of honour or emolument which he chose to fill, though, for a time, he declined all. It is generally believed that even before he was employed by the emperor, he was often consulted by him on military

affairs, and that he never, on any occasion, refused his advice when he considered his country as having a claim to it.

NAPOLEON SUPPOSED TO BE A SCOTCHMAN.

IN the year 1792, when the institution of St. Cyr was broken up, Napoleon went to Paris for the purpose of escorting home his eldest sister, who had been a pupil of that institution. At this period there was a club held in Paris, affiliated in some sort with the great parent of all the clubs in France, that of the Jacobins. Among the members of this club it was a humour frequently to exchange names with each other as a testimony of friendship and brotherhood. Napoleon was a frequent attendant at its meetings during the short time that he then remained at Paris; and this circumstance seems to have given occasion to a whimsical idea circulated in a pamphlet published many years ago in London.

It is there asserted, that "*Napoleon, being much acquainted with a Scotch gentleman of the name of Oswald, who was a member of the club, agreed to exchange names with him; so that, in fact, the person who now bears the name of Napoleon Buonaparte is the Scotchman Mr. Oswald, while the real Buonaparte, under the name of Oswald, was killed fighting in the conventional army in La Vendée.*" So far it is true, that a Scotch gentleman of the name of Oswald did belong to this club: he had been originally in the service of the English East India Company, but, being embarrassed with debts, he fled his country to avoid imprisonment; when

seeking an asylum in France he entered into the service of the French republic, and lost his life fighting against the Vendean insurgents. He left a widow and two sons, who, having been strongly recommended to the emperor's mother, she allowed the widow a pension, and procured commissions in the army for the two sons.

CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

MR. O'MEARA, in one of his conversations with Napoleon, at St. Helena, asked him to what cause he attributed the failure of his expedition to Russia, and he replied *to the cold, the premature cold, and the burning of Moscow*. Although the leading particulars of these events must still be familiar to many of our readers, yet the account of one who was so intimately connected with them as Napoleon cannot but be interesting, and we shall quote it.

Speaking of this campaign, he said,—“I had made a calculation of the weather for fifty years before, and the extreme cold had never commenced until about the 20th of December, twenty days later than it began this time. While I was at Moscow, the cold was at three of the thermometer, and was such as the French could with pleasure bear; but on the march, the thermometer sunk eighteen degrees, and consequently nearly all the horses perished. In one night I lost thirty thousand. The artillery, of which I had five hundred pieces, was in a great measure obliged to be abandoned; neither ammunition nor provisions could be carried. We could not make a *reconnaissance*, nor send out an

advance of men on horseback to discover the way, through the want of horses. The soldiers lost their spirits, fell into confusion, and became senseless. The most trifling thing alarmed them. Four or five men were sufficient to frighten a whole battalion. Instead of keeping together, they wandered about in search of fire. Parties, when sent out on duty in advance, abandoned their posts, and went to seek the means of warming themselves in the houses. They separated in all directions, became helpless, and fell an easy prey to the enemy. Others lay down, fell asleep, a little blood came from their nostrils, and, sleeping, they died. In this manner thousands perished. The Poles saved some of their horses and artillery, but the French, and the soldiers of the other nations I had with me, were no longer the same men. In particular, the cavalry suffered. Out of forty thousand, I do not think that three thousand were saved.

“ Had it not been for that fire at Moscow, I should have succeeded. I would have wintered there. There were in that city about forty thousand citizens who were in a manner slaves. For you must know that the Russian nobility keep their vassals in a sort of slavery. I would have proclaimed liberty to all the slaves in Russia, and abolished vassalage and nobility. This would have procured me the union of an immense and powerful party. I would either have made a peace at Moscow, or else I would have marched the next year to Petersburg. Alexander was assured of it, and sent his diamonds, valuables, and ships to England. Had it not been for that fire, I should have suc-

ceeded in every thing. I beat them two days before, in a great action at Moskwa; I attacked the Russian army of two hundred and fifty thousand strong, entrenched up to their necks, with ninety thousand, and totally defeated them. Seventy thousand Russians lay upon the field. They had the impudence to say that they had gained the battle, though, two days after, I marched into Moscow.

"I was in the midst of a fine city, provisioned for a year, for in Russia they always lay in provisions for several months before the frost sets in. Stores of all kinds were in plenty. The houses of the inhabitants were well provided, and many had even left their servants to attend upon us. In most of them there was a note left by the proprietor, begging the French officers who took possession to take care of their furniture and other things; that they had left every article necessary for our wants, and hoped to return in a few days; when the Emperor Alexander had accommodated matters, at which time they would be happy to see us. Many ladies remained behind. They knew that I had been at Berlin and Vienna with my armies, and that no injury had been done to the inhabitants; and moreover, they expected a speedy peace. We were in hopes of enjoying ourselves in winter quarters, with every prospect of success in the spring.

"Two days after our arrival, a fire was discovered, which at first was not supposed to be alarming, but to have been caused by the soldiers kindling their fires too near the houses, which were

chiefly of wood. I was angry at this, and issued very strict orders on the subject to the commandants of regiments and others. The next day it had advanced, but still not so as to give serious alarm. However, afraid that it might gain upon us, I went out upon horseback, and gave direction to extinguish it. The next morning a violent wind arose, and the fire spread with the greatest rapidity. Some hundred miscreants, hired for that purpose, dispersed themselves in different parts of the town, and with matches which they concealed under their cloaks, set fire to as many houses to windward as they could, which was easily done, in consequence of the combustible materials of which they were built. This, together with the violence of the wind, rendered every effort to extinguish the fire ineffectual.

“ I myself narrowly escaped with life. In order to show an example, I ventured into the midst of the flames, and had my hair and eyebrows singed, and my clothes burnt off my back ; but it was in vain, as they had destroyed most of the pumps, of which there were above a thousand ; out of all these, I believe that we could only find one that was serviceable. Besides, the wretches that had been hired by Rostopchin, ran about in every quarter, disseminating fire with their matches ; in which they were but too much assisted by the wind.

“ This terrible conflagration ruined our prospects. I was prepared for every thing but this. It was unforeseen, for who would have thought that a nation would have set its capital on fire ? The inhabitants themselves, however, did all they could to extinguish

it, and several of them perished in their endeavours. They also brought before us numbers of the incendiaries with their matches, as amidst such a *popolazzo* we never could have discovered them ourselves. I caused about two hundred of these wretches to be shot.

“ Had it not been for this fatal fire, I had every thing my army wanted ; excellent winter quarters ; stores of all kinds were in plenty ; and the next year would have decided it. Alexander would have made peace, or I would have been in Petersburg.”

Mr. O'Meara asked if he thought he could entirely subdue Russia ? “ No,” replied Napoleon, “ but I would have caused Russia to make such a peace as suited the interests of France. I was five days too late in quitting Moscow. Several of the generals,” continued he, “ were burned out of their beds. I myself remained in the Kremlin until surrounded with flames. The fire advanced, seized the Chinese and India warehouses, and several stores of oil and spirits, which burst forth in flames, and overwhelmed every thing.

“ I then retired to a country house of the Emperor Alexander's, distant about a league from Moscow, and you may figure to yourself the intensity of the fire, when I tell you, that you could scarcely bear your hands upon the walls or windows on the side next to Moscow, in consequence of their heated state. It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame ; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth, and elevating themselves to

skies of fire, and then sinking into the flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld !”

NAPOLEON'S COLLEGE CERTIFICATE.

THE following document which has been incorrectly given in different publications is here inserted *verbatim*, as taken from the register of the Ecole Militaire de Brienne for the year 1784, having been for some time in the writer's possession, after which it passed into that of Louis Buonaparte, who purchased the manuscript for a very considerable sum of money. It may be necessary to state that two students of the college of Brienne were annually chosen as fit objects to be forwarded to the Ecole Militaire of Paris, and that the above year was that in which Napoleon and Monsieur de Castres were so selected, when the following were the certificates which they carried with them. Every year a written account of the state of the Brienne establishment was also expedited to the minister of the interior, and from the volume, for the year in question, this document was extracted.

1784.

Etat des Elèves du Roi, susceptibles par leur Age d'entrer au Service ou de passer a l'Ecole de Paris ; savoir,

M. de Buonaparte (Napoleon) né le 15 Août, 1769, taille de 4 pieds, 10 pouces, 10 l. a fini sa quatrième.

De bonne constitution, santé excellente, carac-

tère soumis, honnête, et reconnoissant ; conduite très régulière ; s'est toujours distingué à son application aux mathématiques : Il sait très passablement son histoire et sa géographie ; il est assez foible dans les exercices d'agrément, et pour le Latin, où il n'a fini que sa quatrième. Ce sera un excellent marin.

Mérite de passer à L'Ecole de Paris.

M. de Castres (Henri Alexandre Leopold) né le 10 Avril, 1771, taille de 4 pieds, 5 p. 6 l. : a fini sa seconde.

Bonne constitution et bonne santé, caractère bon, doux, et affable ; conduite très sage et régulière ; mœurs et inclinations sans reproches ; il a mérité le suffrage en général de tous ses maîtres ; ses progrès ont été proportionnés à son travail, tant aux mathématiques qu'au Latin, la géographiè, l'histoire, le dessin, la fortification, et l'Allemand.

Mérite de passer à L'Ecole de Paris.

Literal Translation.

1784.

Description of the King's Students, capable, from their Age, of entering the Service, or of passing to the Military School of Paris ; namely,

M. de Buonaparte (Napoleon) born the 15th of August, 1767. Height, 4 feet, 10 inches, 10 lines : has finished his fourth degree.

Of good constitution, excellent health, a character docile, frank, and grateful ; of very regular habits ; has always distinguished himself by his application to mathematics : he is pretty conversant with history and geography ; rather deficient in polite ac-

complishments, as well as Latin; having only finished his fourth class. He will prove an excellent marine.

Deserves to pass to the School at Paris.

M. de Castres (Henri Alexandre Leopold) born the 10th of April, 1771. Height, 4 feet 5 inches, 6 lines. Has finished his second degree.

Good constitution and good health, a generous, kind, and affable character, of prudent and regular conduct, and his morals and inclinations without reproach; he has, generally speaking, deserved the good report of all his masters; his improvement has been proportioned to his assiduity, as well in mathematics as in Latin, geography, history, drawing, fortification, and German.

Deserves to pass to the School at Paris.

BUONAPARTE AND COLONEL OSWALD.

MR. OSWALD, a colonel in the American service, resided in London between 1787 and 1790, and published an eloquent tract, called "*The Cry of Nature*," the object of which was to expose the cruelty of killing and eating animals. He was such an enthusiast in favour of liberty, that he went to Paris soon after the taking of the Bastille, and raised a corps of pikemen, in which his two sons were officers. In 1794, when the ignorant country people of La Vendée were seduced by the arms and money of England, and led on by the arts of their priests and nobles, to raise a civil war of extermination, the zeal of Oswald carried him and his regiment among these barbarous fanatics; and in one of those bloody affairs,

in which no quarter was given, this philosophical soldier was slaughtered, gallantly fighting at the head of his regiment.

The news of this catastrophe was not confirmed in England for three or four years, and, in the meantime, Buonaparte began his career in Italy. The first portraits of him resembled Oswald, and several anecdotes accorded with Oswald's character. He was, in particular, represented as devoted, like Oswald, to the study of Ossian,—an edition of which he was said to carry in his pocket. These circumstances led many persons to believe that Buonaparte was no other than Oswald, under an assumed name; a pamphlet was published in proof it, and the coincidence was believed, till Paoli and some Corsican relatives of Buonaparte came to England, and gave accounts of his family.

To Ossian this great man (Napoleon) continued attached through life: Ossian and Homer were his constant companions; and when his carriage was intercepted by the Prussians after the victory of Blucher, Bulow, and Wellington at Planchenoit and Mont St. Jean, a much worn copy of Ossian was found in it.

MARSHAL LEFEBVRE.

MARSHAL LE FEBVRE, Duke of Dantzic, was a native of Strasbourg, and commenced his military career in the regiment of the French guards. Having been a serjeant at the commencement of the revolution, like others he followed the current of popular opinion; and was raised to the rank of an officer. He commanded the section of *Fille Saint*

Thomas. Having attained the post of general, he distinguished himself by his bravery with the army of the Rhine, as well as upon every other occasion; and upon being named, by the directory, commander of the military force of Paris, he seconded to the utmost of his power all the proceedings of the eighteenth Brumaire, which entailed upon him the eternal gratitude of Napoleon. As a field marshal, his taking of Dantzic was the greatest of his achievements, and upon this occasion he was the first military personage who was raised to the dignity of a duke. He was, however, less happy in his domestic than in his public career, as the profligate conduct of his only son was a source of incessant chagrin, and he had ultimately the sorrow of learning that the life of this child, already wasted by debauchery, was terminated in a cossack's hut, after the retreat from Moscow; being unable to support the fatigues of that dreadful campaign. The marshal, although bereft of education, was possessed of strong natural parts; his temper was violent beyond expression; but he was one of the most brave, the most liberal, and the most faithful of Napoleon's generals.

NAPOLEON'S BEDROOM IN ST. HELENA.

THE following description of the furniture and internal economy of the sleeping chamber of the once all powerful arbiter of the fate of kings, must create in the mind of every reader the most acute sensations of regret, at the unmerited change which had taken place in his own fortune. At the same time, even his enemies must admire the philosophical patience with which this great man uniformly bore reverses,

insults, and ingratitude, under which almost any other individual would have been deprived of his reason, or have sunk into despair.

“The emperor’s bedroom was about fourteen feet by twelve, and ten or eleven feet in height. The walls were lined with brown nankeen, bordered and edged with common green bordering paper, and destitute of surbase. Two small windows, without pulleys, looking towards the camp of the fifty-third regiment, one of which was thrown up and fastened by a piece of notched wood. Window curtains of white long cloth, a small fireplace, a shabby grate, and fire irons to match, with a paltry mantelpiece of wood, painted white, upon which stood a small marble bust of his son. Above the mantelpiece hung the portrait of Marie Louise, and four or five of young Napoleon, one of which was embroidered by the hands of the mother. A little more to the right hung also a miniature picture of the Empress Josephine, and to the left was suspended the alarm chamber watch of Frederic the Great, obtained by Napoleon at Potsdam; while on the right, the consular watch, engraved with the cipher B, hung by a chain of the plaited hair of Marie Louise, from a pin stuck in the nankeen lining. The floor was covered with a second-hand carpet, which had once decorated the dining room of a lieutenant of the St. Helena artillery. In the right-hand corner was placed the little plain iron camp bedstead, with green silk curtains, upon which its master had reposed on the fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Between the windows there was a paltry second-hand chest of drawers; and an old bookcase, with green blinds, stood on the left of the door leading to the next apartment. Four or five cane-bottomed

chairs, painted green, were standing here and there about the room. Before the back door, there was a screen covered with nankeen, and between that and the fireplace an old fashioned sofa, covered with white long cloth, upon which reclined Napoleon, clothed in his white morning gown, white loose trowsers and stockings all in one. A chequered red madras upon his head, and his shirt collar open without a cravat. His air was melancholy and troubled. Before him stood a little round table, with some books, at the foot of which lay, in confusion upon the carpet, a heap of those which he had already perused, and at the foot of the sofa, facing him, was suspended a portrait of the Empress Marie Louise, with her son in her arms. In front of the fireplace stood Las Casas with his arms folded over his breast, and some papers in one of his hands. Of all the former magnificence of the once mighty emperor of France, nothing was present except a superb wash-hand stand, containing a silver bason, and water-jug of the same metal, in the left-hand corner."—*Voice from St. Helena.*

MADAME VERDIER.

MADAME LA COMTESSE VERDIER, a very beautiful and accomplished Italian lady, wife of the gallant general of that name, who particularly distinguished himself during the campaign of Egypt, was so enthusiastically fond of her husband that she accompanied him from Europe to share the fatigues of that hazardous expedition, during which she uniformly clothed herself in male attire. Upon one occasion this heroic female, happening to find a veteran grenadier, who had become blind from the ef-

fect of the climate and the sand of the desert, straying far from his comrades, and in all probability doomed to death on the trackless plain, galloped up to the unfortunate soldier at the risk of being captured by the enemy, when, directing him to keep fast hold of the tail of her horse, she in this manner walked the animal, and rescued the brave fellow from his impending danger. This lady being in company with Buonaparte and the other officers at the foot of one of the Pyramids, where no provisions were at hand, some rats were procured and broiled, of which however one of the general's aides-de-camp was too squeamish to eat. Napoleon, feeling indignant, upbraided the officer, and turned to Madame Verdier, saying, "Here, sir, is a lady that will put you to the blush." He at the same time presented her with a portion of the food; whereof she cheerfully partook to the satisfaction of all present except the aide-de-camp, who was long after subjected to the taunts of his brother officers. This fact was told to the writer by the countess herself, with whom, as well as the general, he was intimately acquainted.

MARSHAL MASSENA.

MARSHAL MASSENA, Duke of Rivoli, was surnamed "L'Enfant chéri de la Victoire," "the cherished Offspring of Victory," in consequence of his never having once experienced a defeat. Upon the mournful occasion of his death, which took place in 1819, a short but spirited appeal was made to the French army by *Le Chevalier D'Argevel*, an old colonel, who had served in Poland, and who very emphatically thus expressed himself in the address alluded

to:—"You, shades of the heroes who have illustrated our military annals, protectors and natives of prolific France, Bayard, du Guesclin, Montmorenci, Turenne and Condé; and you, Dogommier, Kleber, Desaix, and Montebello, his cotemporaries, assemble all to receive upon your sombre shores the fortunate mortal—*who always vanquished, and was never beaten.* May thy spirit be loved and venerated by that immortal army which, under thy command unceasingly marched from victory to victory; let not thy immortal shade complain of the capriciousness of fortune, if, through thee, was not transmitted the blood of an illustrious race of ancestors. Thine honours belong to thee alone; they are the fruits of thy noble toils. The plains of Zurich, of Rivoli, of Genoa, and of Essling, are the extensive parchment rolls recording all thy genealogy. Upwards of two hundred battles are titles too glorious to be consumed by time, and buried in forgetfulness."

NAPOLEON'S ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE FROM ROCHEFORT.

AFTER a fortnight's extreme anxiety in pursuit of "Napoleon le Grand," in scouring backward and forward the whole of the French coast from Bourdeaux to the mouth of the Loire; and examining, from the truck to the keelson, every vessel in our way, lest the fugitive should escape, he has been at length, to our great satisfaction, secured, contrary to all expectation, by a peaceable surrender.

On the morning of the 1st of July, while lying at anchor within Isle Dieu, a lieutenant in a twelve-oared cutter, from his majesty's ship *Bellerophon*,

surprised us with dispatches that Napoleon had quitted Paris, supposed for Rochefort, preparatory to an intended escape from France, and requiring our assistance forthwith. We were indeed much amazed; for the most sanguine among us had not believed the defeat of Waterloo had been so complete.

Not a moment was lost in proceeding with the intelligence to Admiral Hotham, in the *Superb*, lying in Quiberon bay. On the 3d we arrived there at three o'clock, communicated with him, and instantly set off again to join the *Bellerophon*, cruising off the entrance to Basque Roads.

On the 5th, at four o'clock, we came close to her; found the *Endymion*, *Myrmidon*, and *Dwarf* cutter, in company, all recently from Plymouth. With these Capt. Maitland remained to blockade the Antioche or Oleron passage, while our ship was ordered to seal up the Breton passage, allowing nothing to come out or go in without the minutest examination for the expected fugitive.

At six in the morning of the 6th of July, when on our station, we chased and boarded a large ship under Prussian colours, just come out of the Charente, though the two nations could scarcely be called friendly. Thought this a fair ground for suspicion, and examined her most strictly, lest the game should escape by concealment; but in vain. The master said he was not yet arrived at Rochefort, though daily expected. Three successive couriers had arrived there on the night of the 29th of June, with dispatches, ordering two frigates to be got ready for sea without a moment's delay.

At three o'clock same day, we boarded the *Daphne* man-of-war, from England, with further injunctions

to keep a sharp look-out for the runaway. In the evening we communicated with his majesty's ship *Slaney*; and from the *Bellerophon* received orders to proceed again to *Isle Dieu*, some fears being entertained that, from his non-arrival, another port had been chosen for embarking.

On the evening of the 8th, at five o'clock, we reached our destination, after capturing a boat with three soldiers on board, from *Isle Noirmoustier*. They had stripped off their uniforms, and endeavoured to pass for fishermen; but nothing could escape our argus-eyes, eagerly looking into every rat-hole for "Napoleon le Grand."

Sunday the 9th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the captain of his majesty's ship *Falmouth*, proceeding off *Cape Finisterre*, came on board with information from the *Sheldrake* brig of war, stationed off the mouth of the *Loire*, that the commander had received intelligence of *Buonaparte* being at *Nantes*, and that our force there was insufficient to prevent his departure. We made sail immediately for the entrance of that river.

On the 11th, at twelve o'clock, we communicated with the *Sheldrake*, which had in the meantime been joined by the *Dwarf* cutter and *Opossum* brig; and, thinking this force fully enough, left them in an hour, retracing our way with all expedition to the *Bellerophon*, off her old ground, the *Oleron* passage.

At one o'clock, on the 12th, having had a fine breeze during the night, we found her in company with the *Slaney*. The commodore telegraphed to us, "Keep close off *Balaine* lighthouse—*Buonaparte* is here endeavouring to escape.—Examine every description of vessel closely for him.—I have had

two of his generals on board to ask a passage for the frigates."

In the afternoon, at three, we observed a brig coming out of the Breton passage, at this time rather to windward of us. We made all sail in chase; she would not heave to, though firing repeatedly at her, nor did we get near enough to board till three next morning. She proved to be an American; we sent men on board, acquainted with the person of Napoleon, to examine the crew, in case of any disguise being attempted, but found nothing suspicious, after tumbling over nearly half his cargo. The master said, he was from St. Martin's, Isle Rhé, and had no doubt but that Buonaparte was at Rochefort, though it was not suffered to be talked of by the authorities on the island he had just left.

At half past one, on the 13th, we saw the *Bellerophon* and the *Slaney* a considerable distance off, with a flag of truce at the mast heads, and a *chasse-marée* near them with a similar flag. After lying-to a considerable time, they all made sail for Basque Roads. We concluded that Napoleon had either surrendered, or was negotiating for that purpose.

During the last fortnight we captured a considerable number of the coasting vessels, called *chasse-marées*, all with the tri-coloured flag. They pleaded necessity for hoisting it, not being allowed to clear out at the custom-houses except this flag was displayed; but we easily discovered that their inclination fully seconded the orders of the local authorities. The vessels were sent to England to await the orders of government.

On the 14th, the *Superb*, Admiral Hotham, communicated with us by signal, and passed into Basque

Roads. In the night we anchored in the mouth of the Breton passage, and sent the boats in chase of several *chasse marées*, which however would not venture far from land, in dread of falling into our hands.

Next morning (15th) the Slaney passed us about four miles distant, making the telegraph signal, "*For England with important dispatches*,"—of the nature of which we felt pretty well assured from preceding events.

On the 16th, in the morning early, we were recalled to the admiral in the Basque Roads, and to our infinite joy found Napoleon, who had so long kept us anxiously on the watch, safe on board the *Bellerophon*; the admiral, though present in the *Superb*, resigned any credit arising from this event to Capt. Maitland, who had had the trouble of the previous blockade, as well as of the negotiation. It appears he had surrendered on the preceding day, having come down from Isle D'Aix in L'Epervier brig of war:—the lieutenant of which, thinking his cargo of no common consequence, had asked and obtained from Capt. M. a receipt for his prisoner.

At the moment we passed in, the emperor was just returning from the *Superb*, where he had breakfasted with the admiral, who had visited him the preceding day; as a mark of respect, the yards of the *Bellerophon* were manned. We hove-to as closely as possible to her: Capt. M. hailed us—"I have the emperor on board." The latter stood exposed to us at full length on the gangway, about twenty yards distant, attentively watching our evolutions. In return, all our eyes were intensely fixed on him. Nothing in nature,—no, not even a thunderbolt falling by our side, could have weaned atten-

tion for an instant from a man whose public existence seemed to have been a constant political hurricane in the atmosphere of Europe.

He had on a dark green uniform coat, as well as we could distinguish the colour, broad red sash over the shoulder, a large star on the left breast, white waistcoat, small-clothes, boots, and a large cocked-hat, with the tri-coloured cockade. No one who had ever paid the least attention to the lineaments could mistake the face. Most of the prints in the shops have considerable resemblance to him. Las Cases, Bertrand, Savary, L'Allemand, Lascelles, Gourgaud, and several others of his officers, share his fortune.

It appears that, so long ago as the 3d instant, he had arrived in Rochefort. General Becker and the marine prefect continually urged him to go on board the frigates; but he lingered, with the hope of something favourable turning up, till ten o'clock at night on the 8th, when he embarked in the Saale frigate. On the 9th he inspected the fortifications of Isle D'Aix. On the 11th Las Cases and Savary proceeded to the Bellerophon to negotiate. On the 12th he heard of the dissolution of the Chambers, and the entry of the king into Paris. He disembarked the same day on Isle D'Aix with his baggage, and in the night two half decked boats arrived from Rochelle, in which he was to try his fortune; but this resolution, like many others thought of at the same moment, failed. In the night of the 13th he went on board L'Epervier. Next day General Becker, having been on board the Bellerophon, making arrangements, the suite and baggage were sent on board the brig; and on the morning

of the 15th she stood towards our fleet as a flag of truce. The wind being light, the boats of the *Bellerophon* were sent to assist, and afterwards carried the whole party on board that ship.

It appears he first sent out to the English senior officer for permission to proceed with the two frigates to America, which was of course refused, but an offer was made of referring him to the admiral. He then asked for the brig, and afterwards for a schooner; to which the same answer was returned. A threat followed of forcing his way; but this had no better effect than the requests.

At this time, when every other mode of escape was hopeless, the scheme of getting away in the two *chasse marées*, with a suite of only four persons beside himself, from Point D'Eguillon on the main, situated nearly opposite to St. Martin's, on Isle Rhé, was projected. The Breton passage was to be the route, and six or eight midshipmen to form the crew. On being assured that our ship would intercept them, he remarked that it was unlikely we should discover them in the night; or, if so, that such small vessels would not be examined. This objection, however, upset the whole plan. Had he ventured, we should certainly have enjoyed the undivided honour of capturing this extraordinary man. The authorities at Rochefort politely hunted him from that place, in compliance, it is hinted here, with secret orders from the provisional government. Friends, at least who could be useful, he had none.

When he went on board the *Superb* this morning, Bertrand ascended the side first, and was introduced to Admiral Hotham. Napoleon followed: "The emperor," said Capt. Maitland; he bowed to the

admiral, who received him on the gangway, and, without farther delay or ceremony, proceeded to the latter's cabin, sending out his compliments, and would be glad to speak to the admiral.

He has stamped the usual impression on every one here, as elsewhere, of his being an extraordinary man. Nothing escapes his notice; his eyes are in every place, and on every object, from the greatest to the most minute. All the general regulations of the service, from the lord high admiral to the seamen—their duties, views, expectations, pay, rank, and comforts, have been scanned with characteristic keenness and rapidity. The machinery of the ship, blocks, masts, yards, ropes, rigging, and every thing else, underwent similar scrutiny. He sent for the boatswain, who in the French service usually fits out the ship, though not in ours, to learn the minutest particulars. By his desire the marines passed in review on the quarter deck. He examined their arms, dress, and evolutions, with attention, and expressed himself highly satisfied. The grog, tobacco, clothes, food, pay, prize money, and routine of duty of the seamen, were equally inquired into. When informed that the necessaries were supplied by a purser or commissary, he jocularly remarked they were sometimes sad rogues.

He has written a letter to the Prince Regent, the contents of which, it is said, merely express that he has thrown himself upon the **GENEROSITY** of his most determined enemy, but the greatest and most honourable nation in the world. In conversation with Admiral H. he remarked, "*I have given myself up to the English, but I would not have done so to any other of the allied powers, for this reason,—*

in surrendering to either of them, I should have placed myself at the will of an individual: in submitting to the English, I give myself up to the generous feelings of a nation."

He says he lost the battle of the 18th ult. solely by the misconduct of Grouchy, who kept his ground, instead of following the Prussians. The banks and shoals of this anchorage seem quite familiar to him, often remarking there is such a depth of water on this, such on that; and, in speaking of Isle D'Aix, said (a remarkable corroboration of the opinions of Lord Cochrane and Capt. Broughton, in opposition to that of the other captains of the fleet, on the much disputed point, whether this was practicable during the operations in Basque Roads in 1809), that, in the attack of the English six years ago, it might have been easily *boarded*, as he expressed it, or carried by assault; but, finding the danger then, he had since rendered it extremely strong.

Of his determination to see and be acquainted with every thing and every person, I may mention another instance. Capt. — visited the Belle-*rophon* for a few minutes partly on duty, partly to have an opportunity of seeing him more closely, without appearing to be actuated by mere curiosity. But he had scarcely gained a footing on the quarter deck, when Napoleon came up, and nearly overpowered him by a volley of questions, which it was difficult to answer, from the rapidity with which they were asked. "Do you command that ship?"—"How long?"—"When did you enter the service?"—"Have you been often in action?"—"Where?"—"Were you ever wounded?"—"What are your prospects?"—"Are you English, Irish, or

Scotch?"—"Were you ever taken prisoner?"—and a variety of others; turning off immediately afterwards, as if to prevent the risk of being questioned in return.

On his previous arrival at Rochefort, he proceeded to the marine prefecture, to which the officers were immediately summoned. They did not wait long. He entered with his mind obviously in confusion, his eyes sunk, his beard three or four days old, his apparel neglected and in disorder,—his whole appearance, in fact, indicating fatigue and want of sleep. He did not, however, lose a moment in proceeding to business.

Napoleon. You command the frigates Saale and Meduse?

Officers. Yes. (The terms of usual respect need not be added here).

Nap. What is your force?

The number of guns and men were mentioned.

Nap. Are you ready for sea?

Ans. Perfectly.

Nap. To-night?

Ans. Instantly.

Nap. Does the wind suit?

Ans. Not exactly; but we are ready to make the attempt.

Nap. Are your sailors good?

Ans. Expert, for any part of the world.

Nap. Can you get out unobserved by the enemy?

Ans. That is not likely, except a gale of wind drives him off.

Nap. Must you engage him?

Ans. It is inevitable; but we beg leave to ob

serve, that, though one vessel may be taken, the other is almost certain of escaping.

Nap. Can you depend upon your men?

Ans. To the end of the world.

Nap. Which is the best vessel to embark in?

Ans. The best sailer—La Saale.

Nap. When should the attempt be made?

Ans. In the night.

Nap. I shall proceed with you: return here in two hours.

Every thing was expedited for this bold attempt; the officers and crews being not merely warm, but enthusiastic, in the certainty of its success. When they returned, an extraordinary change was obvious in his appearance. He had been in the warm bath, and had coffee,—his usual remedies for fatigue, want of sleep, and almost every other want; he had been shaved, and now seemed dressed with more than usual care. “But (said the relator, with the constitutional enthusiasm of a Frenchman in a favourite pursuit), the glorious purpose of two hours before was given up. He had been among the women, instead of trusting to men; and, (repeating an oath), as women have ere now lost the greatest men, the empire of the world, so they lost it again to Napoleon.” *Letter from an Officer in the Squadron to which Napoleon surrendered.*

INQUISITION OF VENICE.

THE history of Venice has been often written, but, until the French armies, under Napoleon, conquered and annihilated it as an independent power, no his-

tory could be more imperfect. The whole of the archives of this celebrated republic fell into the hands of the French, who sent them to Paris; and it was in consulting these authentic documents that Count Daru found the materials for his important work on this subject. The mysterious policy of the Council of Ten, and the still more mysterious system of the state inquisition, was then for the first time brought before the public eye in all their horrors. No one can doubt the truth of the details, for the members of the council are their own historians.

The original manuscript is dated June 23d, 1454, and is thus headed;—"We, the state inquisitors, having to establish our statutes, for us and for our successors, decree: that all the regulations and orders of the tribunal shall be written by one of us. No secretary shall be employed, except for copying mandates, to be executed without initiating him into the secrets of the council. The tribunal shall have the greatest number possible of chosen observers (spies), as well amongst the nobility, as amongst the people and the monks. They may be promised rank and honours, and exemption from paying taxes; and, if they are in debt, or accused of any criminal offence, they may be given a *safe conduct*, but for eight months only; and to be renewed, if their information continues to merit it.

"Four of these explorers (spies) shall be constantly attached, without its being known to each other, to the hotel of each of the foreign ambassadors residing in this city, to render an account of all that passes, and of those who come and go.

"If they cannot succeed in penetrating the am-

bassador's secrets, orders must be given to some Venetian exile to endeavour to obtain an asylum in his palace; and measures shall be taken so that he shall not be troubled, but, on the contrary, rewarded according to his services.

"The secretaries of the respective embassies must be gained, if possible, in offering them one hundred crowns per month; simply for revealing the communications that a noble Venetian may have with the minister. These overtures must be made by a *monk* or a *Jew*: these fellows sneak in everywhere.

"Whenever the senate nominates an ambassador to a foreign court, the tribunal will send for him, and order him to dive into the secrets of the prince, and find out the reports of his ambassador at Venice: he will make these communications to the tribunal, without mentioning them in his dispatches to government.

"Independent of this precaution, similar instructions will be given to his secretaries; who are besides directed to acquaint the tribunal, if their master demands or accepts any thing for himself or friends.

"When the tribunal shall have judged the death of any one necessary, the execution shall never be public. He shall be secretly drowned, at night, in the Canal Orfano.

"Every two months the letter-box for Rome shall be brought, and the letters opened, to see what the papists are doing.

"The governors of Cyprus and Candia are authorized, secretly, to take away the life of any person whom they may think dangerous.

"If a noble Venetian reveals to the tribunal that

proposals have been made him from an ambassador, he shall be authorized to carry on the correspondence; and, when the fact is ascertained, the intermediate agent shall be secretly drowned, provided it be neither the ambassador himself, nor his secretary of legation, but a person whom one may feign not to know.

“ If, for any offence whatever, a patrician seeks an asylum in the palace of a foreign minister, care must be taken to kill him there without delay.

“ An exile cannot be recalled, except he reveals some secrets, or procures the arrest of, or kills another criminal; but he can only be pardoned entirely, in the case where the person he kills is more important than himself.”

These quotations will suffice to show the merits and demerits of this weak and wicked government, even the virtues of which were stained by considerations of the most sordid interest. The annihilation of the aristocratic republic of Venice reflects immortal honour on the name of Napoleon.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN FRANCE.

THE republican party in France, although long checked by the coercive measures of imperial authority, was nevertheless, and still continues powerful in the extreme, regarding as equally obnoxious the Buonaparte as well as the Bourbon line. This class of men uniformly kept Napoleon upon the alert, for he never feared the emigrants or ancient nobles, concerning whom he was once known to express himself in the following terms:—

“ *Ce ne sont pas les émigrés ni la vieille noblesse*

que je redoute, car je les chasserai avec un coup de baguette quand il me plaira; mais ce n'est pas de même avec les républicains qui restent ferme et n'abandonnent jamais leurs principes, qui seront long-temps chéris par la majorité de la nation."

"It is not the emigrants nor the ancient nobility, who give me cause for apprehension, for I can chase them at pleasure with a switch; but it is otherwise with the republicans, who continue firm, and never abandon their principles, which will long be cherished by the majority of the nation."

ADVANCED GUARD AT WATERLOO.

It was not until the 17th of June that the advanced guard of the French army, at six at night, arrived on the plains of Waterloo; a delay occasioned by unfortunate occurrences upon the road, otherwise the forces would have gained the spot by three o'clock in the day. This circumstance appeared to disconcert the Emperor extremely, who pointing to the sun, exclaimed with peculiar emphasis. "*What would I not give, to be this day possessed of the power of Joshua, to be able to retard thy march for two hours!*"

END OF VOL. II.